The Saturday Evening
POST
October 20, 1962
20¢

EXCLUSIVE:

The Untold Story of the Thalidomide Babies

Autumn: Six Pages of Color Photographs

Fail-Safe
Novel of the Year

Advice to Young Men
By Henry Ford II

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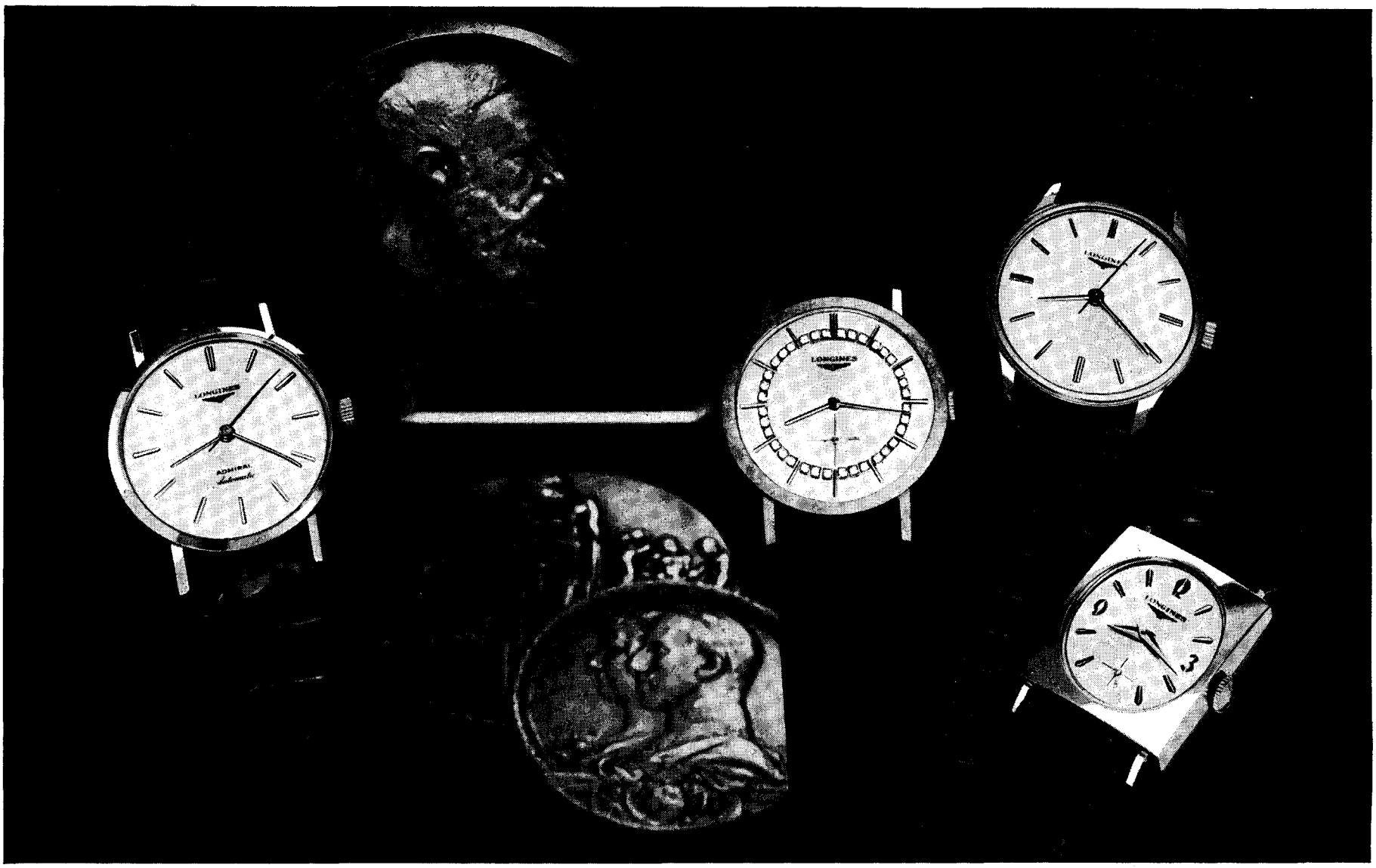

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Steven Spencer in Münster, Germany, Clinic.

Thalidomide Babies. Far-ranging *Post* contributing editor **Steven Spencer** traveled to Korea, Thailand, India and West Pakistan in 1959, and to Egypt, Iran, Kenya, Ethiopia, Gabon and Cameroon in 1961 while researching medical articles. Last month he visited doctors, children and parents in 26 towns in England and West Germany while preparing his article on thalidomide babies. "I have never encountered a type of disability that is so severe and which imposes such a burden on the child's future development," says Spencer, who has written many articles about handicapped children during his 30 years of medical reporting.

Other By-Lines. Thirty-seven-year-old New Yorker **Art Kane** was a magazine art director before becoming a professional photographer three years ago. "Until I had seen a New England autumn at its peak of color, I had always considered autumn as one of those overworked subjects like sunsets and the Statue of Liberty," remarks Kane. "But I was wrong—it was exciting beyond words." Kane is returning this autumn to introduce his wife and two small boys to the spectacle. . . . The article by **Henry Ford II**, chairman of the board of Ford Motor Company, is taken from the opening chapter of the soon-to-be-published book, *Listen to Leaders in Business*. . . . New York writer **Stanley Frank** took his wife along to a Norman Norell fashion showing. "Ruth's tongue was hanging out of her dear little head," recalls Frank of his wife's reaction to the Norell clothes. "She oohed and aahed, but didn't buy—not at those prices." . . . Fiction writer, poet, teacher and two-time Pulitzer Prize winner **Robert Penn Warren** is now at work on a new novel. . . . **Frank Taylor** is a veteran *Post* contributor from Los Altos, California. . . . **William Ewald,** 37, is an associate editor of *The Post* who specializes in the entertainment field. . . . *Fail-Safe* authors **Eugene (Bud) Burdick** and **Harvey Wheeler** report that their collaboration efforts sometimes took place in strange places. One day in the midst of a tennis game in Santa Barbara, Wheeler wound up to serve, then put down his racket and shouted across the net: "Maybe we should kill four of the bombers off by having one of them deliberately explode its hydrogen bomb in mid-flight." The authors then conferred at the net for ten minutes, decided the idea was not feasible, and Wheeler went back to the baseline to continue serving. . . . **Garson Kanin** is a noted Broadway and Hollywood playwright and director *(Born Yesterday, Do Re Mi)* whose latest play is *Come On Strong*.

The Cover. "If there is a puddle to be found, kids will find it and walk in it," says artist **John Clymer.** The artist came upon the cover scene in Rockport, Massachusetts, while on one of his frequent trips around the nation just looking for Americana. Clymer made a color snapshot of the kids in the puddle, then painted the cover on returning to his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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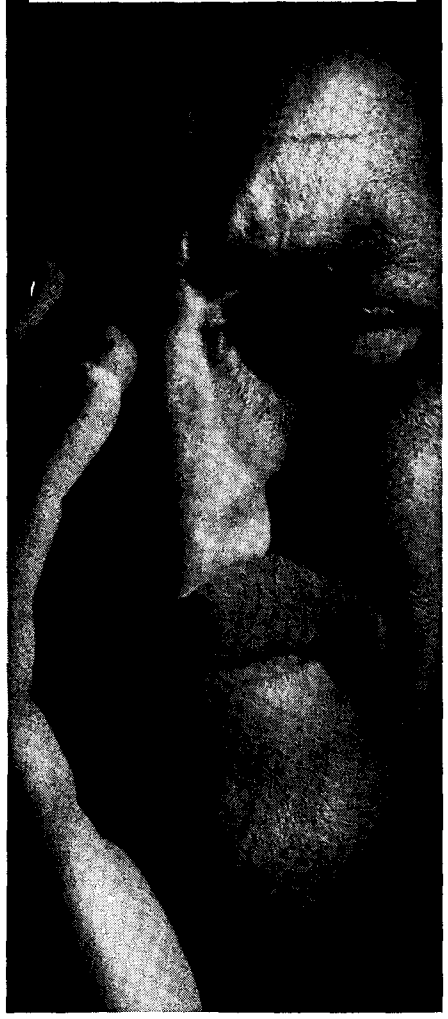
Can't Breathe?
Head-Cold Congestion?
— and still have to keep on the go?



New Vicks SINEX
Nasal Spray helps
RESTORE FREE BREATHING INSTANTLY

Gives 2-stage relief!
All the way up, all the way back to nasal-sinus openings

Ordinary one-stage sprays work inside your head merely as droplets. Of all leading nasal sprays, only Sinex Spray gives 2-stage relief . . . droplets plus exclusive medicated vapors that *double* the area of relief . . . give relief all the way up—all the way back. And Sinex contains 4 types of ingredients prescribed by many nose, throat specialists:
Decongestant shrinks swollen membranes.
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New Vicks Sinex NASAL SPRAY with medicated vapors

LETTERS

Reflections on a Mood

Dear Sirs:

THE MOOD OF AMERICA by Stewart Alsop [Sept. 22] is one of the most illuminating articles on President Kennedy I have read. I am always surprised at the conservative *Post* when I read a refreshing report such as this. Please continue to surprise me.

MRS. JOHN ZICKEL
Carmichael, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We won't be convinced of Kennedy's "great" popularity until we see an objective poll. We know many lifelong Democrats who voted for Kennedy who would firmly reject him now. They are disgusted with his "no win" foreign policy and his constant concern with winning votes.

MR. & MRS. A. G. HENRY
Middletown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on Mr. Alsop's survey. I was a bit puzzled as to the reason no community in the Deep South was polled. However, on most of the questions the replies here would have been as varied and the reactions not too different.

MRS. ELVEY L. HOLMES
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, President Kennedy is doing a fine job. And the United States is moving forward rapidly regardless of the people who like to ride along and complain.

GORDON PHELPS
Garrettsville, Ohio

Sacrilegious Spectacles?

Dear Sirs:

Jerome Ellison's article [CHURCHES TAKE UP SHOW BUSINESS, Sept. 22] is the most direct insult to the Christian Church I have ever read or heard. How anyone can condone, much less applaud, such blasphemy is beyond me. If it is necessary to bring youth into church by such a method, let them stay out.

ESTHER OLSEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

No wonder morality among teen-agers is low. These sacrilegious and vulgar plays are now being performed by churches. As a teen-ager I wouldn't enter a church that would sponsor these plays.

SUSAN WAGLER
Athens, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for Jerome Ellison's article. Of the many new and exciting avenues for relevant Christian witness, the medium of the stage ranks supreme in my estimation. By entering an area in which many people attempt to lose themselves, contemporary heralds of Christ may bring those people to an accurate discovery of their whole selves. I hope to devote a good part of my life to this missionary thrust.

DALE WOODWARD
Wilmington, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I have but one comment. May God help us!

MRS. W. S. VANPOYCK
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

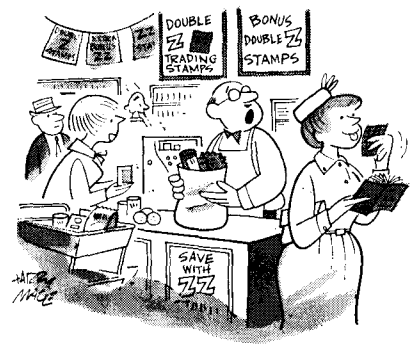
I fail to see where this type of satire can teach our youth anything they need to know about religion. I can't imagine anyone even *thinking up* such songs as *God Gimme Blues* and "He Was a Flop at 33," much less any church group sponsoring such "entertainment."

MRS. GLENN W. SARTAIN
Casper, Wyo.

Licking the Problem

Dear Sirs:

The Harry Mace cartoon in your Sept. 22 issue certainly reflects the effects of the current enthusiasm for trading stamps. In more than one household, the tongue—an organ of speech and taste—has been reduced to a common stamp dampener. Mine is overworked to the point of pain. I'd like to overcome the habit, but the temptation to continue pasting is difficult to lick. Mr. Mace's mesmerized shopper might lose more than her groceries in the future. Her swollen tongue indicates lengthy addiction. Such conformity could cost the dear lady her freedom of speech!



"Lady. . . you forgot your groceries."

MRS. JOHN E. SCHILKE
Ferndale, Mich.

Where Help Is Needed

Dear Sirs:

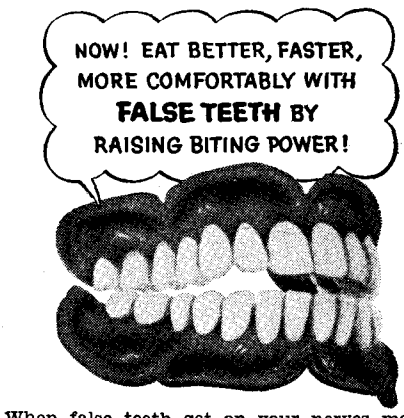
A large "Thank You" to Eunice Kennedy Shriver for her article [HOPE FOR RETARDED CHILDREN, Sept. 22]. From a doctor's dark prediction that our son would never smile, feed himself or even leave his crib, he has grown into a healthy, alert, happy six-year-old who knows that he is wanted and loved very much. How true it is that many people have wrong ideas about this problem!

MRS. NEIL WOJCIAK
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

May I point out a small error in an otherwise fascinating article? Eunice Kennedy Shriver states that mental retardation afflicts ten times as many people as diabetes, or a total of 5,400,000 adults and children. It should be noted that there are an estimated 3,000,000 diabetics in the United States. This would make the ratio nearer two to one.

SHEPARD G. ARONSON, M.D.
Board of Directors
New York Diabetes Assn.
New York, N.Y.



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is **alkaline** (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

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Millions have found blessed relief by wearing medically approved Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports with exercise. Thin, light, flexible, adjustable. Cost as little as $2 a pair. Choice of metal, leather, foam rubber, or plastic. At Shoe, Department, Drug Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops from coast to coast.
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SINCE 1899
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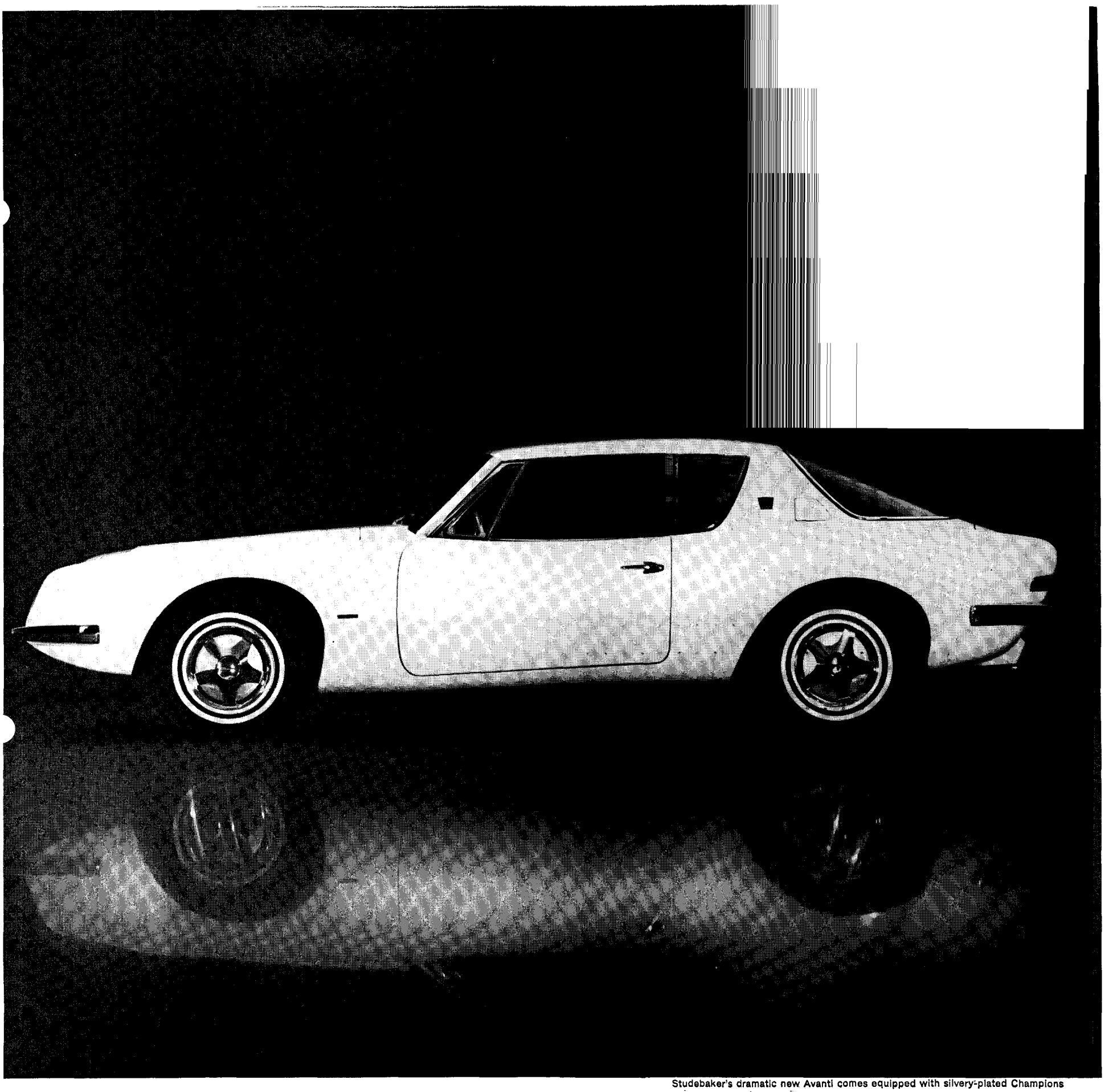

Studebaker's dramatic new Avanti comes equipped with silvery-plated Champions

Twice as many of the world's car manufacturers, including Studebaker, specify Champion spark plugs because Champions have no equal for quality and performance. Why settle for less in <u>your</u> car?

CHAMPION

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Versa-Tie

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LETTERS

Automation: Curse or Challenge?

Dear Sirs:

FACING UP TO AUTOMATION [by John Diebold as told to Robert Cahn, Sept. 22] is the finest article on the topic published in recent months. Automation *is* the major domestic challenge of the '60's, and you are to be commended for presenting the facts in a concise, objective manner.

R. A. POLLACK
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Your article is amazing in that it reaches new heights of Orwellian reasoning. Now as the worker is handed his layoff notice he may rejoice in the fact that this is actually for his betterment.

HUGH J. BARKER
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The statements [you make about Mr. Diebold's coining the word "automation"] are incorrect. The word was coined by D.S. Harder, then vice president of Ford Motor Company, in 1947. Ford established an "Automation Department" in April of that year. Furthermore, *American Machinist* published an article using the word on October 21, 1948—well before the date Mr. Diebold claims to have coined it.

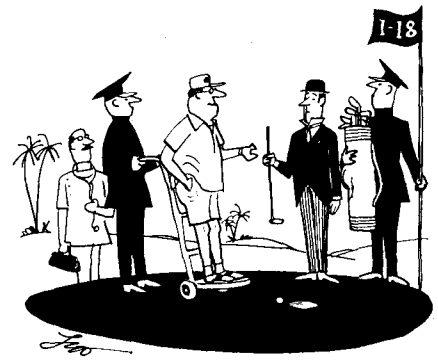
GEORGE REPPERT, *Publisher*
American Machinist
New York, N.Y.

● *Mr. Diebold replies: "At the time I first used the word I was not aware of any previous use. I later found out that Mr. Harder had used the word to describe the automatic handling of parts in and out of machines. While my use of the word—to describe an over-all philosophy of production in factories and offices—was different from that of Mr. Harder, it is certainly a pleasure to recognize the efforts of a kindred spirit, a fact I acknowledged in 1952 in my book on automation."—ED.*

Hooks and Slices

Dear Sirs:

Arthur Baum [SPEAKING OUT: GOODBYE TO GOLF, Sept. 22] exaggerated the amount of exercise a player gets stepping in and out of the golf cart. Along the Florida Gold Coast, I am told, the custom now is to have the family chauffeur, valet or butler not only pilot the vehicle but also make the tee shot and play the fairway. All the golfer himself has to do



is get out of the cart when the ball is within 18 inches of the pin at which time, by Herculean effort, he walks across the green and finally inches the ball into the cup.

LAYTON ROGERS COLBURN
Delray Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I would like the names of the two doctors who ordered Arthur Baum to give up golf. Perhaps they would do as much for my husband.

NANCY KOENIG
Ontario, Calif.

Coming . . . in the next Post

Senatorial Scrap in Massachusetts
Teddy KENNEDY *vs.* George LODGE

The Woes of John Wayne

Spain Today-Franco Loosens His Grip

How to Play the Fashion Game

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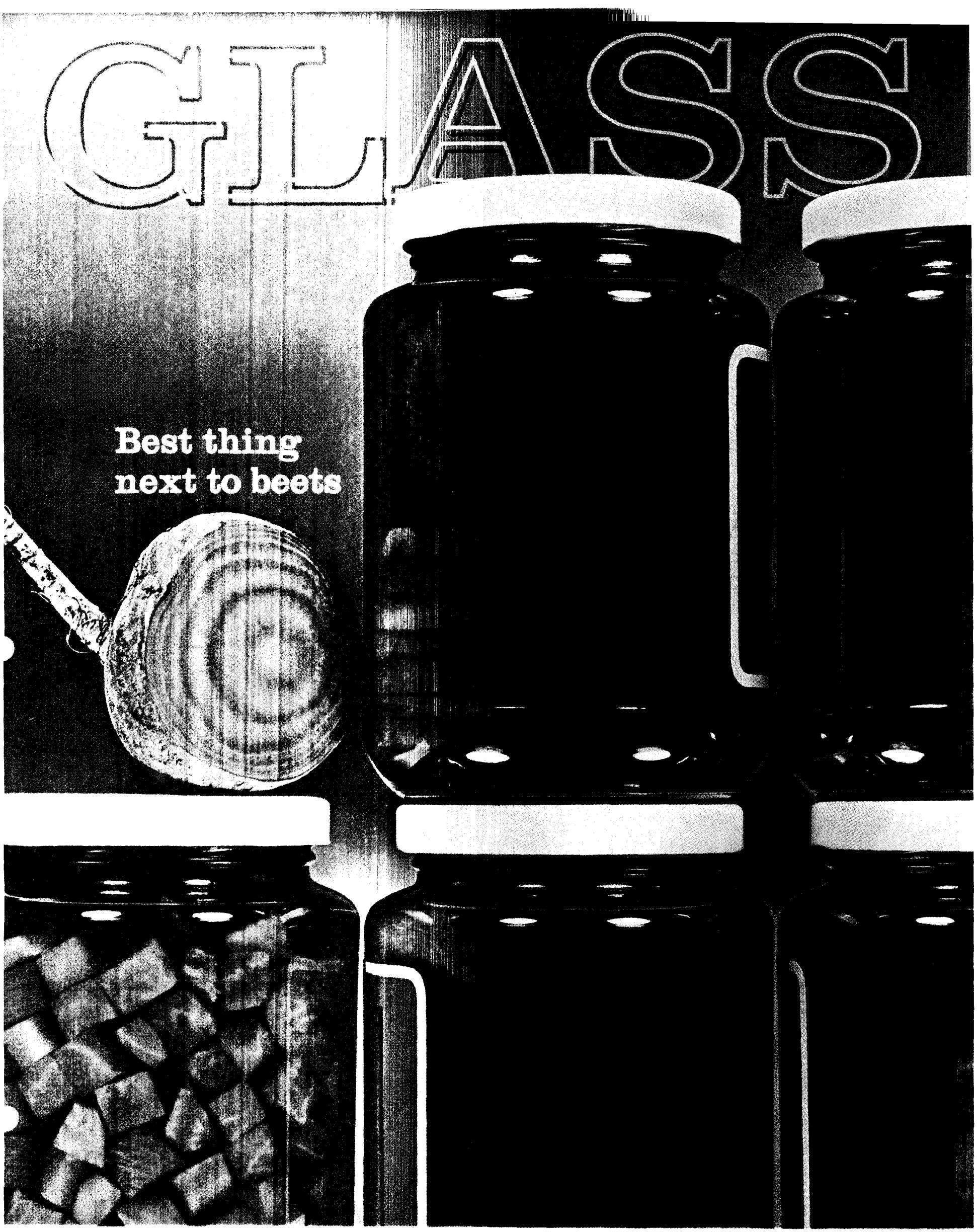
GLASS



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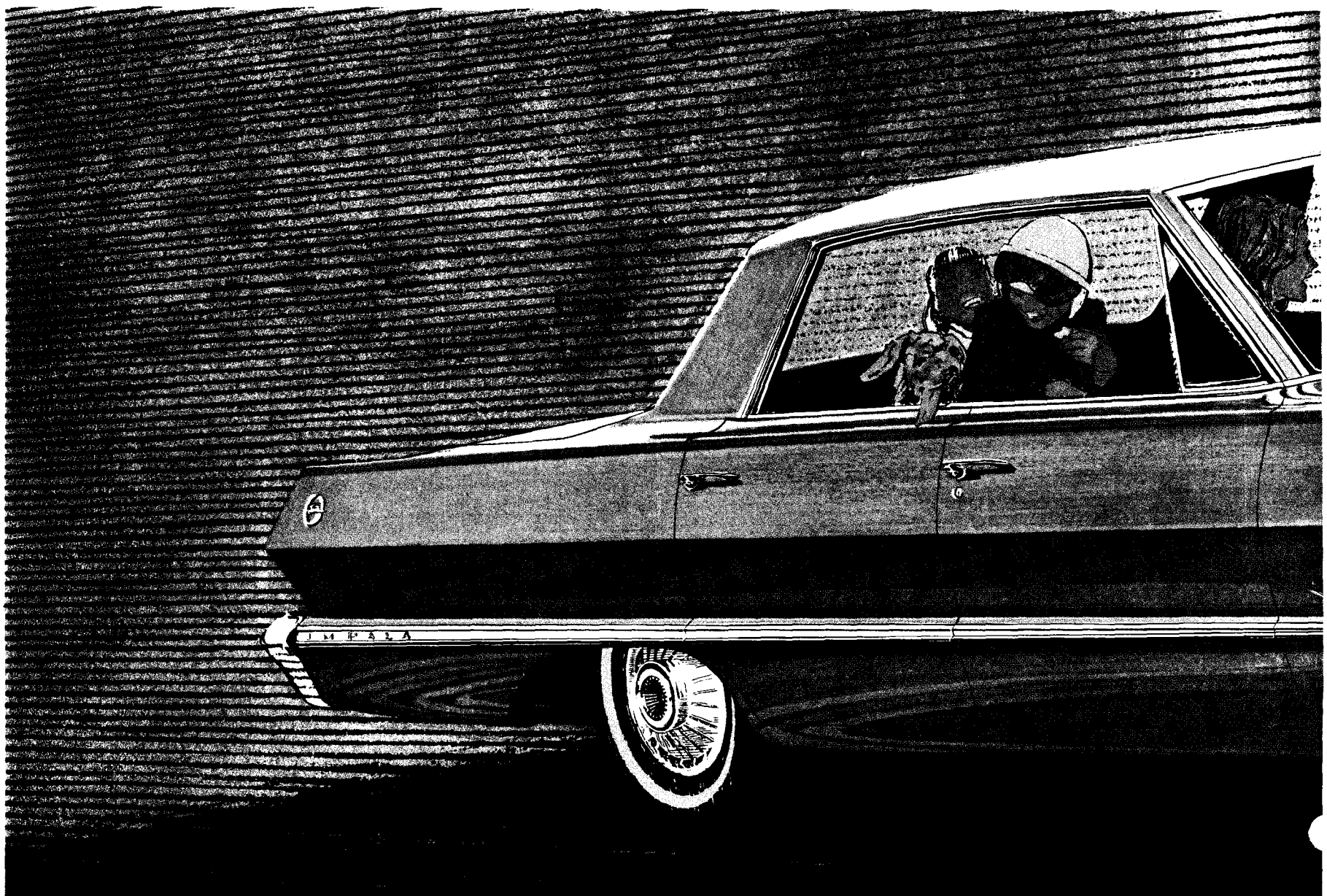
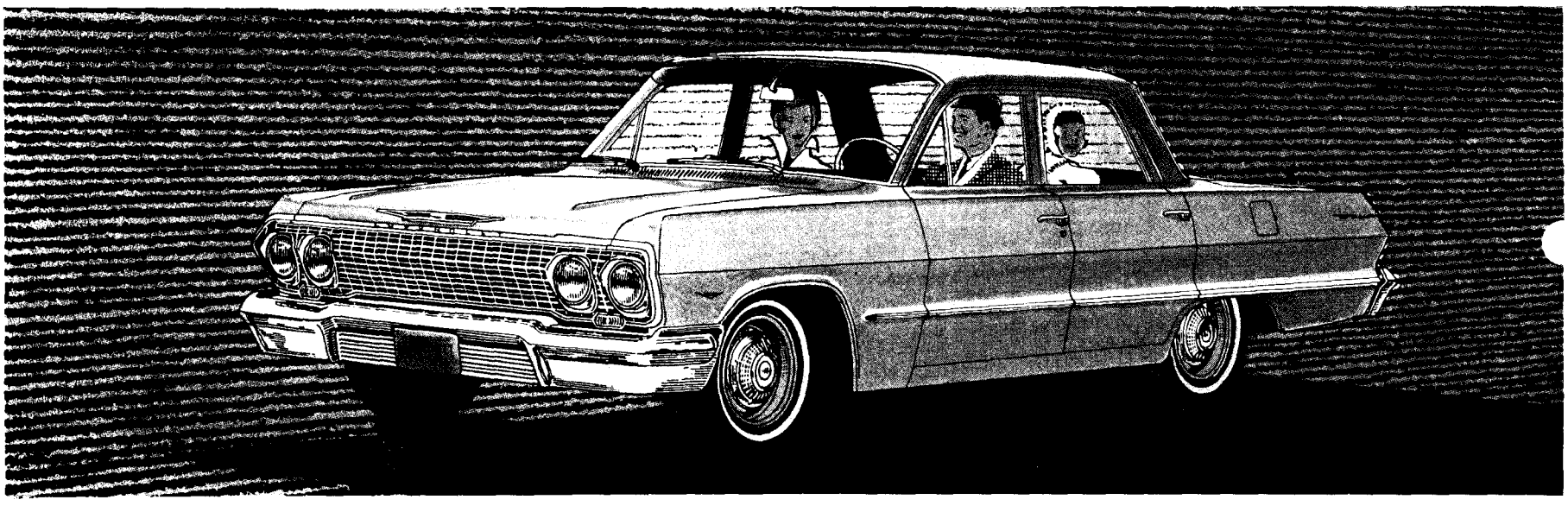


GO JET-SMOOTH

Since when could anything so beautiful require so little care? Since now!

Some people have the idea a luxurious car must by its nature b expensive to buy and operate. Not so. This Chevrolet isn' Admittedly, the '63 Chevrolet *looks* expensive. Its styling is a top-drawer as white linen; its interior is most generously spacious extremely comfortable, more luxurious than we've ever made Chevrolet; and its Jet-smooth ride is what you might reasonabl

'63 CHEVROLET BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN



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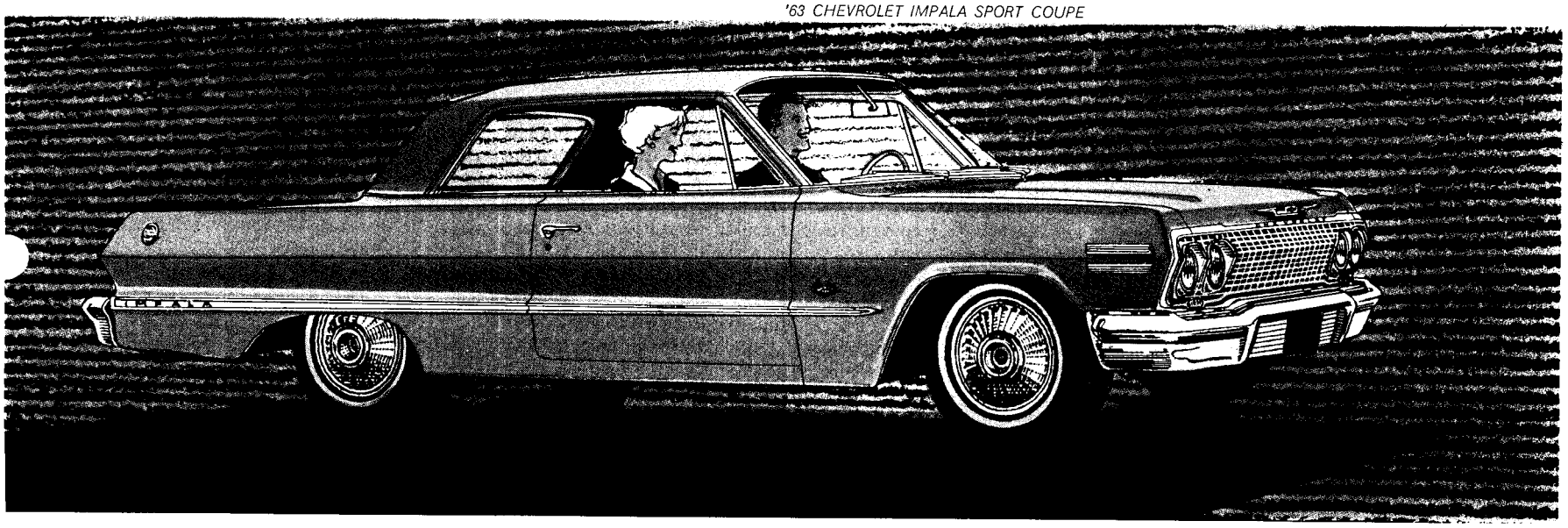
'63 CHEVROLET—IT'S EXCITING!

'63 CHEVROLET IMPALA SPORT SEDAN

ect in a limousine at a far higher price. We built it that r to *stay* that way long after others have given up the ghost. has self-adjusting brakes to save you time and expense; ew way to guard its Body by Fisher against rusting out of ker panels under the doors; and a new Delcotron generator provide a more ample electrical supply and keep your battery living longer. You may not buy a '63 Chevrolet for such purely practical reasons, but you'll get mile after mile of pleasure from them. And that, after all, is as it should be. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

'63 CHEVROLET IMPALA SPORT COUPE



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SPEAKING OUT

College Football Is Going Berserk

A game ruled by brute force needs a housecleaning.

By FURMAN BISHER

The game of football has been thumping itself on its hairy chest lately and claiming not only that it has become the national pastime but that it offers the finest example of manly hardihood remaining in this age of general flabbiness. This is poppycock. The crushed nose or cracked jawbone caused by an illegally thrown forearm, and the internal injury resulting from the "bull block" of a plastic-helmeted head represent not hardiness but the deterioration of a basically great game and of the sportsmanship of those who play it.

In college particularly—on the so-called amateur level—football appears to have gone absolutely silly on "hitting," even at the expense of clever execution. A new term, "hard-nosed," is about as common in the conversation of football savants as punting, passing and praying. A complimentary term, it implies the will and the ability to deliver—and absorb—fearsome physical punishment in the cause of gridiron victory. So far, so good.

But far too often, it seems to me, this aspect of the game has been glorified to the extent that players are being blocked and tackled not simply out of the immediate play but right out of the game—often on a stretcher.

Last November an unpleasant disturbance was set off in the section of the country I know best—the Southeast—when a linebacking specialist named Darwin Holt of the University of Alabama struck halfback Chick Graning of Georgia Tech such a devastating blow to the face that for days afterward Graning looked like Joe Louis the morning after his knockout by Rocky Marciano.

New Blocking Technique

Graning was coming downfield on the outer fringe of a punt-covering setup. The ball had already been fielded by an Alabama safety man, who had signaled for a fair catch. Holt, however, veered from his apparent course to the Alabama bench and delivered a sudden forearm blow under the face bar of Graning's helmet as Graning eased up.

By pure coincidence, I had visited the Alabama campus four days earlier and noticed Holt, wearing a sweat shirt, prancing about on the practice field among a squad otherwise dressed out in full gear. Paul Bryant, the head coach, explained, "He's so tough we don't let him scrimmage during the week. He's liable to hurt somebody."

Just as his coach feared, the next Saturday Holt "hurt somebody." Holt later claimed that he hadn't realized the safety man had called for a fair catch, that he had merely attempted to block Graning out of the play, and that the injury to Graning "definitely wasn't intentional."

This declaration did not, I'm afraid, alter my conviction that the blow was no accident, a conviction unwittingly supported by a statement coach Bryant had already made.

"Holt came to me after the game," Bryant had said, "and told me he had hit this Tech player. He's all broken up about it. He said he didn't know why he did it."

To be sure, football is a game of toughness. The ability to take and deliver a jarring blow in a legal manner is admirable as well as necessary. But the coach who encourages or even tolerates a player who violates the spirit of the rules is placing the future of football in jeopardy.

"I'm just as sure as I can be," coach Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech told me recently, "that if the present trend toward brutality continues, there are going to be several more colleges out of football in a few years."

Last year 20 players—six of them in college—died as a result of football injuries or of complications directly associated with football injury. This is an increase over the number of football fatalities in recent years—14 in 1960, 18 in 1959, 17 in 1958 and 16 in 1957

What these figures clearly indicate is that the game is getting rougher. It seems to me that the effort to knock an opponent senseless has become more and more obvious in coaching intent, and that game officials have become less vigilant in enforcing the rules intended to safeguard the athlete from serious injury.

Indoctrination in Violence

The coaches who are successful in the eyes of censorious alumni are, as a rule, hardfisted, driving, demanding commandants of campus installations run on military lines. Watching the squads work out, one can't escape the feeling that mere hard blocking and tackling aren't enough to suit some coaches. On the practice field their favorite injunction seems to be, "Knock his damned head off." The player who responds to such violent indoctrination is the cur glorified in his own kennel and by his masters.

To be sure, some coaches have become quite concerned over the rising tide of injuries in football, but few pin the blame on their own profession. A more popular target has been the players' equipment. But Clyde B. Smith, athletic director at Arizona State (Tempe) and former head coach at the University of Indiana, disputes this indictment.

"It isn't the equipment that is at fault," he says. "It is the deadly forearm blow. In their efforts to win, some coaches are permitting their players to use their arms and head as weapons."

The rules require offensive linesmen to keep their hands against their chests, and from this position a player not too careful about the rules can deliver a blow with the lower part of his arm that has much the effect of a well-thrown punch. This and the body blow with a pile-driving helmet are the main causes of the increase in football injuries. Ernie McCoy, athletic director at Penn State and chairman of the National Collegiate Athletic Association's committee on injuries, recently reported on a four-year survey conducted by his committee. One of this body's conclusions was that many coaches instruct players to use their hard plastic helmets as weapons in making blocks and tackles.

"There are too many instances in college football," McCoy said, "where tacklers seem to be under instruction to maim the ball carrier rather than merely bring him down. These same players are becoming high-school coaches, and if they try to instruct youngsters in the same manner, public pressure may well spell the end of high-school football."

A condition of alarm has already been reached on the high-school level. The National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations, disturbed by the number of deaths and injuries last season, bluntly placed the blame on foul tactics. "The Federation is going to campaign for stricter enforcement of regulations governing such things as piling on and tackling out of bounds," said Clifford B. Fagan, executive secretary of the organization. "It also intends to see a reduction in the use of the forearm and in 'bull-blocking' (butting)."

Public disgust with football violence apparently crystallizes only after brutality has reached an intolerable pitch. In 1905 and again in 1931 nationwide revulsion forced changes on the game—and it seems to be ripe for another attack of public conscience again now.

After the death of 18 players and a series of serious injuries in 1905, such a crisis was reached that President Theodore Roosevelt called in representatives of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, then the leaders of college football, and advised them that it was up to them to save the sport by the removal of all its objectionable features.

An Indictment of Foul Play

"Brutality and foul play," he said, "should receive the same summary treatment given to a man who cheats at cards."

In 1931, following the deaths of 31 players, football again was called to account for its violent conduct. At that time

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As sports editor of The Atlanta Journal, *Furman Bisher spends each fall covering football doings, mostly in the Southeastern Conference. His book*, With a Southern Accent, *was published this month.*

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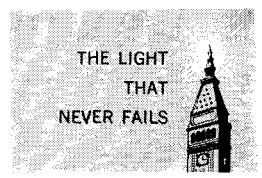

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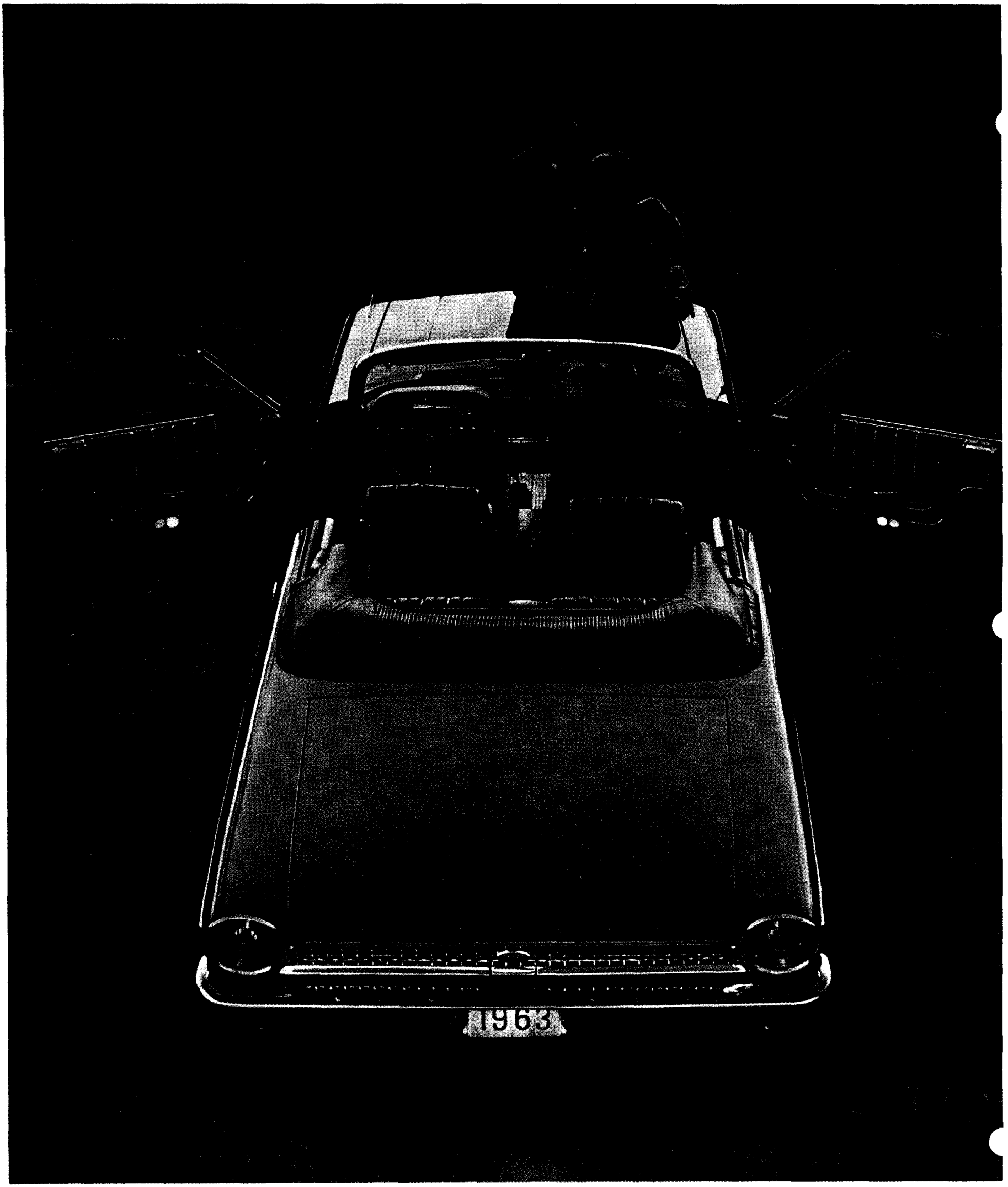

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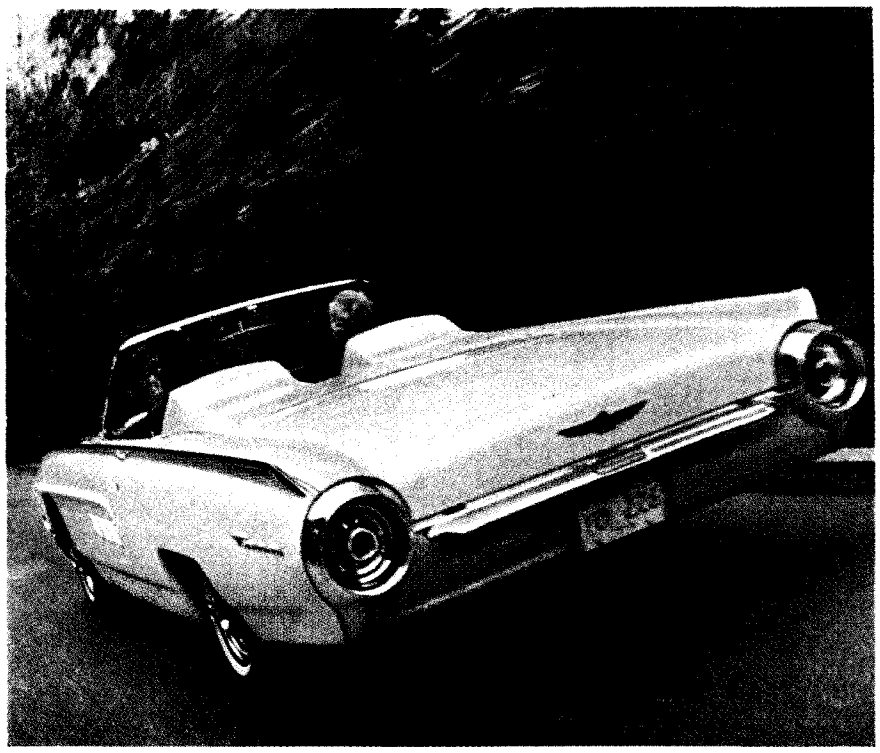

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SPEAKING OUT

there still remained much room for improvement in the rules—the flying tackle was outlawed after the 1931 season—and in equipment. Now, however, football rules have been overhauled to place full premium on superior execution, and there is little that can be done in the way of safety measures that hasn't been done already. The burden of maintaining safe conduct and ethical behavior on the field therefore falls squarely in the lap of the coaches. It is they who must initiate reforms or bear the guilt.

Just how the new violence developed is not easily pinpointed, but there can be no doubt that it exists. Coach Ralph Jordan of Auburn recently admitted that his team was taking up "this new hell-for-leather, helmet-bursting, gang-tackling game," and added, "Since Bear Bryant came back to Alabama, it's the only kind of game which can win." And according to coach Bobby Dodd, "At Georgia Tech we're 'hitting' harder in practice now than we were in games eight or ten years ago. We've got to do it or we can't stay on the field with some of these teams. You play tough football or you get eaten alive nowadays."

By "tough," Dodd referred to a type of player as well as a manner of play. When the T formation first came back into popularity some years ago, teams were light, fast and tricky. Now, however, coaches send out their recruiters to bring in a far bigger, fiercer breed of athlete, the kind equipped to handle himself in hand-to-hand combat.

This change in players has gone along with a change in philosophy on the campuses of the "influence" coaches in the country. Bud Wilkinson built his reputation at Oklahoma on speedy, hit-and-run, brush-blocking teams that were a delight to watch. A few years ago he took one of these teams to play Notre Dame while Frank Leahy still coached there.

Oklahoma lost the game by a close score but took such a physical beating from Leahy's bigger, tougher, harder-hitting team that Wilkinson went home vowing never to subject players of his to another such meat-grinding without proper physical preparation. He began bringing in the bigger, more rugged player and emphasizing the kind of conditioning required to win beachheads; and as the idea spread from Oklahoma, toughness sometimes got out of hand.

Paul Bryant, Forest Evashevski, Woody Hayes, and the late Jim Tatum began moving into national prominence about this time, and all taught hard-nosed football and demanded Marine Corps conditioning.

Trained to Be Tough

As Bryant has moved about the country, from Maryland to Kentucky to Texas A.&M. to Alabama, he has left a trail of discarded athletes who couldn't or wouldn't meet his 120 percent demands for conditioning. "Riffraff," he calls them.

Those who survive this type of physical toughening are obviously better fitted to survive the punishment of the season itself. But the fact cannot be blinked that they are also conditioned to play the kind of excessively rough football in which an increasing number of boys will inevitably be injured—some of them fatally.

A particularly flagrant case occurred on the West Coast three years ago. Halfback Steve Bates of California was knocked out of bounds after a 15-yard gain and came to rest on his back. Films of the game show Mike McKeever of Southern California veering off his course, falling on Bates full force and landing an elbow in the face of the prostrate ball carrier. Bates's face was badly damaged, his cheekbone, nose and jaw broken.

This created such a furore that Southern California offered California an official apology. McKeever himself paid a price of sorts. The incident cost him a position on the All-America team of the Football Writers Association of America. As president of the F.W.A.A. that year, I presided at the meeting during which the selection committee took official note of the incident and deleted McKeever's name from the list of players under consideration. But of course this action was only a slap on the wrist.

There was a similar incident in the Southeastern Conference last season when an end from Mississippi State, Johnny Baker, piled onto the fallen body of Glenn Glass of Tennessee out of bounds. Glass's jaw was broken; and after Tennessee protested to Mississippi State authorities, Wade Walker, the Mississippi State coach, reprimanded Baker so severely that the player left school—although he returned a few days later at the behest of a delegation of teammates.

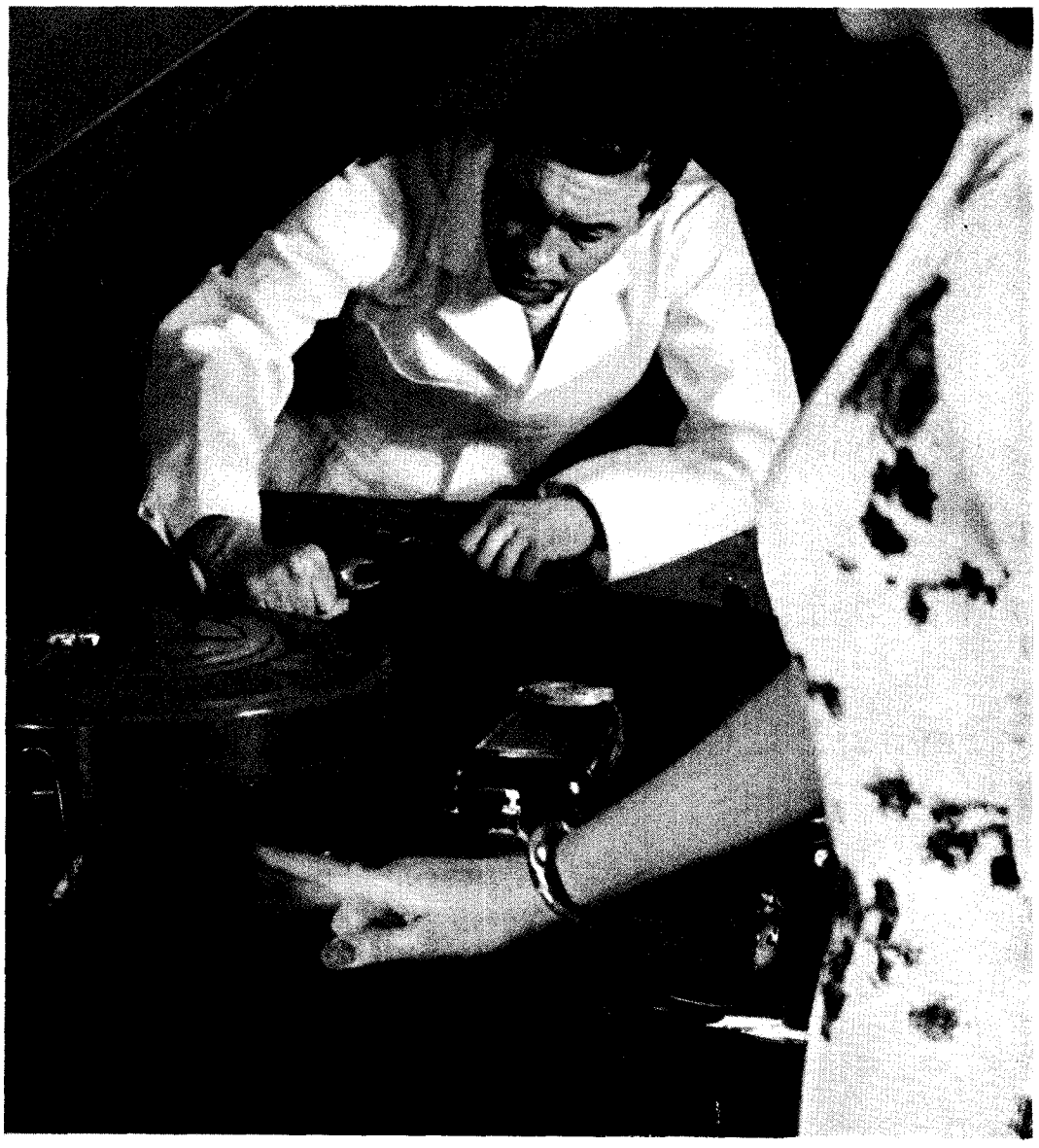
For every one of these more serious cases, there have undoubtedly been a hundred or more in which intentional injury appeared to be involved but in which the results were less frightful. This trend grows more conspicuous with each season. A sporting contest that was created in the name of higher education, to furnish students relaxation from academic pressures, has grown away from its original intent and purpose and become a kind of gladiatorial contest for a few carefully recruited specialists. This condition is encouraged on many campuses where the football athletes have been isolated from the rest of the student body in dormitories of their own, like animals in a cage.

Time for a Return to Sanity

What the remedy is, how a return to sane behavior is to be brought about, I can't say. Football must be played hard, and players must be trained into good condition. But the players who have achieved this superior condition must acquit themselves on the field as sportsmen rather than bully boys. Otherwise football will surely be called to face a general public indictment.

Reformation should originate with the coaches themselves. If it does not, and soon, it must surely come from the offices of the college presidents who recognize the true value of collegiate athletics and their proper place in campus life.

In the revolution that developed after the season of 1905, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard, made this observation: "Death and injuries are not the strongest argument against football. That cheating and brutality are profitable is the main evil." That statement is still applicable fifty-seven years later. **THE END**



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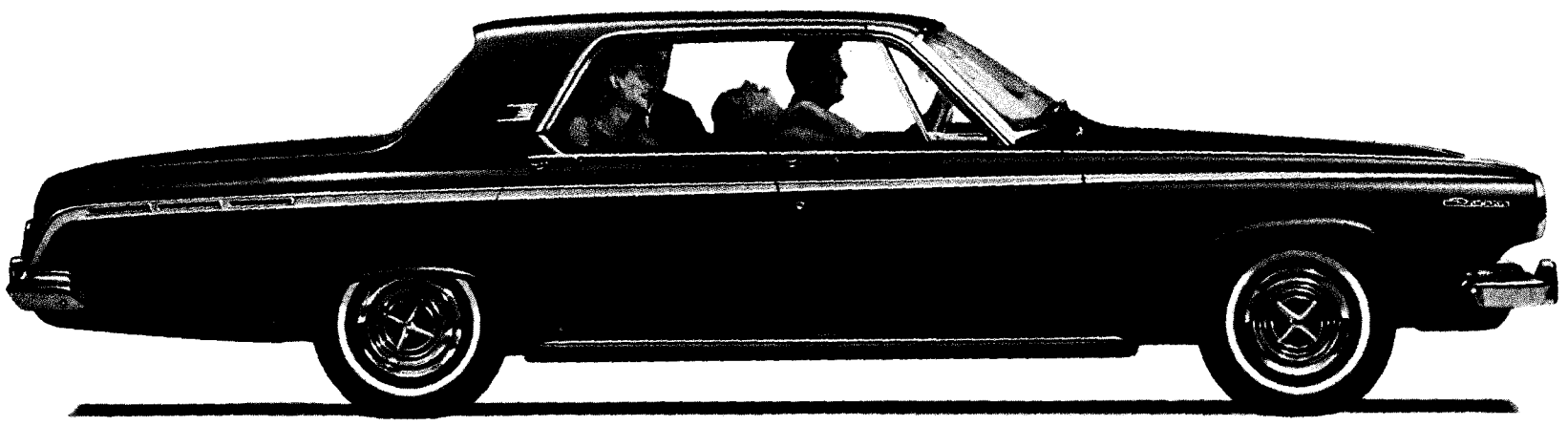

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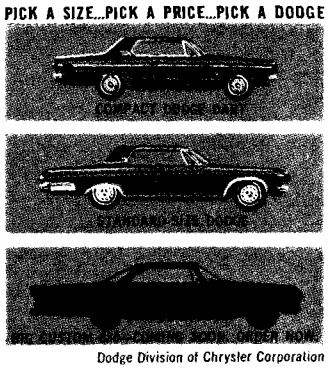

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The Untold Story of the THALIDOMIDE BABIES

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Little Andrea Düker of Germany (above) is a victim of thalidomide. Her plight, shared by thousands of other children, has forced the world's attention on the baffling problem of malformed births. *Post* science editor Steven M. Spencer, after a month of research in Germany and England, tells of the worldwide detective work that finally uncovered the dangers of thalidomide. He also reports how the tragedy has spurred both the study of birth deformity and the search for improved techniques to help these tiny victims lead useful, happy lives.

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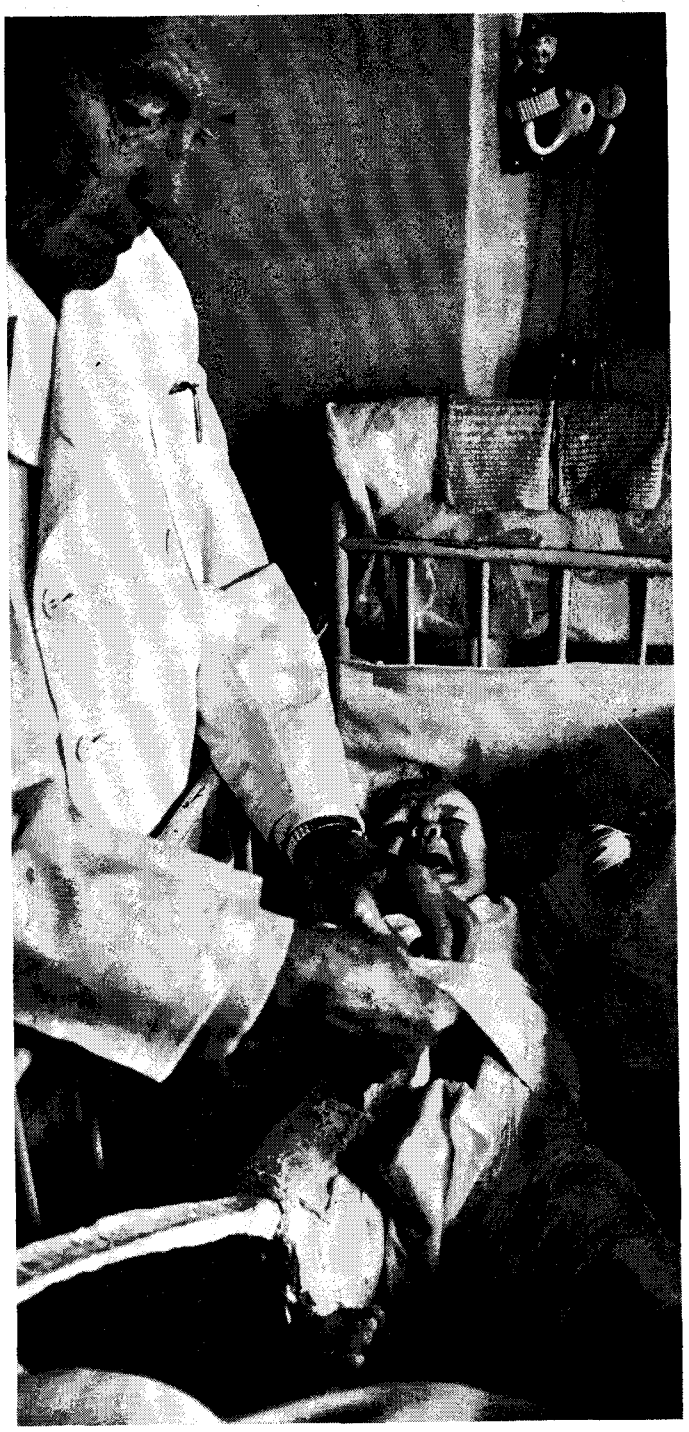
"Thalidomide may not be the only guilty drug in the surge of malformed births."



Germany's Dr. Oscar Hepp, who has seen 350 cases, examines a thalidomide baby.

It was blond Christiane's first experience with her new arms and she cried a little as the doctor put them on. This strange contrivance of plastic and metal, with a spaghettilike tangle of rubber tubing, was understandably a bit frightening to a child of one and a half. But when the doctor pressed a button that made the arms come together and clasp a doll to Christiane's chest her tears vanished and she crowed with delight.

"She's a wonderful child, extremely intelligent," Dr. Ernst Marquardt commented, as he made the little arms open and close. "In a few weeks Christiane will manipulate these herself. Later we'll fit her with a hand she can use to grasp things, a hand which several older children now wear as though they'd been born with it."

For several more minutes the doctor and I watched this cherub at play in the sunny garden of the University of Heidelberg's Orthopedic Clinic. It was hard for me, at least, to tear myself away. There are many reasons why one may lose his heart in Heidelberg. Christiane and Andrea and Marie and a half dozen other severely handicapped but utterly charming children are the reasons I lost mine there. I also left pieces of it in Münster and Hamburg, in Liverpool, and Chailey, in Sussex. In all, during a month's travels in Germany and England, part of the time in the company of two American doctors, I saw nearly 100 of the "thalidomide babies," as a shocked world has come to know them. We talked with physicians who had personal knowledge of 2,000 of these babies in the last three years.

The Tragic Range of Deformities

The physical impairments we saw ranged from missing thumbs to absence of both arms and both legs, with the majority falling in intermediate categories, such as absence or deformity of the arms or of one or both legs. The term "phocomelia," often used to describe the thalidomide syndrome as a whole, means "seal limbs" and applies to those babies who have short, flipperlike hands or fingers attached directly to the shoulders. In some of the infants, the external ears are small and twisted, and a few are deaf. Many have a facial paralysis that affects their expression and control of eye movements. A common characteristic is a flattened bridge of the nose and a red birthmark—which usually fades out in time—on the forehead and upper lip. Most of the youngsters are mentally normal. Their faces are bright and alert. They are lovable little personalities.

Visiting these children, their parents and doctors was a sobering assignment. That the thalidomide episode could have occurred at all in this age of superscientific medicine was a deeply disturbing thought. And there is the uncomfortable possibility that other apparently innocuous compounds in our medicine cabinets could be causing birth defects so sporadically as to escape detection. After all, thalidomide sold at the rate of 20,000,000 tablets a month in Germany and a third that many in England before it was unmasked.

Obviously, the first reaction to the thalidomide disaster was a hue and cry, both here and abroad, for tighter screening of new drugs, in the hope of catching the dangerous ones. However, the clamor for stricter regulations and the press preoccupation with the Finkbine case—one mother's frantic quest of an abortion—have tended to obscure other significant aspects of the story.

Beyond the fear and anguish of the thalidomide tragedy there is great hope that it will lead to methods of preventing birth deformities, many of which we have always had with us, thalidomide or no thalidomide. For this has been a unique event in medical history, a grim and unwitting experiment in human development. Close examination of the birth histories has already revealed surprising new information about the moments of vulnerability in the infant's prenatal life. The malevolent force—presumably thalidomide in most of these cases, although other factors may be found—had to strike at a precise time in order to disrupt the normal unfolding of arms and legs, fingers and toes. The critical moments all fell within the second month of pregnancy and, for some specific deformities, were pinned down to a single day and week. Stimulated by these discoveries, hundreds of research workers have obtained samples of thalidomide. With this and other compounds they are intensifying their efforts to develop knowledge that may, in the future, help us to prevent some of the cleft palates, the heart defects, and the imperfections of limb and spine and brain. Fortunately, thalidomide has not altered the future genetic potentialities of the mothers. Doctors have assured them there is no danger that they need give birth to a second deformed child. In fact, a number of mothers have already had a normal baby following the malformed one.

A second important consequence of the thalidomide disaster is a warning voiced by every doctor I interviewed, including the spokesman for Chemie Grünenthal, the German company which introduced thalidomide. The warning is this: Women who are pregnant or expect to become pregnant should take no medicines which are not absolutely necessary. They should especially avoid all new drugs. Some of the German mothers who gave birth to deformed babies had swallowed as many as 16 different medicines while pregnant—tonics, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, tablets for headache and upset stomach. Many had bought the drugs, including thalidomide, without a prescription. Their doctors were unaware of the extent of this self-medication until the spotlight on thalidomide prompted the questioning of patients. Even several of the Grünenthal employees' families had deformed babies.

Rapid Rally of Medical Help

Another side of the thalidomide story, a heartening and at times inspiring one, is the swift rallying of orthopedic surgeons, pediatricians, rehabilitation experts—even engineers—to the difficult task of preparing these handicapped children for a happy, useful future. Wartime coolness between British and German doctors is thawing in a united attack on a common problem. Help is coming from American orthopedists who for years have been treating hundreds of child amputees with thalidomidelike impairments.

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Outstanding among the specialists interested in the problem are two with whom I gathered information firsthand during the German part of my trip. One is Dr. Charles H. Frantz, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. As codirector of the state of Michigan's Child Amputee Clinic and chairman of a national sub-committee on Children's Prosthetics Problems, Doctor Frantz in the past 16 years has treated 664 severely disabled children, more than half of whom were born with missing or defective limbs. The other physician in our party was Dr. Arthur J. Lesser, of the U.S. Children's Bureau, whose special interest is the social and emotional problems of handicapped children.

No one yet knows the full scope of the thalidomide catastrophe. Latest government estimates in Germany are that about 5,000 of the affected babies were born there. Nearly half died, leaving about 2,500 who require some degree of treatment and care. Britain, where the total has been estimated at 500 to 800, is now making an official count. Cases have also been reported in Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, the Scandinavian countries, South America and Japan. The drug was still being sold in Japan as recently as last August. Newspapers had carried warning articles, but identified the drug only as Thalidomide, and the Japanese were buying the drug under seven trade names. Cases occurred in Canada, where the drug was on sale until last winter. The United States escaped, except for a very few cases, because of the alertness of Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, the Food and Drug Administration doctor, who held up approval of an American drug company's application.

Facing the Unanswered Questions

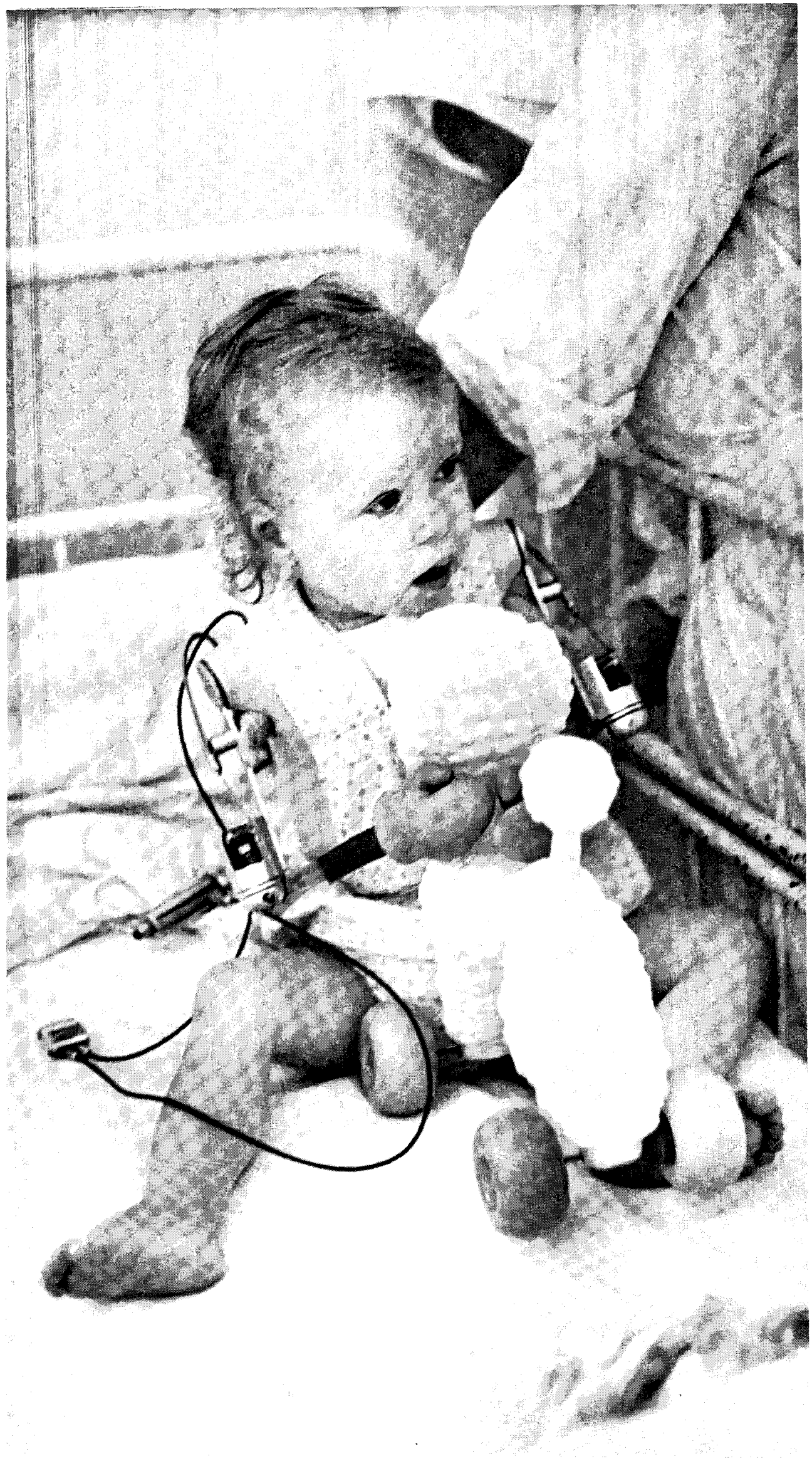
In both England and Germany I heard high praise for the efficiency of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, although it was pointed out that had not thalidomide been tried abroad Doctor Kelsey could not have been alerted by reports in the British medical literature. But doctors abroad also expressed an uneasy feeling that thalidomide may not be the only guilty drug in this unprecedented surge of congenital malformations. Many questions are still to be answered.

What, then, have we already learned from the most destructive wave of "side effects" ever seen in modern therapeutics? How did it happen? Could it happen again? And what does the future hold for the several thousand young victims?

The puzzle begins with the creation of a new human life, a series of chemical reactions so infinitely complex that scientists do not yet fully understand them all. Moreover, development takes place so rapidly that the baby has acquired most of his essential parts and organs, in recognizable form, within three months after conception. At this stage he is about three inches long.

Happily, most babies are born with these parts and organs all in proper shape and place. For the 2 or 3 percent who do have significant defects it had been customary to blame hereditary factors or random errors in development.

Then, about 20 years ago, experiments with laboratory animals and sharp observation of



Wearing her new pneumatic arms for the first time, Christiane Allary clutches a toy dog at a Heidelberg clinic. After modifications, the arms will be covered with plastic shells.

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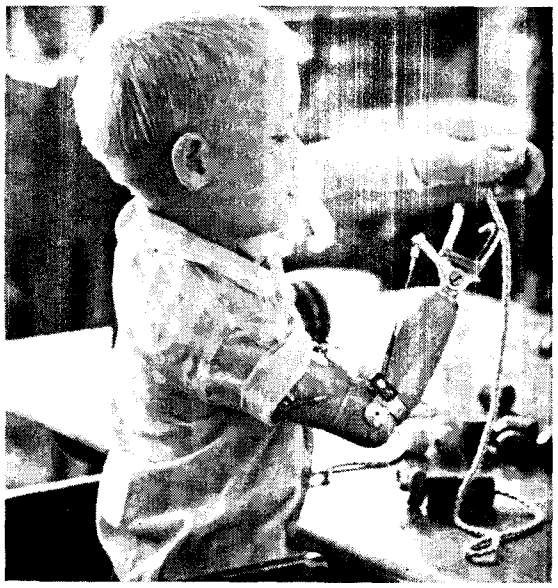

Jeff Rand begins a bead-stringing test at Child Amputee Clinic in Grand Rapids.

Absorbed in the challenge, Jeff, a single amputee, nears end of his task.

Jeff succeeds. Similar therapy methods are now used for the thalidomide babies.

"They are not crippled. . . . They are normal children with another form of arms and legs."

human experience revealed that specific external influences could damage the unborn infant and produce malformations. Two discoveries stand as milestones: (1) Dr. Josef Warkany, research pediatrician at the University of Cincinnati, showed in 1940 that pregnant rats severely deprived of Vitamin B-2 gave birth to deformed offspring. (2) In Sydney, Australia, an alert eye specialist, Dr. N. McAlister Gregg, traced an unusual "epidemic" of blinding, congenital cataracts in infants to a 1940 outbreak of German measles which had affected their mothers during the first three months of pregnancy.

Damning evidence has since piled up against other substances. Ten years ago doctors who gave aminopterin—an antileukemia medicine—to tuberculous women to induce therapeutic abortion were dismayed when several failed to abort and gave birth to deformed babies. Ironically enough, all of this evidence was reviewed in an article by Doctor Warkany and an associate, Dr. Harold Kalter, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the very month—November, 1961—that the thalidomide tragedy became known.

Doctor Warkany's investigations have always received top attention in scientific circles. And Doctor Gregg's classic piece of medical detective work eventually made every informed mother-to-be aware of the hazards of German measles—which include not only cataracts but heart defects, deafness and mental retardation. But the broader warning implicit in these and the other findings of similar import went largely unheeded. While avoiding German measles like the plague, pregnant women gave no thought to reducing their intake of medicines during those critical first months of fetal development. Nor were drugs routinely tested on pregnant animals before release to the public, although it should be noted that recent investigations with thalidomide itself have been bafflingly inconsistent. Given in huge doses, it produced deformities in some varieties of rabbits but not in mice or rats. Scientists warn that negative results in animals would not be a sure guarantee of safety in humans.

Sleeping Pill Becomes Nightmare

But the entire subject of prenatal effects of drugs was not sufficiently in the forefront of medical thinking. Consequently when the news came that a popular tranquilizer, sleeping pill and ingredient of other medicines had turned into a nightmare, the surprise and shock were profound.

Perhaps because Doctor Gregg's famous discovery had tuned Australian doctors to a high level of suspicion, it was another Sydney physician, Dr. W. G. McBride, who first ran up the flag on thalidomide. In April, 1961, while he was medical superintendent of Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney's leading maternity hospital, two babies were born in the same week with short arms and other abnormalities. Doctor McBride interviewed the sorrowing mothers and found both had taken Distaval, the British trade name for thalidomide sleeping pills. It had been on the Australian market since June, 1960.

"I wrote to the firm's Sydney representative and then to the London head office," Doctor McBride recently told a *New York Times* correspondent. "The reply from the medical director of the London office implied that I was utterly wrong. His high-handed letter, implying that I was just a colonial, annoyed me. I was determined to prove I was right."

Six more deformed babies were born to Sydney mothers who had taken thalidomide pills. Doctor McBride wrote to *The Lancet*, the British medical publication, and to the *Australian Medical Journal*. In response to his alarm the drug was taken off the Australian market late in November, 1961.

Difficult Detection of Causes

Meanwhile, a few doctors in England, Scotland and Germany had begun to realize that they were seeing more birth deformities than ever before, especially the rare types involving the arms and legs. Dr. A. L. Speirs reported 10 such births in 1961 in the relatively small Scottish county of Stirlingshire, a rate which he said amounted to an "epidemic." Dr. Richard W. Smithells, young pediatrician at Liverpool's Alder Hey Hospital, one of Europe's outstanding children's hospitals, told me he began to notice the increase in August, 1960.

"It was at first just an impression," he said, "for we had not been officially registering congenital anomalies here before January, 1960."

Approximately 50 babies with thalidomide-type deformities had been born in the Liverpool area by the end of this past summer, of whom 35 are living. Pinning down the cause was by no means as easy as Doctor McBride's letter to *The Lancet* may have suggested. The knowledge that German measles could produce deformities made doctors think first in terms of a virus. "As a matter of fact," said Doctor Smithells, "we did find there had been a virus infection in Liverpool, generally labeled an influenza, about eight months prior to the first wave of these abnormalities."

Conditioned by the frequent press warnings of geneticists, many parents in both Britain and Germany blamed radioactive fallout. So, at first, did some of the doctors. Several parents with whom I talked in Germany were still sure this was the real cause. Fallout was much on the minds of Liverpool residents because an accident at a nearby atomic power plant in 1957 had spewed a huge cloud of radioactive particles over the area.

During the summer of 1961 a hospital associate of Doctor Smithells, pediatric surgeon Peter P. Rickham, attended a meeting in Bonn, Germany, and fell into conversation with Dr. H. Weicker, of the University of Bonn medical faculty.

Doctor Weicker brought up the subject: "What do you know about this phocomelia?"

"What about it?" Doctor Rickham replied.

"Why, there seems to be a regular epidemic of these birth deformities. I've seen about fifty cases. The incidence is almost one hundred times the normal rate."

Doctor Rickham was impressed. "That's very strange," he said. "We saw an unusual number in Liverpool last summer too. Perhaps you and Doctor Smithells should get together and compare

Five-year-old Heiko Klinkebiel proudly shows a flower he picked with his pneumatic "Heidelberg ar

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"I couldn't look at my baby at first. I felt as though my own arms were cut off."

Drs. Charles Frantz (left) and George Aitken pioneered in fitting artificial limbs for children.

notes." Doctor Weicker did go to Liverpool, at that time the only other place he knew which had good statistics on the developing tragedy. The Bonn physician had visited every family in his area to whom a deformed child had been born, looking for a common cause. He had traced family records back in some cases as far as 1600, searching for clues in heredity. He found virtually none. He wrote to doctors all over Germany and brought up the subject at every medical meeting he attended.

By midsummer of 1961 the number of deformed newborn infants had reached alarming proportions. Professor Hans-Rudolf Wiedemann, then at the Kinderklinik in Krefeld and today at Kiel, reported 27 cases in the Krefeld area in two years—compared to five during the previous six years. He suggested "some external factors that began about the beginning of 1959 . . . possibly some generally distributed toxic factor, or maybe several." His article, appearing September 16, 1961, in a German medical journal, was one of the first to deal with the outbreak, and the deformity was known as the "Wiedemann syndrome."

In Hamburg, meanwhile, a scholarly pediatrician named Wido Lenz undertook a study of records of all women who had deformed children, interviewing many of the mothers personally. "I was convinced the cause must be some chemical sold by the drugstores or food shops," he told me, "and I had a slight idea it might be a detergent."

Doctor Lenz's interest had been spurred by information a young law graduate, Karl Herman Schulte-Hillen, brought him in June, 1961. "He told me that both his sister and his wife had given birth—just six weeks apart—to children with limb deformities," Doctor Lenz said. "Even more astonishing was Schulte-Hillen's statement that twenty such children had been born, in a relatively short period, in his hometown of Menden (population 20,000) in Westphalia."

Discovering One Guilty Drug

Doctor Lenz enlisted the cooperation of the doctors in Menden and continued his investigation. Curiously enough, he wrote to a physician on November 9 that drugs could be excluded. "We simply hadn't found any drug in our histories up to that time which was common to all cases," Doctor Lenz said.

The whole search might have ended right there. "Then, just two days later," said Doctor Lenz, "the mother of a deformed infant volunteered that she had taken Contergan—the German brand name for thalidomide—early in her pregnancy. We immediately began to recheck our histories and to question the women again. And it soon became apparent that most of the women had, indeed, taken Contergan."

By November 15 Doctor Lenz was sure Contergan was the guilty drug. He telephoned the manufacturers, Chemie Grünenthal, at Stolberg, west of Cologne, and said he thought they should take it off the market at once. They promised to send a representative around to see him in a few days. Doctor Lenz protested that in a few days hundreds more women might take the drug.

"Still the company delayed," Doctor Lenz said, "so I went on the eighteenth to a meeting of the Rhineland-Westphalia Pediatrics Association, in Düsseldorf and reported what I had found. I didn't name the drug openly, but when doctors asked me after my talk, I told them."

In the following few days the telephone lines buzzed and tempers flared. Contergan-Detective No. 1, as the German press later called Doctor Lenz, met with drug-company and public-health officials. Word came from Distillers Company, Ltd., British producers of thalidomide—under the trade name Distaval—that they had received the disturbing news from Doctor McBride in Australia. On November 25 the German newspapers reported Doctor Lenz's Düsseldorf talk. And on that same day Chemie Grünenthal announced that Contergan was being withdrawn from the market, "although," as Doctor Lenz commented sourly, "nobody received their letter until the twenty-eighth." A company spokesman told me that thalidomide "might be responsible for some of the cases" but he was sure something else was to blame for others.

Some Unaware of the Danger?

Although the German press, radio and television gave wide coverage to the story of Contergan's dangers, not everyone got the message Doctor Lenz heard of several pregnant wome who had taken Contergan pills as recently as last June, unaware of the hazard. Fortunately, they were past the sensitive period in pregnancy.

"I think the news did reach the vast majority though, and I really don't expect any more thalidomide babies will have been born after July 25," Dr. Lenz remarked, as Dr. Frantz and I sat in his office late in August. An hour later he took a long-distance call. After a few minutes' conversation he turned to us with a crestfallen expression. "My prediction was wrong," he said. "Another thalidomide baby was born this morning at Lüneburg, twenty-five miles south of here. The mother was evidently worried. As soon as the baby was born she asked the obstetrician, 'Is everything all right? Because I did take Contergan.' The baby was born with deformed ears."

What did not come through in the brief phone call was the shock this mother and several thousand others experienced as these babies came into the world. "I felt I was in a dream—a bad dream—for three days," one German mother in a town near Heidelberg told me. "I couldn't sleep for days, I worried so much about my baby," said another, "and I cried when they wouldn't let me into the nursery at the Kinderklinik so I could hold her."

A kindly grandmother, baby-sitting with a badly disabled child, said her daughter was in a deep depression for a year after the baby's birth. The young woman, wife of a mechanic, was work when we called, and the baby, 19 mont old, kept saying, "Mama come soon, mama come soon."

I was told that many women required psychiatric treatment for months after their malformed babies were born, and there were a few suicides.

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The Schulte-Hillens, who helped Doctor Lenz track down the cause of the malformations and who organized the Association of Parents of Contergan-Damaged Children, have been in contact with 450 families. They have heard many tragic stories, and they recall the despair they themselves felt when their own son was born.

Mr. Schulte-Hillen and his wife Linda, a strikingly beautiful girl with red-gold hair, brown eyes and a warm smile, are devoted to Jan, who inherits their blond good looks and intelligence. He smiled at us and chattered happily as, with his short arms and bent hands—with only three fingers on each hand—he skillfully put nesting blocks together and played with his toy cars. His legs are normal, but he has a hip dislocation, being corrected with a brace.

As the baby was being born, Mrs. Schulte-Hillen recalled, the midwife at the hospital suddenly asked her, "Is not your husband all right?"

"I said, 'Of course. Why do you ask?' And the midwife said, 'Well, your baby has short arms.' I was so shocked I could hardly speak but I asked, 'Won't they grow?' and she replied, 'No, they will not.' At that minute I felt as if I were dead."

Mrs. Schulte-Hillen still feels bitter toward the midwife because of her bluntness. And she blames the nurses for putting her off when she asked to see her baby. "By the time they finally brought him in to me—three days after he was born—I was really afraid to look at him," she said. "I think it would have been much easier if they had let me see him right away. As it was I couldn't move my eyes toward him at first, and I felt as though my own arms were cut off."

Some families, especially in small villages of Germany, have been shunned by superstitious neighbors who cling to the notion that the birth of a deformed child is punishment for some sin. For the most part, however, the naming of a specific, tangible cause, such as a drug, has made the burden more bearable to the parents.

"Something to Quiet My Nerves"

One of the most amazing facts about thalidomide is that only two or three pills or spoonfuls could wreak fearful damage on the unborn child if taken at the crucial stage of development. Mrs. Schulte-Hillen swears she swallowed only two tablets. "And I know exactly when it was," she said. "It was the day after my father's sudden death from a heart attack, on August tenth, 1960. I was so emotionally upset that I needed something to quiet my nerves."

Doctor Lenz's studies indicate that the fetus is sensitive to thalidomide only in very narrowly defined time limits. In an analysis of 120 cases he found the critical period was between the 35th and 52nd days after the woman's last menstruation. Phocomelia, the seal-flipper deformity, occurred when the drug was taken between the 38th and 52nd days, but complete absence of arms was produced only between the 39th and 41st days. Complete absence of legs was the penalty when the drug was taken between the 41st and 44th days, and only one day, the 35th, seemed critical for complete absence of the ear.

The drug's point of attack is apparently the developing limb bud, though it can prevent or impair development of a long bone, such as the radius in the forearm, or the thighbone, and still permit the hand or foot to develop fully.

Speculating on the nature of the trauma, Doctor Lenz observed: "It must be some process going on at high speed, in waves. It is not, strangely enough, a factor that interferes specifically with bone growth as such. For a woman can start taking thalidomide on the fifty-fifth day of her pregnancy, when the fetus is only about an inch long, and take it every day to term, and there will be no disturbance of the baby's bone growth at all, although women should avoid the drug throughout pregnancy."

Big Task Belongs to "Bone Men"

Nevertheless, bones and joints—or their absence—are the thalidomide baby's main problem. The child also may suffer defects of the heart, intestines or kidneys, and if these abnormalities are not corrected surgically, they are often fatal. But the principal task of preparing these youngsters for an active and useful life falls to the bone men—the orthopedic surgeons and the limb-makers.

Most active and articulate leader of the program in Germany is Dr. Oscar Hepp, ebullient director of the Orthopedic Clinic of Münster University, in Westphalia. He has seen 350 of these babies, has 12 or 15 in the hospital at any one time, and he never misses an opportunity to tell their parents, other doctors and the public in general what charming and intelligent little individuals the children are.

"You must treat them as normal human beings," he says. "They are not fragile. They are real little personalities to be played with like other children. Their eyes are bright and alert, even though their bodies may look different. They seem to me more observant, perhaps because their external contacts are more limited and they must learn by observation. . . . They are not crippled. They are normal children with another form of arms and legs."

In the next breath, Doctor Hepp emphasizes their urgent and unusual needs. About a quarter of them, on the basis of his own analysis, have only minor disabilities and will get along well without much help. Half have moderately handicapping deformities but will be able to work with both hands and move about fairly well on their feet. The remaining quarter, the children with no arms or severely crippled hands and legs, will need all the help that medical skill and limb-making ingenuity can offer.

Much of this help will come from the Orthopedic Clinic at Münster, which has treated and supplied arms or legs for about 1,000 of Germany's 250,000 amputees—many of whom were casualties of the World Wars. A complete limb shop is part of the clinic. It is managed by an orthopedic surgeon and expert limb-maker, Dr. Gerd-Goetz Kuhn, who lost his leg while flying with the *Luftwaffe*. Doctor Kuhn will direct a new school for thalidomide children. Mothers will live

Here combing her hair is limbless Mary Beth Dyke, a star pupil of the Grand Rapids clinic.

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"In school the children count ten on their fingers. I have no fingers, but I count on my fingers in my mind."

there with their children for several weeks, learning how to help the youngsters help themselves.

In fitting very young children with artificial arms and legs the German and British doctors acknowledge the pioneer work of Doctor Frantz and his Michigan colleagues, including Dr. George T. Aitken, codirector with him of the Child Amputee Clinic in Grand Rapids. Doctor Aitken is also chairman of the Committee on Prosthetic Research and Development sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences–National Research Council. Until the Michigan program began in 1946 under the leadership of the late Dr. Carleton Dean, it was common for doctors to advise a parent not to worry about an artificial arm or leg "until Janie is old enough to decide for herself." This often meant the age of 10 or 12, by which time a prosthesis was difficult to adjust to, physically and psychologically. Doctor Dean, in a survey, found that seven out of eight child amputees were not wearing the artificial limbs which had been supplied them.

"We don't go along with the waiting philosophy," Doctor Frantz told me. "We think special, tailor-made prostheses should be constructed for these children as early in life as possible—some sort of support for those with leg problems at the age when normal children begin to stand and walk, and artificial arms of a simple type at about the age of five months. We have shown that a child, an arm amputee, can begin to operate a hook by the time he is two years old. In the meantime, he should start with a rubber 'baby mitt,' and then progress to a passive hook which his mother can open so he can hold a toy or a lollipop. The important thing is to make the child so familiar with the prosthesis that he thinks of it as a part of himself. When that happens, you'll never find it hanging unused in the closet."

Often it is the parents who resist the idea of a prosthesis, refusing to accept their child's armless condition. The youngster is usually more matter-of-fact. A Heidelberg doctor told us of a boy born without hands who on the first day of school saw other children counting on their fingers. A few days later he said to his mother: "In school the children count ten on their fingers. I have no fingers, but now I count ten on my fingers in my mind."

Proving Early-prosthesis Point

In a visit I made to the Child Amputee Clinic in Grand Rapids before leaving for Europe I saw 15 or 20 children who proved the correctness of the Frantz-Aitken-Dean point of view. Many had thalidomide-type defects, although they had been born before thalidomide became available. Cause of the damage was unknown. But the methods of counteracting it—now used in 17 centralized clinics in the United States—should be applicable to hundreds of the thalidomide babies.

One of the Michigan clinic's star patients is Mary Beth Dyke, five years old, a bright little head on a limbless torso. She had a difficult time during the first few months of her life. With no arms or legs to help dissipate body heat she ran a temperature of 103 degrees and had a rapid heartbeat. When she was three months old, her parents began to strengthen her abdominal muscles by tickling her to make her twist and wiggle. Later she was placed in a "flower pot" arrangement, as her mother called it, so she could sit up and see more of the world. The "pot" was soon supplied with four spring legs, and from this Mary Beth moved to short rockerlike artificial legs attached to a plastic "bucket" fitted over her hips. Standing in these she learned to balance, and at the age of about three she was provided with more natural-looking legs, on which she could wear shoes.

Short, Steady Steps for Mary Beth

When I called at the Dyke home in Wayne, Michigan, Mary Beth was also wearing a pair of artificial arms, with hooks, and was slowly pushing her doll carriage along the floor, taking short but steady steps.

As Mrs. Dyke and I talked—she blames the malformations on German measles and a severe strep infection early in her pregnancy—Mary Beth chattered merrily away. "My baby wants to come with me to the bridge club. . . . So long! I'm going to the store now. . . . I'm going to look for a parking place. . . . I need a stroller. . . . My baby needs an artificial arm."

The conventional arm prosthesis is operated by movements of the back and shoulder muscles, transmitted through straps and cables to the moving parts. This is difficult for children like Mary Beth and the thalidomide babies, whose torso muscles are often pitifully underdeveloped. For these patients, Doctor Frantz and other experts are convinced the answer lies in external power.

Best-known example is the so-called "Heidelberg arm," which has been supplied to 208 amputees in Germany, including 80 with both arms missing. Fifteen of the 80 are children. Invented more than ten years ago by a Heidelberg engineer, Otto Häfner, the device can produce elbow movement, wrist rotation and the opening and closing of a hand. The power is supplied by carbon dioxide fed into pistons or bellows from a bottle carried in a leather holster and refilled every few days from a tank in the patient's home. "It's the same kind of tank used for the beer pumps in the taverns," one of the doctors explained with a grin. "They are very common around here."

The control levers respond to very slight pressure from a flexed muscle in a stump or shoulder. Many of the babies we saw will be able to operate the controls with their tiny flippers or fingerlets, and because of this doctors working with the children are emphatic in cautioning against surgical removal of any fragment of limb tissue which might have even the slightest residual muscle power.

Eighteen-month-old Christiane, for example, has only a slender, tapering flipper at each shoulder. But with these she'll be able to operate one and possibly two pneumatic arms. The day we saw her she was getting acquainted with "baby arms," controlled by a single button and a piston. The arms move back and forth in a simple pat-a-cake manner. "We try not to do too much at first with these small children," Doctor Marquardt explained, "or it would be too confusing. We must also educate the parents a step at a time, or the grandmother, who may be caring for the baby and be disturbed by the complexity of the apparatus."

How facile a child amputee can become with a more elaborate arm was demonstrated for us by a dark-haired five-year-old bundle of mischief named Heiko. Like Christiane, he was born with nothing but tiny flippers at the shoulders, although he is too old to be a "thalidomide baby" and some unknown cause was responsible. As we stepped onto the Heidelberg clinic's grassy play yard Heiko was deftly pulling his shoes and socks off with his feet and tossing them, also with his feet, across the lawn. All armless children with any foot function at all will spontaneously begin to use their feet as hands, and the doctors feel this should not be discouraged. Many learn to write that way, and I saw a 13-year-old girl in England who could play simple tunes on the piano with her feet. Heiko can use both feet and a pneumatically powered wooden arm, and he now sat down to a little table and quietly spooned up a dish of cereal with the hand. When he finished he trotted over to a window box, plucked a petunia and handed it to a pretty physiotherapist.

Heiko had been using the arm for about a year. Since it was still being modified to fit his needs the mechanism was open and we could see how he controlled it. With the finger at his left shoulder he pressed a small button that would open and close the hand. By pumping several times he could increase the gas pressure and make a stronger grip. With his right-shoulder finger he could rotate the wrist. And by nudging a shoulder button with his chin he could raise or lower his forearm at the elbow. When the child is ready to go home the pistons, gears and rubber tubing will be enclosed in a plastic arm-shaped shell, which in turn is covered with a soft foam-plastic material to give it a more natural feeling. The entire arm and hand, in Heiko's size, weighs only two and a half pounds.

Power Plants for Artificial Limbs

Other "power arms" have been designed, including one that uses a braided nylon tube that swells and shortens when inflated with carbon dioxide, simulating the action of a living muscle. At the Polio Research unit at the West Hendon Hospital, near London, Dr. Bruce Kinnear-Wilson and his staff, are developing electrically powered and controlled pneumatic arms. They are even investigating the use of muscle currents to control the powered arm, so that the amputee could literally "think" his artificial arm and hand into action.

Technically, the outlook for these physically impaired children should be good. We should be able to divert some of the electronic research from the control of Venus flights to the control of arms and legs for human beings here on earth.

Photographs by Eddy Van der Veen and Arthur Shay

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As Doctor Hepp remarked with some vehemence, "So many fools are thinking about how to walk on the moon and almost no one is trying to find ways for people down here to walk without legs or go up steps in wheelchairs."

But something else is also needed, and perhaps it is even more important than technology. We saw it in Germany and we saw it in the affectionate care the doctors and nurses and physiotherapists were giving a dozen thalidomide babies at the Heritage Craft School for Crippled at Chailey, overlooking the South Downs of Sussex. The school has trained both children and war veterans in the use of artificial limbs. Today it is one of the centers helping thalidomide babies.

The acceptance and emotional support they find at places like Chailey must be available to these children wherever they go in the difficult years ahead. Those who work with them are deeply concerned about this. "As cute little babies, most of them are accepted," Dr. Philip Quibell, the medical director of Chailey remarked, "although even now a few have been rejected by their parents. But it's what lies beyond that bothers us."

Practical Support From Parents

A great deal of mutual support is provided by parents' groups, such as the Merseyside Kevin Club at Liverpool, named for one of the more seriously affected infants. At its second meeting, which we attended, 16 of the infants and their parents were present. Some sat in mother's or father's lap. Others scuttled about the floor in a seated position, with a twisting hip movement typical of those with defective legs. A year-old girl without arms leaned forward to pick up a toy ring in her mouth. Others played with adoring older brothers and sisters. Each parent spoke calmly of his own baby's disabilities, and proudly of his accomplishments. "He can open the cupboard doors and pull all the pans out, just as quick as you please," one mother said.

"Peter has certainly given us far more happiness than trouble," declared an Episcopal vicar from a Liverpool industrial suburb. "The pleasure he's given has far outweighed the unhappiness. We feel we've been blessed by the challenge and we are sure we are able to cope with it."

These parents are eager to give moral support and practical suggestions to all families with handicapped children. Many are aware, too, that out of the disaster that struck their babies may come knowledge that will help prevent such personal tragedies in the future.

Finally, one cannot help contrasting the attitude of the vicar with the comments one occasionally hears when the subject of congenitally deformed babies is brought up: "I don't want to see their pictures. I don't even want to think about them." Which raises the question: Who is more seriously crippled, the child trying to live a normal life despite his defects or the physically normal person who is unable to accept him? In a world whose moral disabilities are far greater than its physical imperfections the question deserves our thought. **THE END**

Just completing his first lesson at the clinic, a young patient proudly grips his records in his new artificial arm. He is on his way to see his visiting parents.

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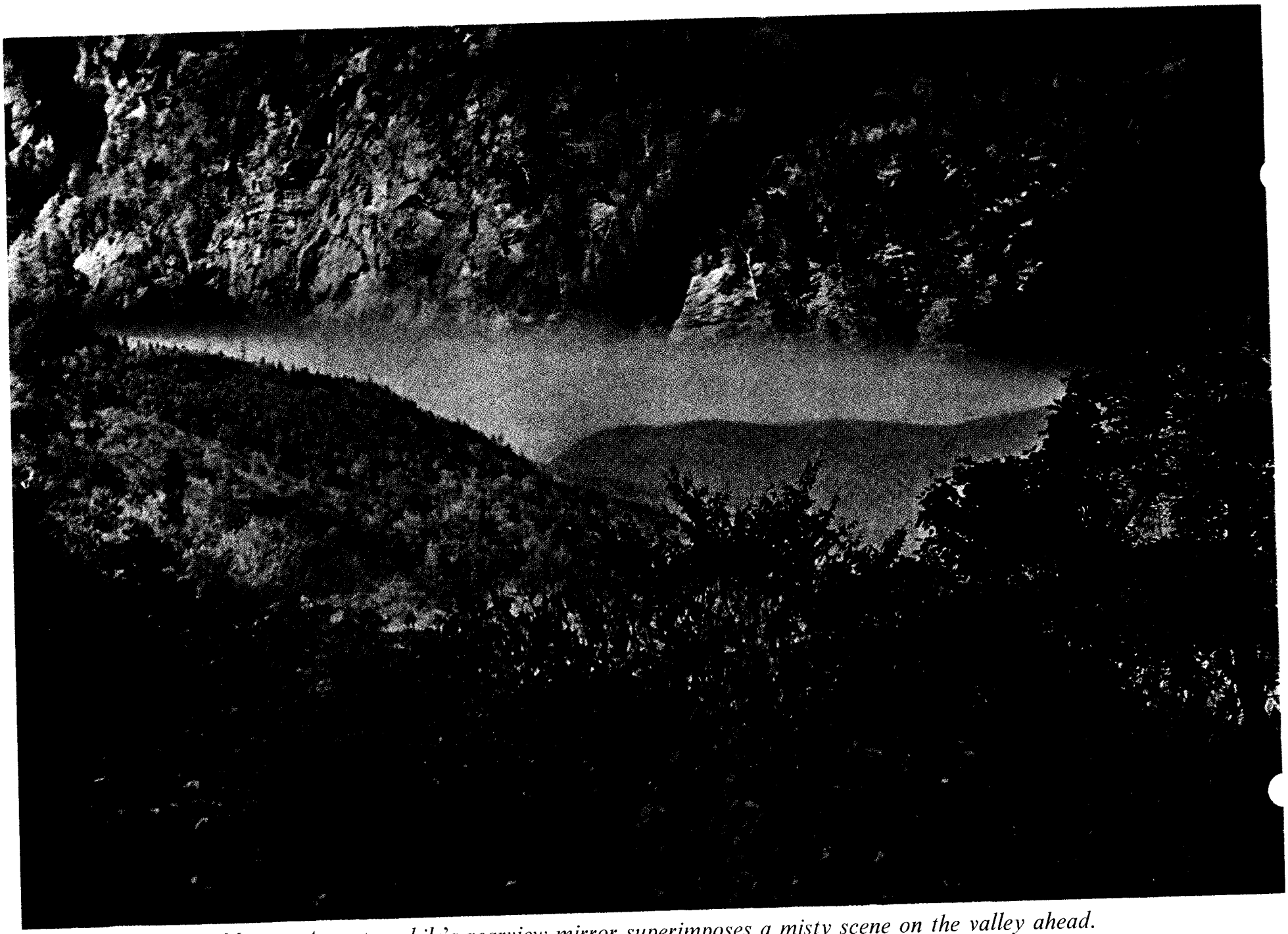
Autumn

Photographs by Art Kane

Leaves die wondrously. In New England, where the change of color is most spectacular, multitudes of leaf-watchers pour in to catch fall's beauty at its peak. Traffic swells as red and gold intensify. At Franconia Notch the leaves, not the snow, give the ski lift the year's busiest Sunday. On these pages photographer Art Kane presents his interpretation of New England's autumn. The color of turning foliage dominates every scene—from noisy schoolgirls at play to the quiet peace of a Vermont graveyard. Poet John Donne described it long ago: "No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace / As I have seen in one autumnal face."



Mirage: An automobile's rearview mirror superimposes a misty scene on the valley ahead.

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Play: Season's game is to pile into mounds of crinkly leaves, with whoops of joy and delight.

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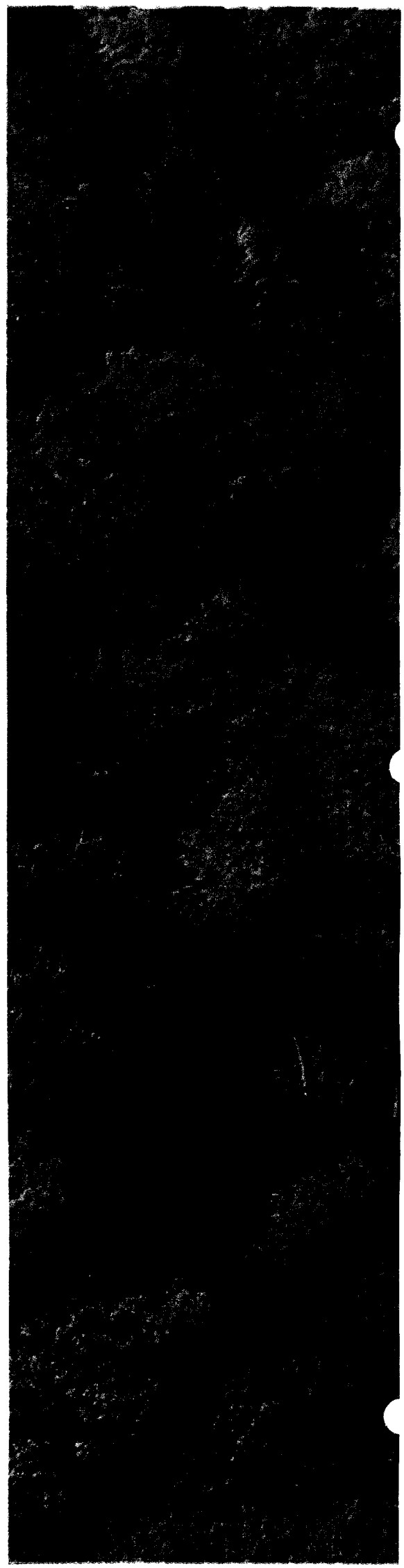
From the brilliance of a French impressionist

. . . to the serenity of a work by Wyeth

. . . to the delicacy of a Japanese print.



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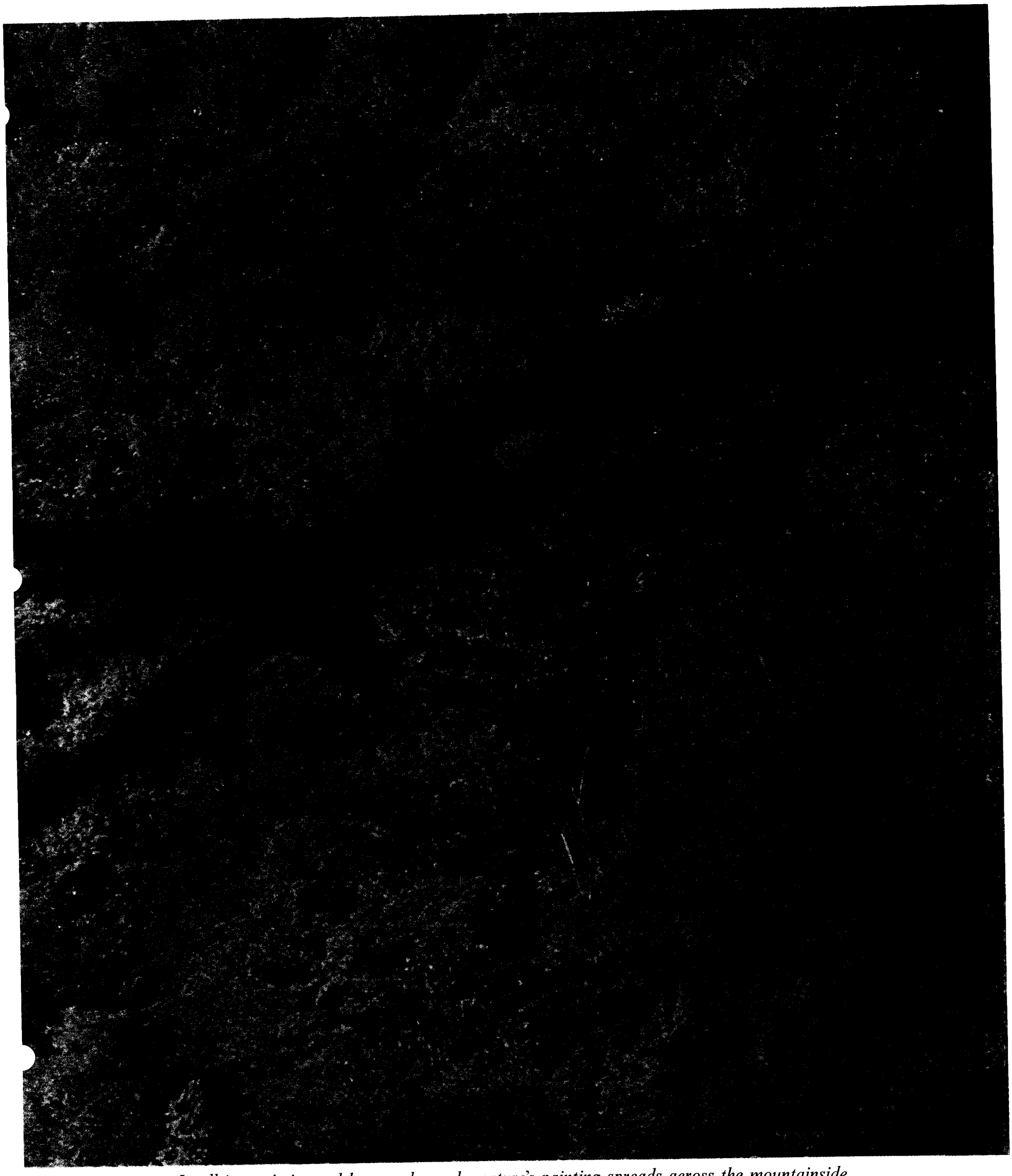

In all its varieties and hues and moods, nature's painting spreads across the mountainside.

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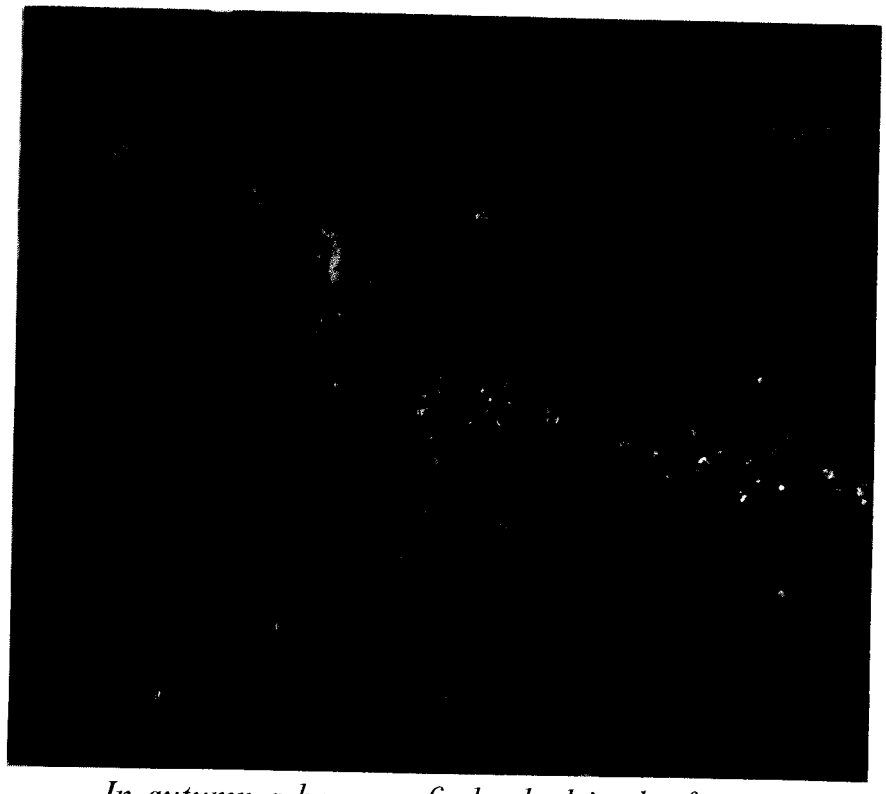

In autumn a boy can find a bed in the forest.

A pond reflects the annual change.

An old graveyard lies quietly below a canopy of burnishing golds and browns.

And the towns, like this one in Vermont, are wrapped in a blanket of color.

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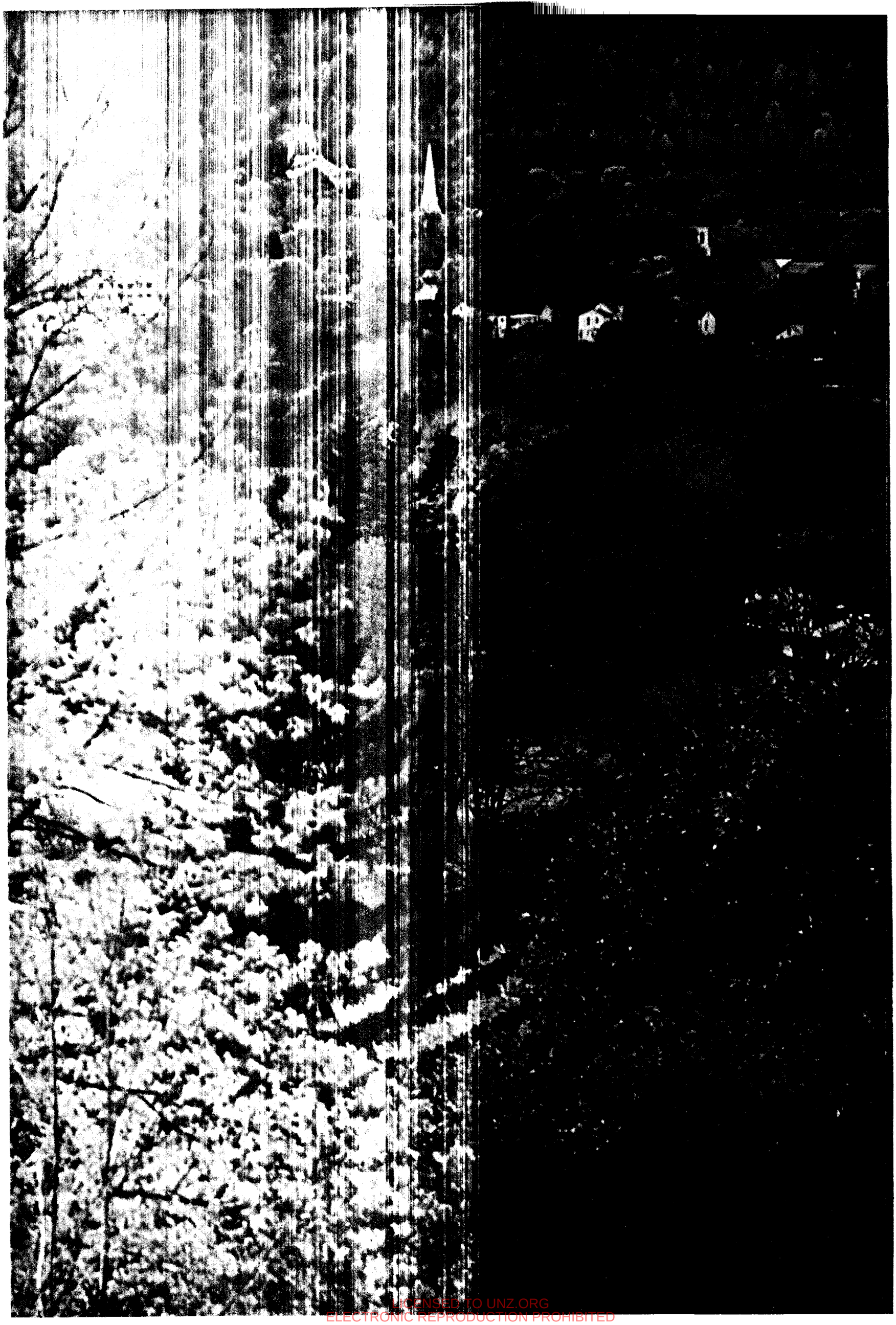

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Author Ford (beneath portrait of grandfather Henry Ford): "We know the qualities which make a man an asset to his company."

Choosing a Business Career

The boss of Ford Motor Company tells what it takes for a young man to get ahead in the vast and rewarding world of commerce.

By HENRY FORD II

There is no sure-fire formula for business success. Indeed, there is a sizable element of luck involved, and nobody can tell anyone how to be lucky. However, there are in the field of business some indicators of potential success which can be of vital help to a young man trying to choose a career.

The most practical help such a young man can get often comes from people experienced in the career fields he is considering. Therefore, in the hope that someone may find it helpful, I would like to draw upon my experience as an industrialist and try to answer some questions that a young man might ask me if we were talking informally in my office in Dearborn.

As I speak, my viewpoint will be that of an executive in a large manufacturing corporation, because that is where my experience lies and because the corporation encompasses almost all forms of business activity.

Business includes the Main Street enterprise where you greet the owner by his first name, the industrial complex that designs and builds your car, the bank that protects your savings and helps you with investments. It is the publishing house that prints your books and the studio that cuts your records. It is a boardroom, an office and a laboratory. It is a giant press stamping out metal forms at high speed, an oceangoing boat unloading cargo at a dock, an oil well pumping away in the Rio Grande Valley, and a trailer truck rolling across the prairie.

Above all, business is people—people who are dedicated to the enormously difficult but enormously rewarding task of keeping this country the most abundant, the most prosperous in the world.

To the young man trying to choose a career in the vast area of business, I would like to point out the great opportunities which exist—particularly with the large, established companies that have been providing goods and services for many years. I don't mean to imply that the day of the lone entrepreneur is over. His day is never over. In the past decade or so young men have built new companies into amazing successes.

James Ryder, who once could afford only a $30 down payment on a $130 used Model-A Ford truck to start a one-man hauling operation, is now president of Ryder System. His company leases out great numbers of trucks, cars and other equipment. His assets, according to a series of newspaper articles published last year, total more than $11,000,000.

Eight years ago, when Charles (Tex) Thornton founded Litton Industries to make computers, business machines and electronic components, the company stock sold at about $10 a share. Today—after 25 mergers and a two-to-one split—its stock is worth considerably more. Incidentally, Tex Thornton joined Ford after World War II as one of a group of bright

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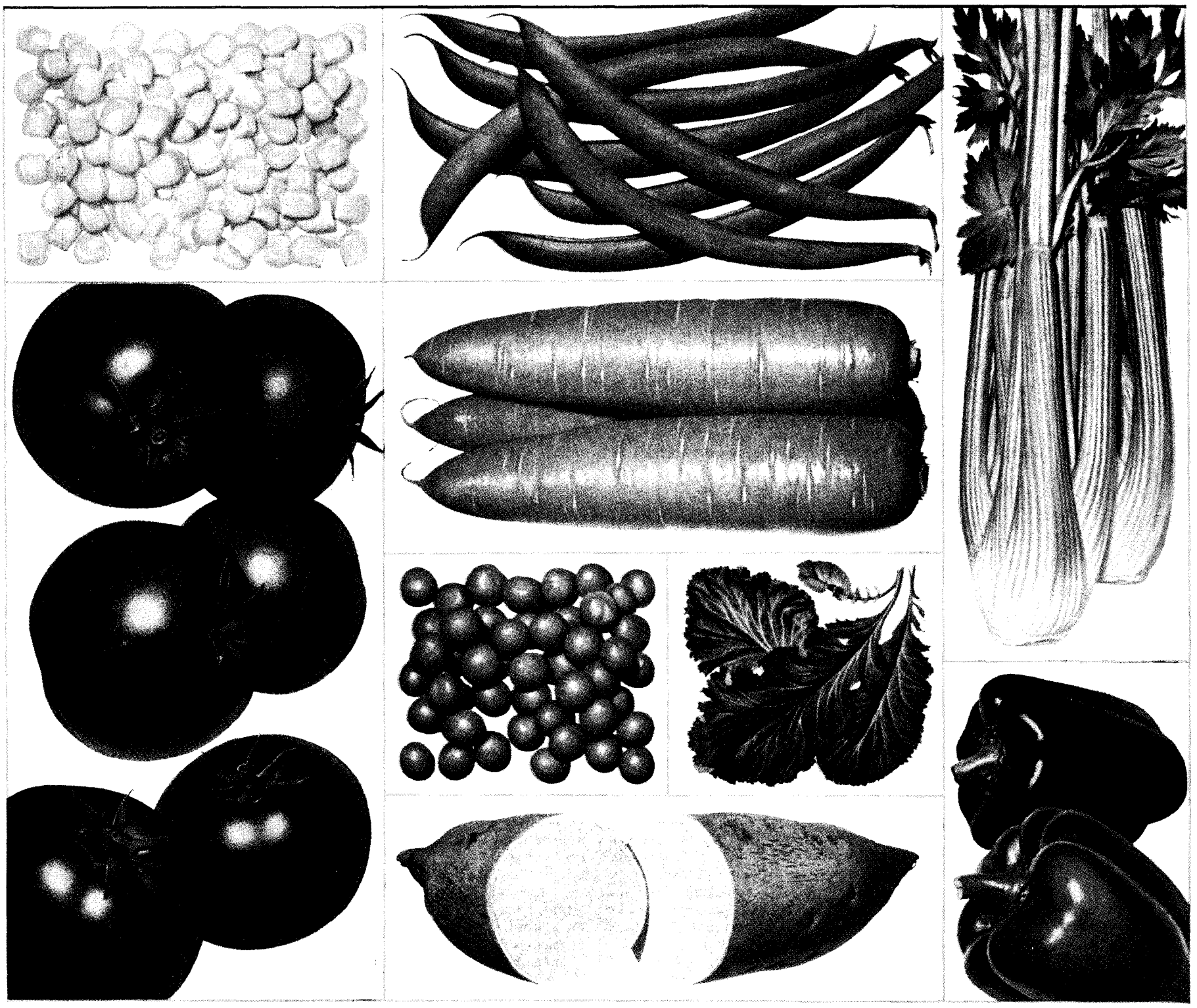
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Why Campbell color-plans its soups

It perks up the appetite, helps you enjoy a meal more

It's a well-known fact that we "eat with our eyes" as well as our mouths. Foods that have bright, appealing color call to the appetite, stimulate digestive processes and seem to make good meals more appetizing.

That's why Campbell's chefs cook with an eye to color. It's part of the goodness of good soup. Take Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup, for instance. Here a whole garden of gay red, green and yellow vegetables is blended with rich, brown beef and tender grains of pearl barley. The happy result not only appeals to the eye, but provides you with many of nature's most nutritious products.

Color-planning starts in the fields

Campbell's fussiness about color begins long before we start the soup simmering. It goes as far back as our research stations. Our famous Campbell Tomato, our carrot, our okra and our sweet green peppers all have been crossbred with color in mind.

Color is an important extra

So you see, when our chefs blend the flavors of many vegetables to get another entirely different and delicious flavor—they don't for one minute forget about color. They know that it is important extras like this that make our soups taste better.

It may not have occurred to you that color-planning plays such a significant role in bringing you good things to eat from Campbell's Kitchens. But it is all part and parcel of what we mean when we say: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE

... all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

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"A college education is usually a first requirement."

Business young men that included Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

You may be tinkering with an idea that you hope will create a new business. If you feel you can start your own small business and operate it imaginatively and aggressively, then by all means do so. Small businesses can be challenging and highly profitable to their owners. They make an enormous contribution to this nation's economy.

Most of the time, however, a young man enters business not as an owner but as an employee. He may have training in a specific field, or he may have a general education and learn special skills on the job. In either case, the business world offers him all kinds of opportunities. Jobs are waiting for lawyers, accountants, mathematicians, scientists, engineers, commercial artists, market researchers and others with specialized training, as well as for liberal-arts graduates of good intelligence and scholastic performance.

Talent in Short Supply

But I would like to encourage you to think beyond your special field. Any special training will be of value to the company that hires you—indeed, it may be the primary qualification that gets you your first job. But your development of skills beyond your college major and your area of study in graduate school will be of even greater value to the company.

I realize that there are many young people who have no college training but who have ambitions in business. They, too, will find open doors. In business, as elsewhere, there are always opportunities for anyone who has intelligence, talent and drive.

But I would be unfair and misleading if I did not point out that a college education is usually a first requirement of any young man being considered for a management position. Indeed, many men now in management did not stop with four years of college, but went on to take graduate degrees.

Evidence of the shortage of management talent lies all about us. Take a look at the "positions available" page of *The Wall Street Journal* any Monday morning. You will find little material to help you get your first job, but you will find plenty of material to indicate how many different management fields are open and how high you can set your sights. Or consider the mushroom growth of the management-placement agencies, which themselves have become big business.

With the anticipated rapid expansion of our national economy, there is going to be an even higher premium on management talent and an even greater demand for young men in management positions.

In considering a man for a management job or for other work, every employer must ask himself, "Would this applicant, if hired, be an asset to my company?" We know many of the qualities that make a man an asset to a business. Here are the main ones.

● *Proficiency in your field.* Your college training is the company's justification for hiring you. But you should remember that when an employer thinks about an applicant's college training, he thinks about more than a major in one field. He thinks about the applicant's reading speed and comprehension, his ability to write the English language and his knowledge of the principles of mathematics. These form the hard logical base not only of a successful education but of a successful career as well. Naturally, the better prepared you are in accounting or public relations, engineering or market research, product design or law, the better are your chances of matching the description of the job that is open. Never forget, however, that specialized training alone is not enough. It may get you that first job; but if it is all you have to offer an employer, it may also bury you in that first job.

● *Social competence.* This is the kind of unsatisfactory term that always means too many things. Perhaps I can clarify it somewhat by pointing out that the social skills a young man learns while in school will serve him well in a large corporation. The ability to cooperate with others in purposeful activity, congeniality, knowing how to follow and lead—all of these personal traits are important in school, and they are important in a company. I don't mean to suggest that an employer is going to be impressed automatically by a long list of extracurricular activities. Your chairmanship of the dance committee speaks highly for you. But for an employer, your chairmanships in the professional and honorary societies speak more highly—and more to the point. They indicate that you possess the kinds of skills which are highly prized in a company.

● *Analytical power.* You exercise this power in the classroom to the extent that you gather evidence, interpret it and draw logical conclusions. You will also exercise it in business, but there will be a difference—a big one. When you apply the scientific method to a problem in a classroom, usually you don't apply all of it. In a mathematics class, for example, a teacher gives you the problem, and you work out the solution to it. In business, you often have to find the problem before you can even start thinking about the solution. In business, recognizing the problem is just as important as knowing the method that will solve it.

What an Employer Wants

● *Curiosity.* An employer is always on the lookout for questing minds. Many people with specialized training and the ability to reason can deal easily with accepted facts. Fewer people are blessed with the kind of curiosity that breaks up familiar patterns and starts fresh thoughts. This is the very source of innovation—the less costly manufacturing technique, the quicker accounting system, the more effective sales plan, the better design.

● *Integrity.* This is the quality that gives meaning to all the rest. You must have it first of all for yourself, of course, for without it no person is whole. But individual integrity also makes group integrity—and this is essential to a company. It is the guidance-and-control system that directs company performance. And by its performance over the long haul, a company lives or dies.

The qualities employers seek are the concern and the result not so much of specialized education as of liberal education. They are the kind of qualities that will stand you in good stead, regardless of the kind of company you join. They are "transferable"—a favorite term of Theodore O. Yntema, vice president of Ford Motor Company and chairman of our Finance Committee.

Mr. Yntema believes that the liberally educated man not only has a sense of values thoughtfully evolved, a body of classified and ordered knowledge, and the capacity for finding satisfaction in work and play and the good things of life, but also has a collection of basic abilities and skills that are widely useful and transferable from one field to another.

"Many men," he says, "prepare for one career, but shift with little or no handicap to another. Executives move from one kind of job to another—often with greater success than if they stick to one specialty."

No matter what career you choose, you will get along best if you know how to maintain sound relationships with people, communicate clearly and listen carefully, organize your own activities and those of others, work hard and like it, and memorize faces, names and facts important to your job. The liberally educated man with these abilities and skills is prepared to fill almost any position with credit.

A Job for Young Men

In most companies a young man with ability and industry can expect to be performing responsible jobs in a relatively short time. There are certain jobs that require the touch of youth. I have a great deal of respect for experience, but experience can always benefit by a large infusion of young talent—especially on a job which involves a break with tradition.

The best example I can think of has to do with an interesting problem from Ford's recent history. On this particular job young men were not merely useful—they were essential. The problem was to bring to the automobile market at the right time an economy vehicle that responded best to the changing tastes of the motoring public. Our solution to the problem was the Falcon car.

In March, 1957, we made the final decision to place an entry in the market's compact-car sector. To develop this entry, we assembled a task force of young engineers, young stylists and young product planners. They had in common free-roving minds and a willingness to try new ideas. The oldest members of the team were no more than 40 years old. We told them that the car must weigh so much, cost so much and offer so many specific features. This meant they would not take off from a traditional design. Instead, they would establish an ideal design toward which to move. In two years we got ideas and brilliant design developments which normally would have taken a decade.

Hundreds of young people poured their talents into the car. Market researchers, for example, carried out extensive studies to determine what economy-car features were most in demand. With the data from these studies we were able to maintain a running description of a car designed, so to speak, by the very people who would buy it. And in the light of these expressed consumer desires, the planners continually resolved the conflicts that arose between engineering objectives and financial requirements. They built and kept current a "paper car."

All the while, imaginative and enthusiastic young engineers and stylists were spending endless hours discussing changes of a radiator design, a steering knuckle, a brake drum or a body contour. They were meeting deadlines to do hundreds of things that had not been done before. They whipped the weight problem, for example, largely by designing a new lightweight engine. That in turn allowed weight savings in the transmission, drive shaft, supporting members, brakes, wheels and tires. And they whipped the cost problem with what, to my knowledge, was the most ambitious design-simplification program ever undertaken in the industry.

I have not exhausted the list of talents—both young and mature—that went into the building of the new compact car. But perhaps I have said enough to make this point clear: Any large company needs great numbers of talented men with aggressiveness, with the ability to spot problems and search systematically for solutions, and with a sense of responsibility for the resources entrusted to them.

You may have some concern that life in a large company will stunt your growth as an individual. Such a concern shows that you place high value on one of the most valuable of all human possessions—independence. But generally speaking it is an unwarranted concern. Most companies, far from being hostile and restrictive, have an environment that encourages the individual's development.

Talent, especially young talent, is absolutely necessary to keep a company strong and competitive. And there is such a tremendous demand for talent that it must be noted, must be encouraged, and must be used in the most responsible positions possible. Otherwise a company is guilty of improper use of its resources. Of course, there are instances where poor supervision temporarily blocks the development of a talent. But those instances are exceptions.

The Rules Do Make Sense

Again, you may fear that you will be required to conform to some overpowering corporate system that intimidates the individual. This kind of pressure, of course, exists to some degree in all organizations. In some it exists to a ridiculous degree. However, in most American companies a man's family life, his social ties, his political beliefs and his religious convictions are his own business. Most companies are interested in performance, not conformance.

In a business firm, as in other kinds of organizations—including the family, school, church and government—there are certain rules that must be observed by everyone. This is not comformity. It is common sense. Efficiency dictates such rules, and without them no organization could stay organized, much less fulfill its functions. If, for example, you as a student attended a class every fourth time it met, turned in assignments on whim and otherwise ignored routine requirements, you would compromise the class's larger purposes—to disseminate specific knowledge to as many students as possible and to encourage constructive curiosity.

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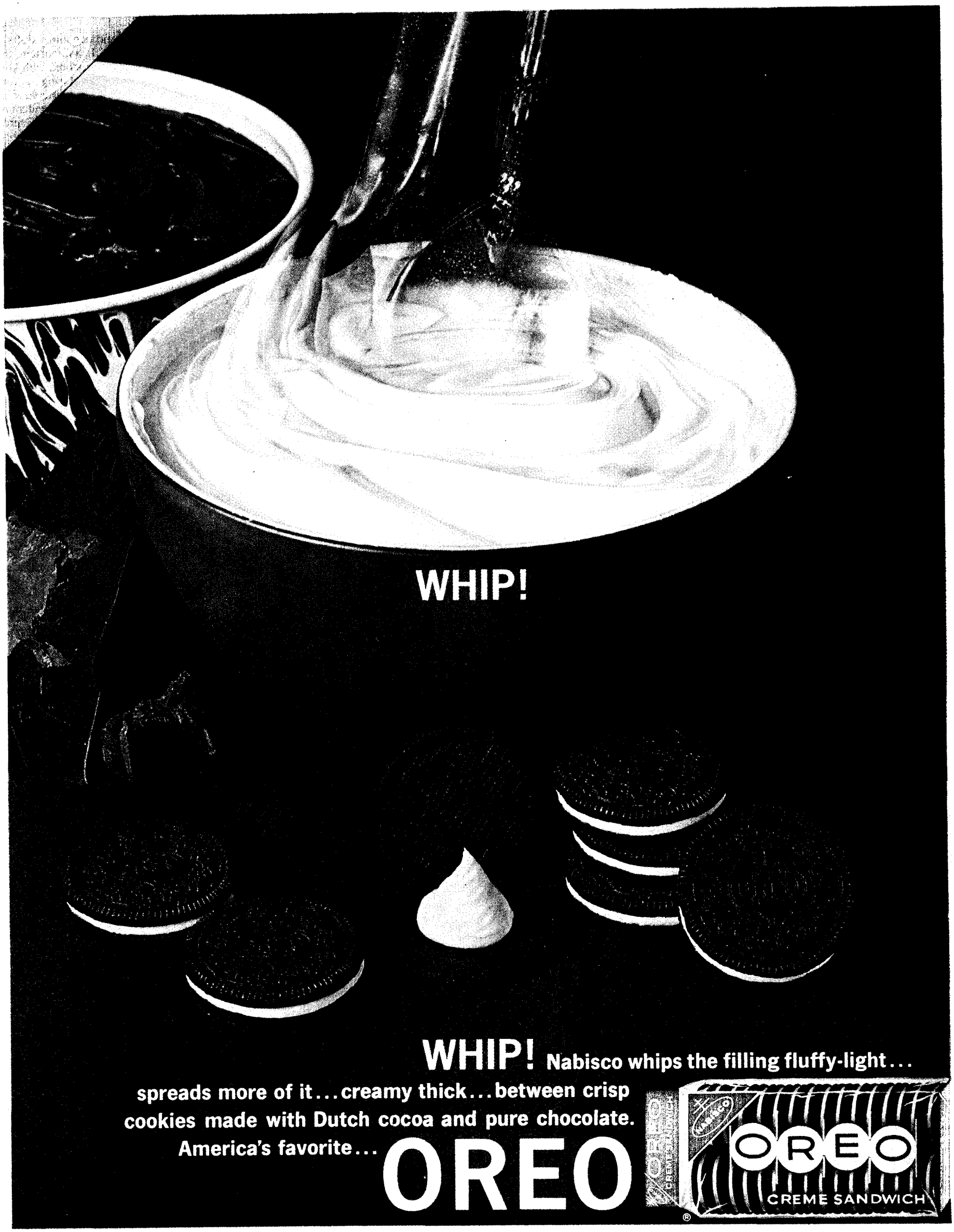

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Ford discounts the danger of becoming an organization man: "Most firms are interested in performance, not conformance."

Mahwah, N.J.: Ford trainee Rolf Mueller (right) confers with foreman James Padovane. "Young talent," says Ford, "is needed to keep a company strong."

Business By the same token, if you as a young man in a company came to work irregularly, observed your own instead of the company's deadlines and generally indulged in irrelevancies, you would compromise the larger purposes of the company—to produce quality goods or services at minimum cost and on schedule.

You might also remember this about efficiency: Doing routine tasks well and quickly, saves time, frees you to do other things. And the time you spend ranging after new ideas can be as vital to the company's well-being as it is to your individual well-being.

Even though you believe you have some idea of American business, its size and accomplishments and potentials, I think that you might be surprised at the tremendous number and diversity of opportunities for individuals in large companies today. At Ford, for example, we are concerned not only with our primary business of producing and selling cars and trucks, tractors and farm implements, parts and accessories, but also with electronics, communications, rocketry, advanced weapons technology and space guidance systems. We are also studying the possibility of a space train which, as visualized now, will have three sections: up front, a command post; in the middle, a propulsion unit for orbital corrections; and back in caboose position a detachable living or laboratory car for maneuvering in space.

When you realize that just one company can be engaged in these diverse activities, you begin to get some idea of the extent of American business as a whole. There are any number of companies in America engaged in imaginative and multiple activities. That fact, along with the explorative temper of the times in which we live, means that there are opportunities for an individual to find a place to start and almost unlimited opportunities for him to grow.

How to Grow—and Why

It is not enough for me to admonish you to grow in order to keep up with what is happening. Let me also suggest the general direction of growth.

Every company is markedly different from any other. But no matter what company he may be in, a young man is always faced with the job of bringing a tremendous number of variables under control. Hunches won't do. Simple rules of thumb won't do. These things may help, but what it really takes to achieve order and steady progress is system, and the young man must learn to master that system. The extension of his mastery over it—regardless of the level at which he works—is one measure of the young man's growth.

Lightning-fast communications, for example, regularly put information from around the world at his fingertips. Highly trained specialists tell him what is happening in the world and something of what will happen. And if the experts bog down, they can run alternative courses of action through computers and get quick, accurate answers that used to be available only after weeks or months or even years of strenuous work.

Learning the value and use of these aids contributes to the growth of a young man. But the greatest help of all to him, as he seeks control of the variables that confront him, is his own flexibility of mind which allows him to accommodate to rapid social and economic shifts that affect his company. It is important, therefore, that his mind be stored with knowledge acquired not just during the formal educational period but afterward too, through experience and independent reading. Language and marketing, literature and capital, philosophy and taxation, psychology and manufacturing—the more the young man in business knows of these and other branches of human knowledge, the more effective his work will be and the faster he will grow.

In so doing, a young man becomes a pro in one of the biggest, most exciting games in which humans engage. It is a game that requires his total professional involvement and a considerable share of his personal involvement. Commitment to his work will make the game fun for him. And it ought to be fun, for if he chooses a business career, he probably will be playing it for the rest of his professional life.

The Rewards of Working

Standing up to a wide variety of challenges, responding to and using the new ideas being generated at a rapid rate by the twentieth century's fast-moving technology, having a share in dynamic group action that leads to measurable success, and in general helping direct the powerful economic forces of this country—these make excitement enough for any man. But a man doesn't work for excitement alone any more than for money alone. He needs to know that the work he is doing is worthwhile to himself and to others as well.

In one sense, the tens of thousands of goods and services produced by business are materialistic. But when in their production and consumption they mean more security, more freedom from drudgery, more leisure, more independence and more sheer fun, are they only materialistic? Obviously not.

Business, furthermore, is a partner with government in broadening the whole economic base that generates revenues for necessary government services and for national defense. It is also a benevolent social force that helps provide and administer such programs as unemployment benefits, hospitalization insurance, life insurance, retirement plans and pensions. These are substantial contributions to the well-being of this nation.

I hope what I have said here proves helpful. Few decisions in life are more important than the one you make when you choose your career. That decision charts the first course of a long voyage. Remember, however, that the first decision does not bind you for life. As you move into your working life, you will have additional career opportunities—and some of them will come at odd times and in strange guises.

Start preparing for them now by acquiring a truly liberal education, with all of the skills and abilities it implies.

As for the decision that now may be close at hand, take plenty of time for thought. Talk with your family, your friends, your teachers and men in the fields that interest you. Then take a long, hard look at your talents and personal desires, and judge for yourself where they can best be placed to take you farthest and keep you happiest. **THE END**

Mr. Ford's article is taken from his chapter in *Listen to Leaders in Business* to be published on November 12 by copublishers Tupper & Love, Inc., and Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

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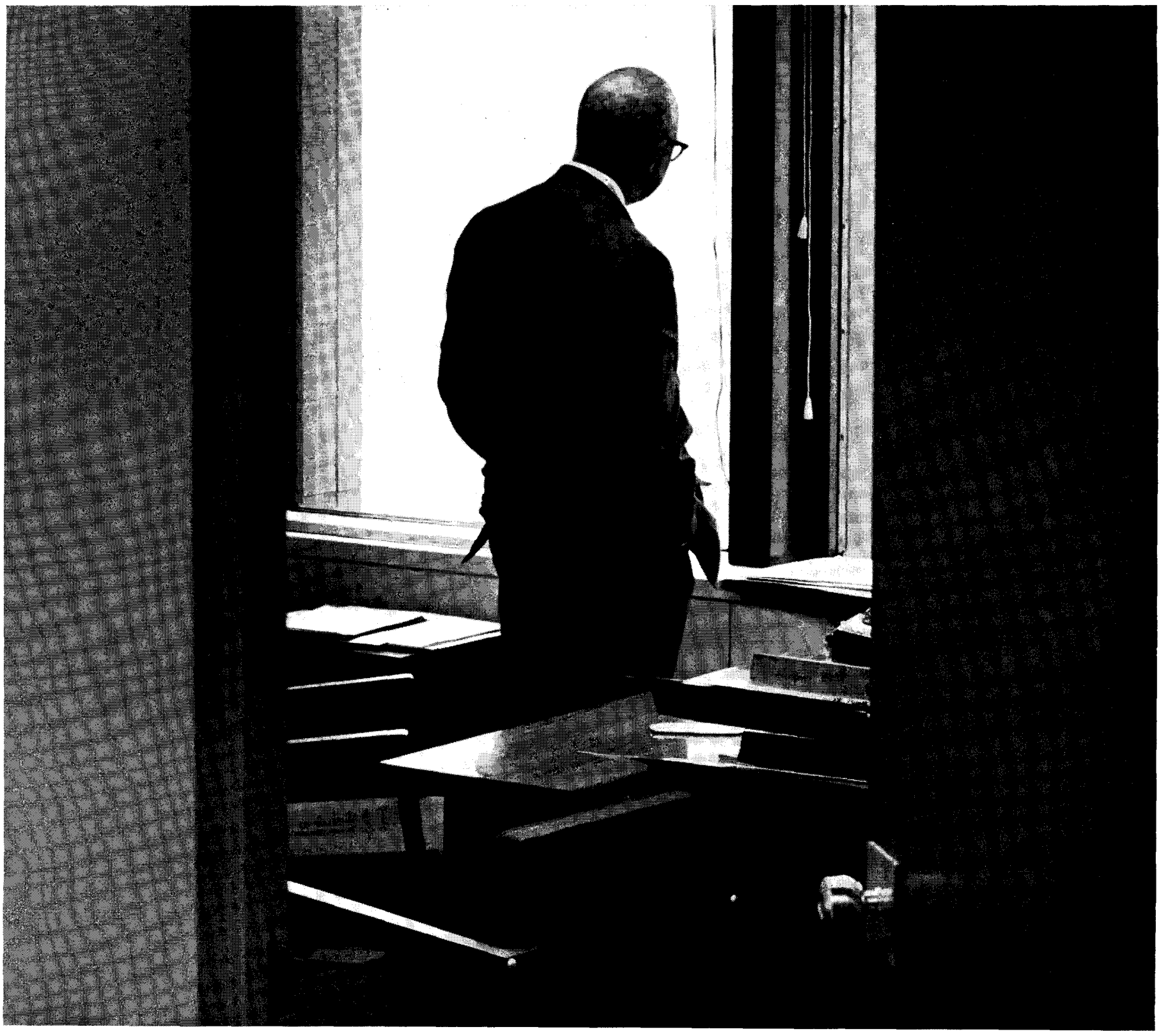

POLICY MEETING

The responsibility is his.

He recognizes the sweeping changes that are occurring in his market.

He wants to know that he's riding with them . . . even leading them.

He has to know where his best prospects are . . .

. . . who they are.

For most products . . . including his . . . these are the people with higher incomes and better education . . .

. . . *the people who read magazines.*

Today, there are more of them than ever before . . . in every walk of life.

Their interests are more varied, and they seek information about these interests in as many varied magazines.

Yes, reader interest is up.

Magazine circulation is up. (It is now at the all-time high.)

Magazine efficiency is up. (Couple selectivity with flexibility, and add that never-to-be-underestimated believability.)

Have *you* examined magazines, recently?

You won't be first to discover that they are the growth advertising medium of the 60's.

Can you afford to be last?

MAGAZINES MAKE THINGS HAPPEN!

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ANNOUNCING RAMBLER FOR

New! Scena-Ramic Curved Windows—as in $6,000 cars! Cut wind noise to a whisper, add new beauty, new feeling of spaciousness!

The most beautiful Ramblers ever built with even more of the values that caused over 2,000,000 motorists to switch to Rambler. For 1963, the Rambler Classic 6 and Rambler Ambassador V-8 have stunning new beauty that comes from a revolutionary way to build cars—all-new Advanced Unit Construction. A years-ahead breakthrough in car building, it vastly increases strength and solidity, permits lower, more sweeping car lines with full 6-footer headroom, new ease of entrance. These all-new Ramblers look longer but aren't. They are the most service-free ever, with more vital parts lubricated for life. See the New Shape of Quality—the strongest, safest, quietest, most comfortable, longest-lasting, easiest-handling, best-performing, smoothest-riding and most value-filled Ramblers ever built.

New! Even easier parking than ever before—turns shorter, handles better!

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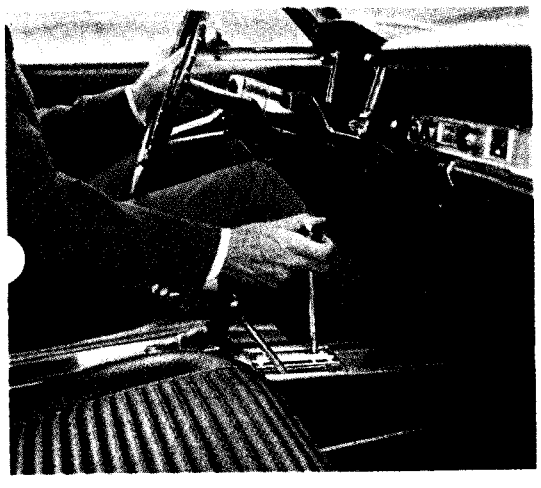
'63 Rambler Classic "770" Four-Door Sedan.

'63 – The New Shape Of Quality



New! Twin-Stick Floor Shift with Instant Overtake combines sports-car action with Rambler economy!

New! Astonishingly easy entrance—with high, wide doors that curve gracefully into the roof.

New! Chair-Height Bucket Seats with handy Console between—so smart, sporty, convenient!

FOR MORE NEWS, PLEASE TURN PAGE

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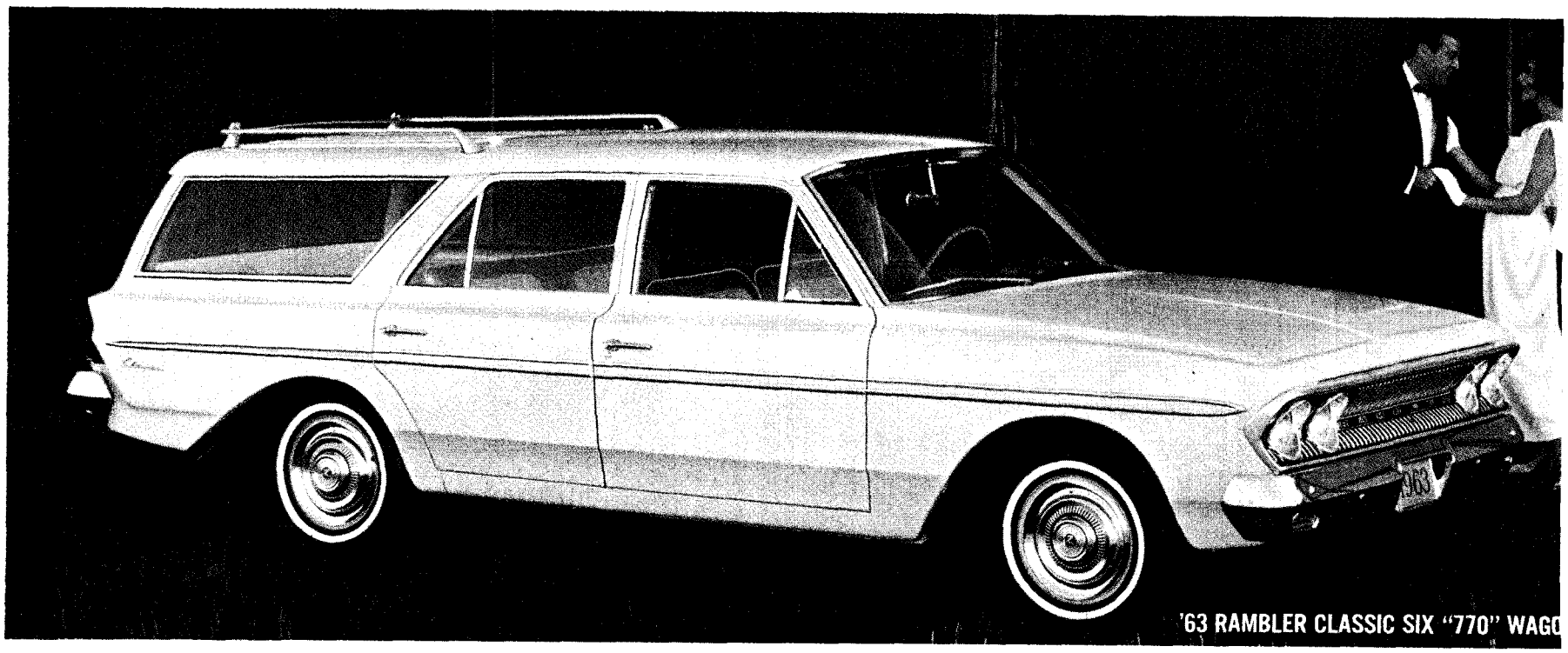
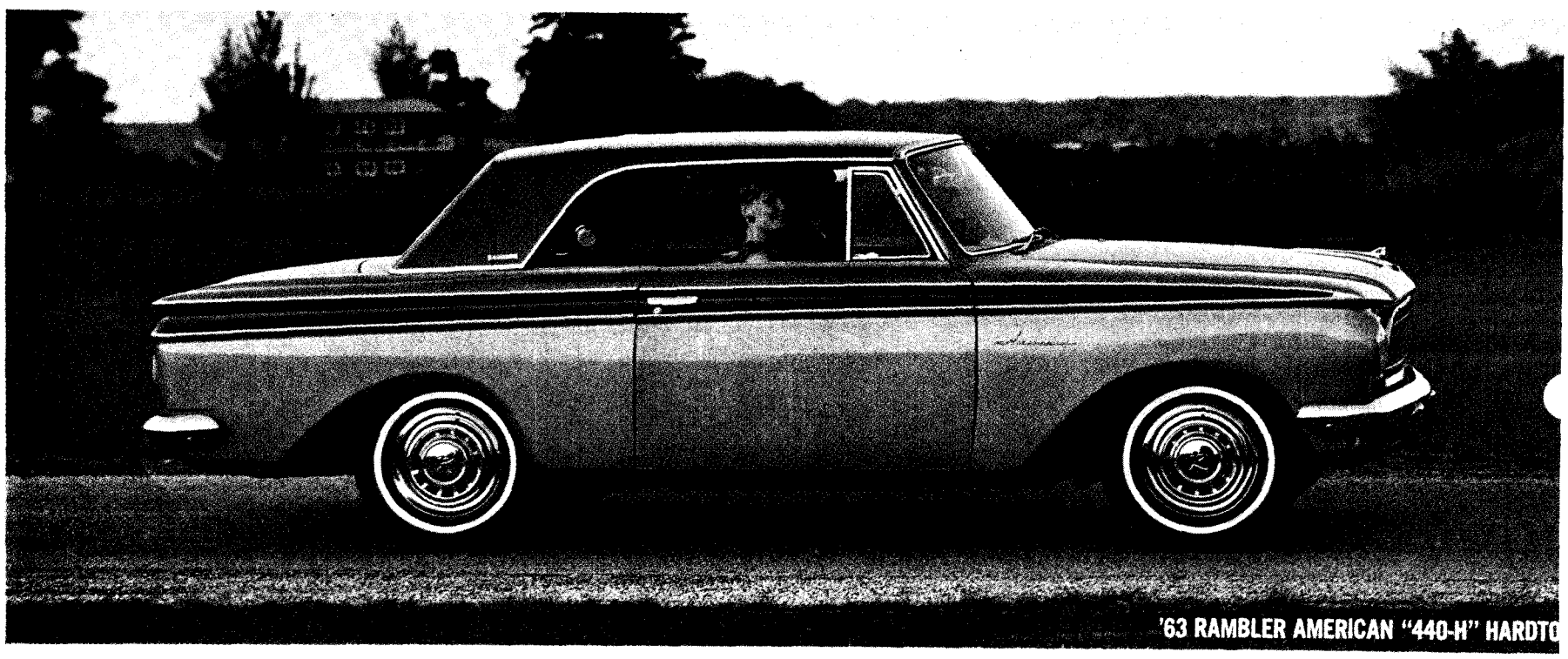
ALL NEW! ALL BEAUTIFUL! ALL

'63 RAMBLER AMBASSADOR V-8 TWO-DOOR "990" SEDA



'63 RAMBLER CLASSIC SIX "770" WAGO



'63 RAMBLER AMERICAN "440-H" HARDTO

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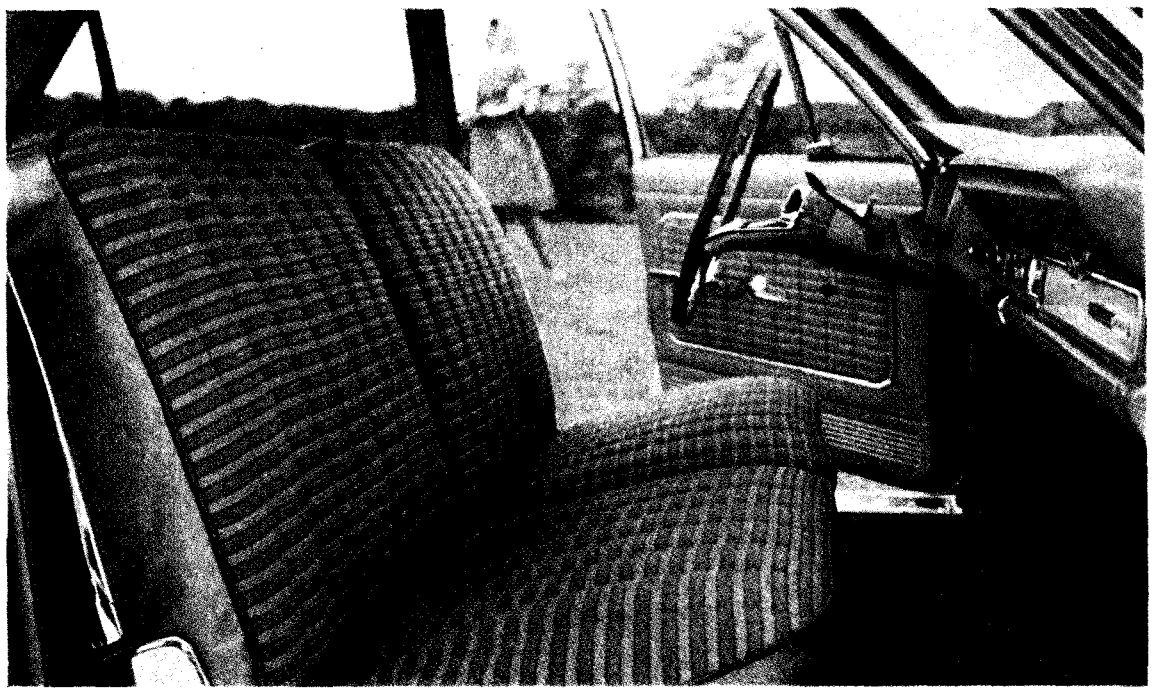
RAMBLER!

HERE'S NEW LUXURY WITH PERFORMANCE TO MATCH

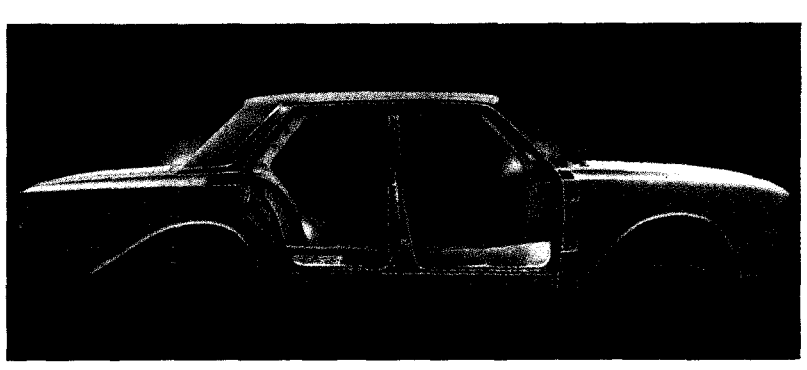
The robust-powered Ambassador V-8 with 250-HP engine (270-HP optional) has even better power-to-weight ratio for exhilarating performance, exceptional V-8 economy. Looks longer but it isn't. All-new Advanced Unit Construction makes this new beauty inches lower, yet with full 6-footer headroom—and in the most beautiful interiors ever to grace this top-of-the-line Rambler. New quiet, new lower center of gravity, new smoother ride, new handling ease with less weight on front wheels, sharper turning, new and remarkably easy entrance and exit, new perfection in door fit with the tightest weather-seal on any car—all in the most beautiful high-performance Rambler Ambassador ever built.



New! Beautiful luxury interiors in cars nearly 3 inches lower, yet with full headroom for 6-footers. New feeling of airy spaciousness, new seating comfort, new hushed quiet. Full 60 inches of hip room both front and rear.

FULL ROOM FOR SIX 6-FOOTERS PLUS BRAND-NEW BEAUTY

Rambler Classic is still the only car with the Best of Both: big-car room, comfort, performance — plus small-car economy, handling ease. And now there's brand-new beauty that springs from all-new Advanced Unit Construction that makes these the strongest, most rattle-free cars ever, with swifter and lower lines—almost 3 inches lower—yet with full room for six 6-footers and headroom to spare! New curved glass side windows, new and most thorough rust-proofing with much more galvanized steel, new Ceramic-Armored Exhaust System, and lots, lots more.

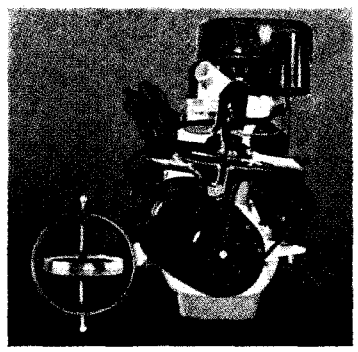


New! Advanced Unit Construction. Major breakthrough in car construction replaces scores of small parts with massive uniside members, precision formed from one piece of galvanized steel (in red above). Stronger, safer, longer lasting.

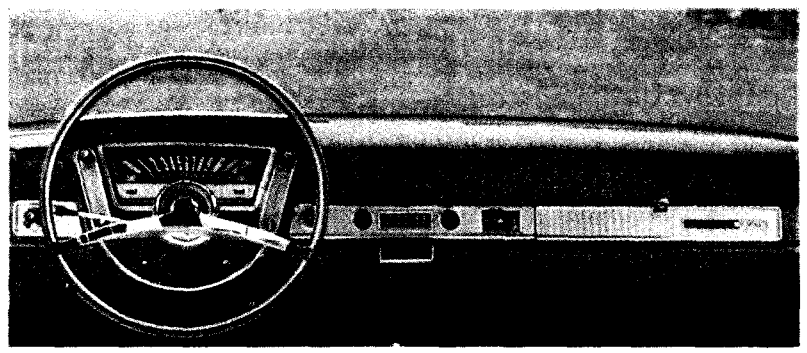
New! Hidden storage compartment in rear of wagons. Holds cameras, other valuables safely out of sight.

THE ECONOMY KING HAS BRAND-NEW ZING

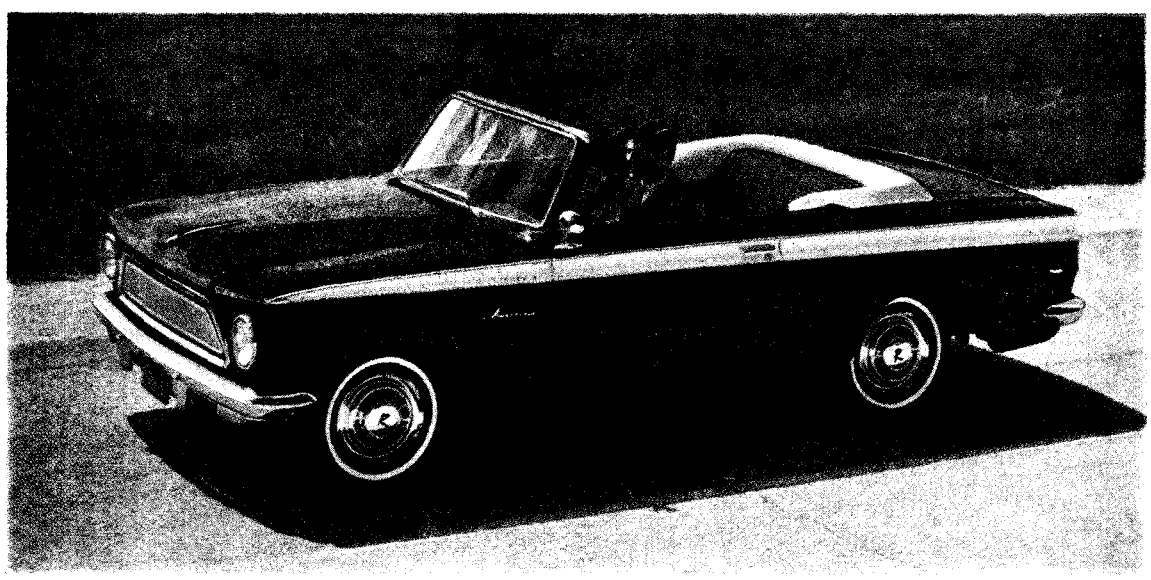
In looks, line and action there's new sports-car spirit in the Rambler American—in the sparkling-new "440-H" Hardtop, and the glamorous Convertible. Reclining Bucket Seats with sporty Console, and the new hustle of a 138-HP Six are standard on this Hardtop. New improved Double-Safety Brake System with self-adjusting brakes, new luxurious interiors, 4,000-mile engine oil change, scores of other Rambler features. See them now—new Rambler American Hardtops, Convertible, plus 2-door and 4-door Sedans, Wagons.



New! Tri-Poised Power—smoothest, quietest, vibration-free ride. Engine 3-point seated in deep rubber.



New Control Center for the most service-free Rambler ever built. New lifetime lubrication in transmission, rear axle. Classic and Ambassador go three years or 33,000 miles between chassis lubrications. Self-adjusting brakes standard on all models.



New! '63 Rambler American "440" Convertible—so smart, so spirited, so low priced! Powered with the big-action 6-cylinder overhead valve engine that holds more major economy wins than all other compact cars!

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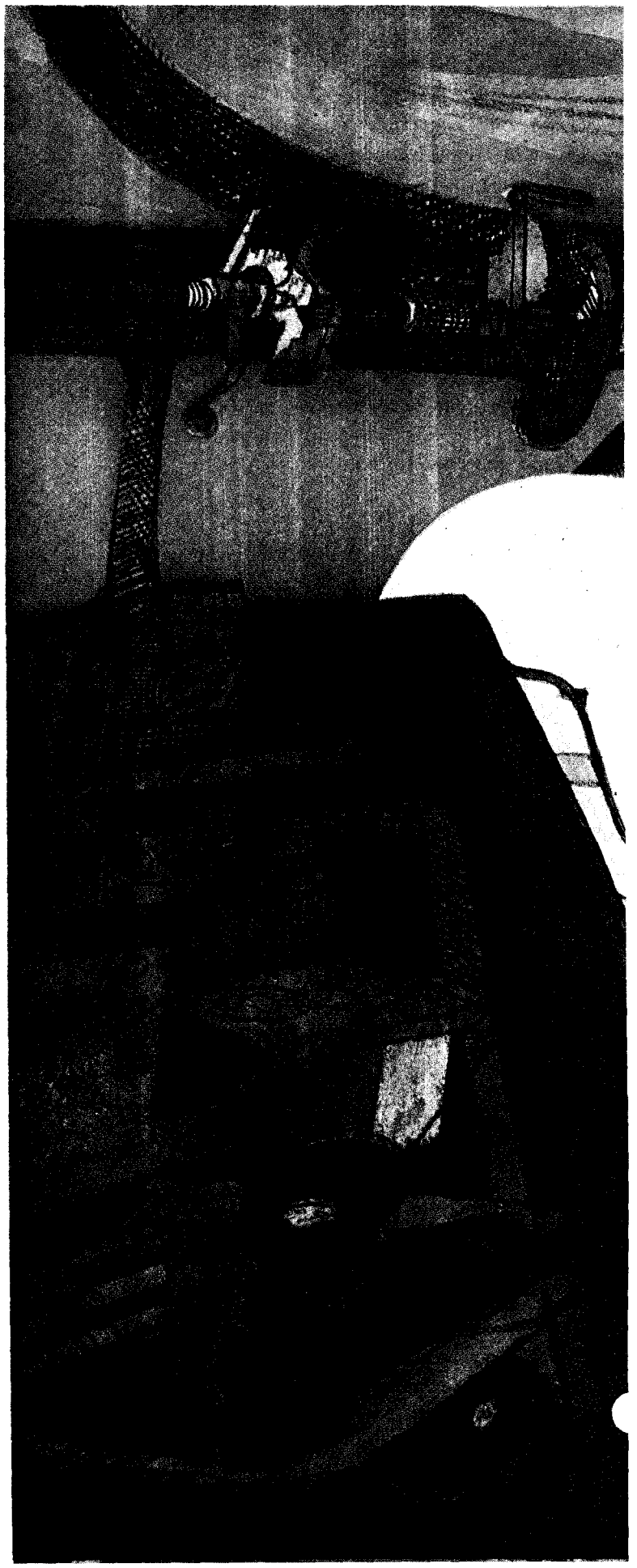
Fail-Safe

By EUGENE BURDICK
coauthor of THE UGLY AMERICAN
and HARVEY WHEELER



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

Fearing surprise attack, Washington and Moscow had encircled the globe with spy satellites, transmitting data by radar and television. One morning six green blips, representing an American bomber group on routine patrol, appeared on the screen at Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha.

As General Bogan watched in horror, the bombers flew past their Fail-Safe point—a no-war deadline—and started on an attack course for Russia. Unknown to everyone, a flaw in Omaha's automatic Fail-Safe transmitter had sent a false *Go* signal to the bombers.

Expecting the Russians to respond with an all-out nuclear strike, General Bogan ordered SAC to Condition Red and phoned the White House. The President hurried to his underground bomb shelter with a few aides. One was Peter Buck, his Russian translator, needed if the President used his direct phone line to the Kremlin. In a call to the Pentagon, the President made sure the big brass was assembling—the meeting to include General Black, a personal friend, and Professor Groteschele, a specialist in war theory. Finally the President rang up General Bogan. Who was commanding the runaway bombers? "Lieutenant Colonel Grady," Bogan replied. "I don't know why he's headed for Russia, but I can't believe he's gone crazy."

II

Earlier that morning, while it was still dark, Lieutenant Colonel Grady, the commander of Group Delta, had stood beside his Vindicator bomber and examined it in the cold floodlights of the airstrip.

On the ground the Vindicator looked ungainly. Its landing gear was very high to clear a great pod slung under the fuselage. The pod could carry extra bombs, or fuel, or air-to-air missiles, or deception apparatus. Big as it was, the Vindicator was handled by only three men: a pilot, a bombardier, and a weapons operator. Everything had been miniaturized, transistorized and automated.

Older pilots like Grady loved the plane. They knew, with all the agony of a doomed love affair, that it was probably the last of its type. The next one would surely be flown with no one on board. It would be, in fact, a guided missile. *But the Vindicator crew*, Grady thought proudly, *still exercises judgment; the plane still responds to our hands.*

The bombardier and weapons operator walked by Grady, and climbed into the plane, eager to get into their burrows. Grady followed. Two minutes later he had the bomber screaming down the runway. Behind him five other Vindicators leaned into the takeoff. Three hours later, just before dawn, the group was at 60,000 feet over Alaska.

Two tankers from Fairbanks loomed up and fed the Vindicators thousands of gallons of fuel. Beneath them the darkness of the land began to break; mountains shouldered up into the faint light.

Group Delta received the radio order to fly toward its Fail-Safe point without comment. It was Condition Blue—a mild

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As U.S. bombers fly into Russia, war is certain unless the President can convince Moscow the attack is accidental.

For the first time in his flying career Grady saw the bulb on top of the Fail-Safe box glowing red. The real thing! *he thought.* War!

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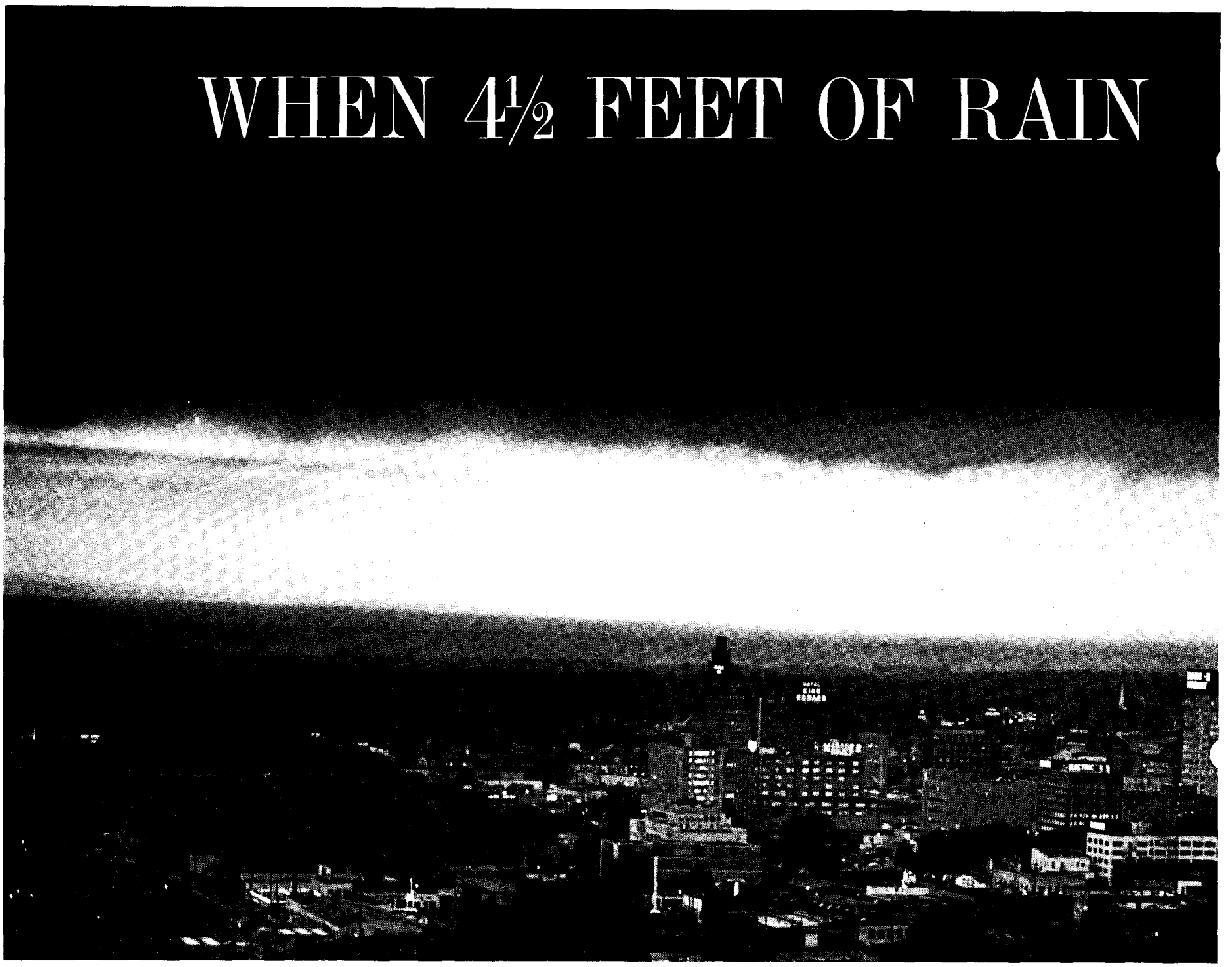
WHEN 4½ FEET OF RAIN



How can a city with that much rain have a water problem? It happened in booming Jackson, Miss., which outgrew its water supply. Here's how the city, without asking for Federal money, solved its water problem and made ready for even greater growth and prosperity.

Rain is no stranger to Jackson, Miss. It gets an average of 55 inches a year, among the highest in the nation. That's why it seemed illogical that its citizens had to be warned against watering lawns and wasting water in 1956.

But two things had happened. The city was booming. Between 1950 and 1960, the population increased 46% to 145,000. Each year, five major industries moved into the area and five existing industries finished major plant expansions. Demand for water increased over 1½ billion gallons a year. Secondly, in 1956 there was a prolonged drought. The level of the historic Pearl River, from which Jackson drew its water, dropped precipitously.

Jackson faced the prospect of living beyond its water income—was dangerously close to the quantity it could get from the river. There was no margin for error . . . no room for expansion. It was obvious something would have to be done—and quickly—if the city were to continue to grow and prosper.

The Pearl River, which flows by the city, was obviously the best source if its supply could be made dependable. If it were dammed, rainfall could be husbanded in time of plenty so there would be a bountiful supply in time of need. The state legislature established the Pearl River Industrial Commission to make engineering studies and figure out ways such a project could be financed wholly with local money.

The total cost of the project on the Pearl would be $25 million. It would create a reservoir of some 30,000 acres, touching five counties, and sufficient for the water needs of a population of a half million people. Such a reservoir would help local farmers, and create a multi-million-dollar recreational area.

The money problem was worked out first. To finance a 40-year $25 million bond issue the city of Jackson would pay $500,000 annually as a water customer—actually saving the city money in comparison with other ways to increase its water supply. In addition, the state would rebate a two-mill ad valorem tax to the five counties concerned.

Finally, there would be revenue from the reservoir area from rentals and sale of timber and water. Altogether these sources would give the Pearl River Valley Water Supply District sufficient money to finance the project.

Citizens of all five counties concerned had to approve the plans before work could start. This they did overwhelmingly.

Today the 3½-mile-long earthen dam is nearly completed. Water is beginning to back up behind it. Eventually it will create Mississippi's

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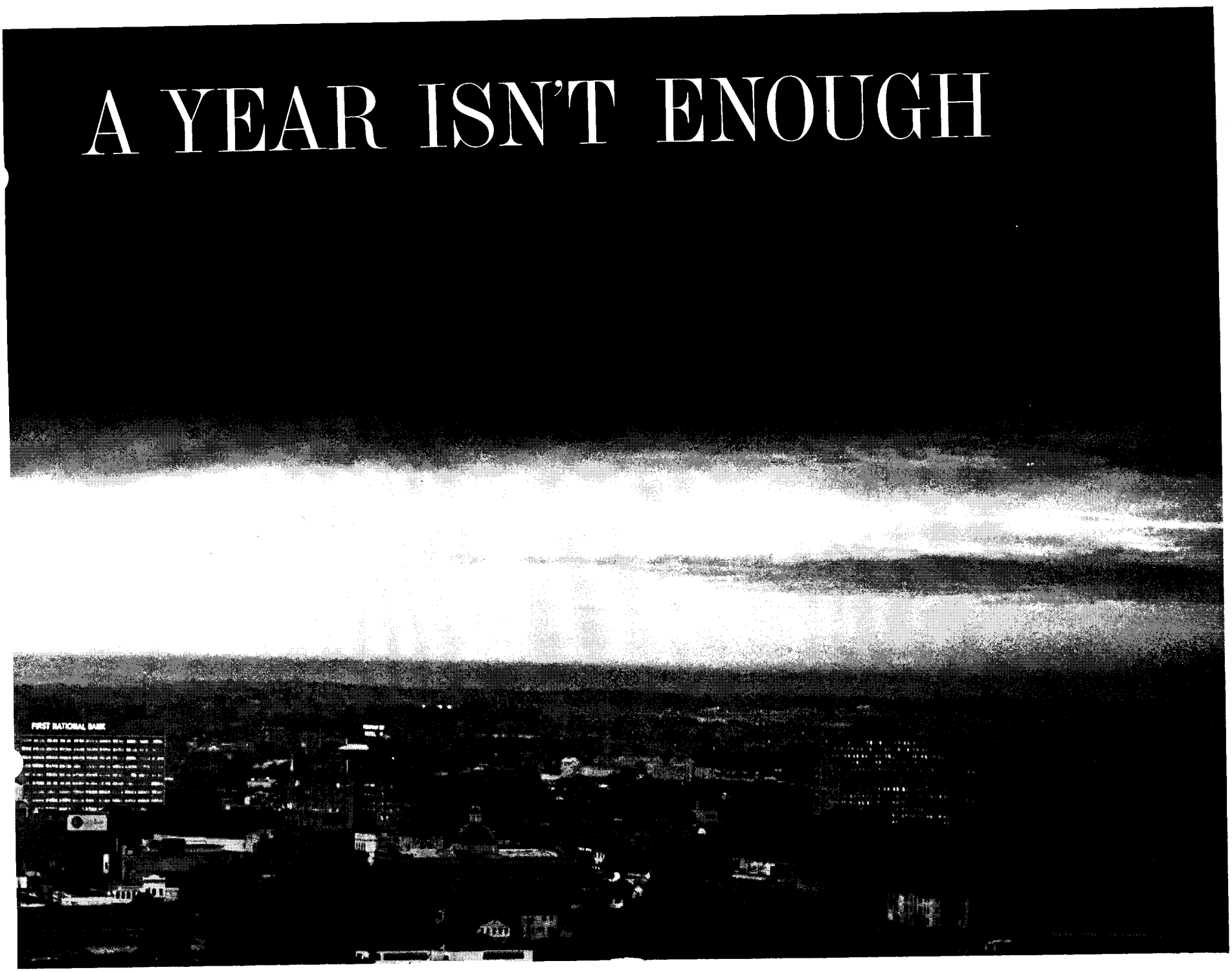
A YEAR ISN'T ENOUGH



largest man-made lake—17 miles long and 3½ miles wide. The dam, which has a 400-foot concrete spillway, also has a 36-inch outlet ready for use as industry and population in the area expand.

"I don't think the people have yet realized the volume of increased business which will come with the reservoir," comments an official who helped plan the project.

There are other benefits, too. The reservoir will provide irrigation for farmers in the watershed counties. It will help level off alternating low and high water in the Pearl River. It will provide some flood control as well as relief from stream pollution when the river is low.

Jackson's problem was not unusual. Many parts of the country today have a barely adequate water supply. Water shortages are not limited to areas where rainfall is scarce. Yet by 1980, we will need, as a nation, over twice as much water as we're using today.

The water problem is one that must be attacked and solved community by community—by men and women with the same foresight and energy shown in Jackson. Is someone doing the job where you live? If not, maybe it's time *you* took a hand. For a better understanding of the nationwide problem and how it can be erased—send for the new booklet, "Water Crisis, U.S.A." Write Dept. K, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA

New Pearl River dam—No longer will Jackson be faced with the problem of living beyond its water income. When the new dam, shown under construction, is completed this year it will form Mississippi's largest man-made lake. This new lake will provide abundant water for Jackson and its surrounding counties.

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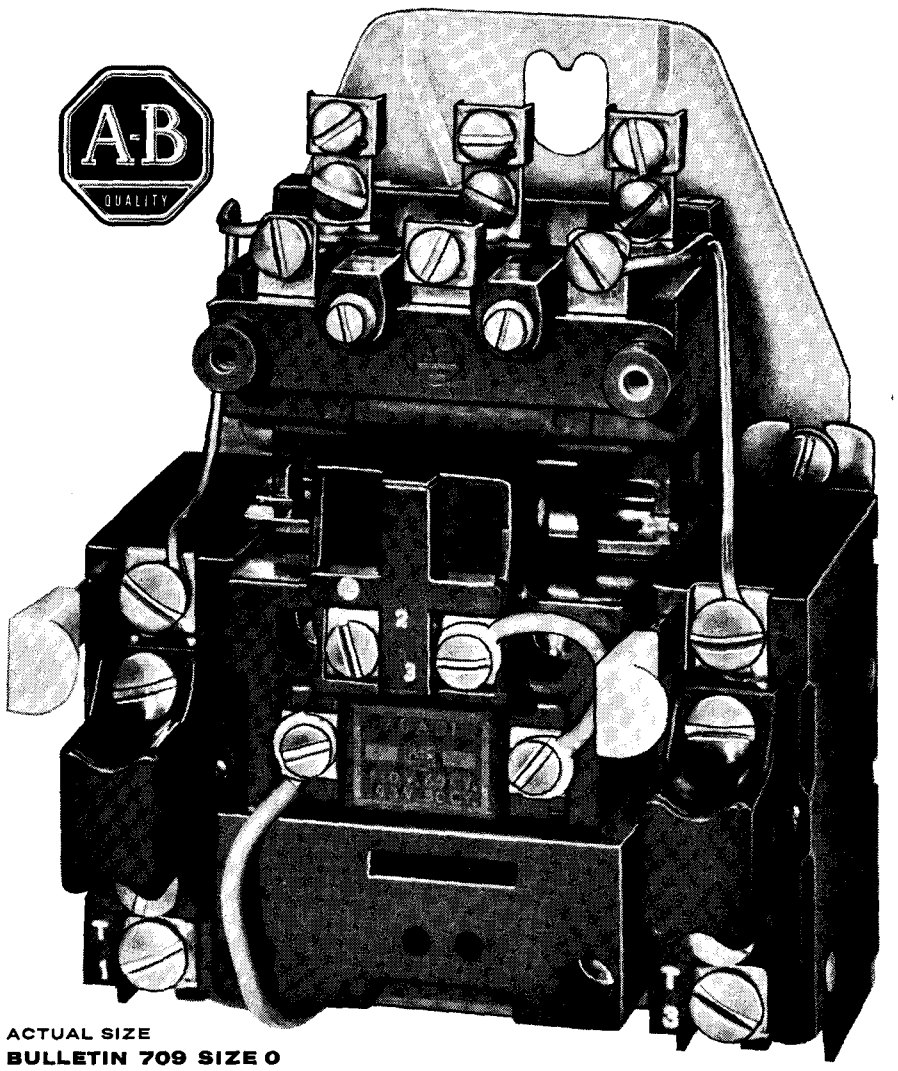

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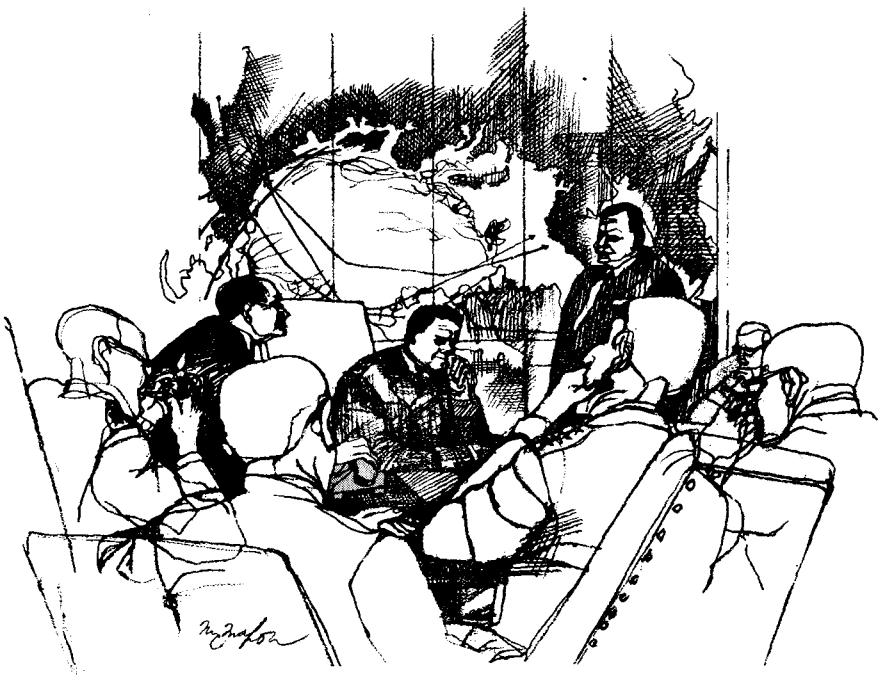

"We should let the bombers continue," Groteschele said. "Russia will surrender."

Fail-Safe

alert. Grady led the Vindicators in a sweeping arc through the sky.

Captain Thomas, the bombardier, handed up a form on which he had written: "Fuel range past Fail-Safe estimated 3020 miles."

Looking at Thomas, all Grady could see were brown eyes, dark eyebrows and a few inches of white skin. The rest of Captain Thomas's face was covered by helmet and microphone. Grady glanced back at Lieutenant Sullivan, the weapons operator, and realized that their acquaintance was so slight he couldn't remember what Sullivan looked like.

Grady, Thomas and Sullivan, he thought. *No good war novel here. We should have a Jew and an Italian to give color.*

Thomas handed him a note on their position: "100 miles to Fail-Safe." At once Grady began another turn to bring the bomber just to the edge of the Fail-Safe point. The five other Vindicators turned with him. The sun shone jaggedly on the eastern horizon, lighting the high darkness, but leaving the land black.

Grady spoke into his microphone. "Sullivan, how is the group holding formation?"

"Perfectly, sir," Sullivan said. "Even Number Six is not out of position by more than five yards."

Grady smiled. He must remember to compliment the pilot of No. 6 when they landed. Although the No. 6 plane carried no thermonuclear weapons, she was more heavily laden than any other plane in the group. In every bomb group the No. 6 plane carried a maximum weight of defensive apparatus. It was No. 6 which could jam enemy radar, detect and attempt to foil enemy attack, spread decoys throughout the skies, and act, as Grady thought of it, like a wise but tuskless elephant leading young bulls into action.

Grady moved the yoke, and the Vindicator leveled off. He glanced around his limited arc of sky, and saw it turning from crystal gray to deep blue. Then he received two signals which made his body go rigid. In his earphones there was a sudden beeping repeated in staccato bursts. He looked down at the Fail-Safe box installed between him and the bombardier. For the first time in his flying career he saw the bulb on top of the box glowing red. *The real thing!* he thought. *War!*

He met Thomas's eyes, and reached for the single-side-band radio switch to call Omaha. It was the Positive Control double check. Immediately, Grady knew, he would hear from Omaha a reassuring "No Go." Something had gone wrong with the Fail-Safe box. It would all be corrected.

He flipped the S.S.B. switch. A loud, pulsating drone filled his ears. No voice signal was possible.

"Request permission, sir, to verify," Thomas said crisply.

"Permission granted." To his own ears Grady's voice sounded small and chilled.

From the map case beside his seat he took a red envelope labeled FAIL-SAFE PROCEDURE MARCH 13. Thomas was taking an identical envelope from his map case. As Grady's fingers tore open the flap he looked at the face of the Fail-Safe box. There were six apertures, each about an inch square. Usually blank, they now showed letters and numbers: CAP-811.

Grady got his envelope open and took out a white card. Typewritten on it was the date and the legend CAP-811. He held the card directly over the Fail-Safe box to make sure. Thomas held an identical card next to Grady's. The machine was showing the correct code sequence for the day.

"Request permission to authenticate on the secondary channel, sir," Thomas said.

"Permission granted," Grady said.

Thomas removed a red plastic cover from a switch labeled FAIL-SAFE ALTERNATE CHANNEL. He turned the switch. Instantly the red light went out, the beeping stopped, and the code apertures in the Fail-Safe box went blank. Grady scanned the sky again, his mind utterly blank. In three seconds

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the beeping resumed and the red light went on again. The Fail-Safe box was now receiving its signal on a different channel. The six apertures again said CAP-811.

Grady felt a spasm of disbelief. It had never happened before; it could not be happening now. He thought of alternatives: Call General Bogan at Omaha, keep circling at Fail-Safe, ask for some other form of verification. And then he glanced at Sullivan and Thomas. Their eyes were innocently implacable.

Grady ordered his tongue to move, to speak the words he knew he must say. "I read it as CAP-811."

"I verify your reading as CAP-811," Thomas said.

"We will now open our operational orders," Grady said.

For a brief second Grady saw Sullivan looking at him. If the masking helmets were off, would Sullivan's face show terror? Somehow Grady doubted it. He reached for the envelope in the map case.

Red letters on the envelope spelled out TOP SECRET. In smaller letters was a crisp sentence: TO BE OPENED ONLY AT SPECIFIC ORDERS AND UNDER CURRENT OPERATING INSTRUCTIONS. Farther down were the words *Destroy before capture or abandonment of aircraft.*

Grady broke the seals and found his operational plan on one piece of paper. The rest of the enclosures were alternative plans, escape routes, survival techniques.

The top line of the plan said, "Target, Moscow." No. 6 plane was to take the lead. There were detailed instructions on what to do under varying conditions of fighter-plane, missile and antiaircraft attack. Under optimum conditions the group would lay 10 bombs over Moscow to explode at an altitude of 5000 feet.

In Grady's mind there was a shocking montage of old motion pictures showing bombs exploding at Eniwetok and Los Alamos and Bikini. The 12 fireballs over Moscow would touch one another, feeding upon one another, and combine into a great shuddering shimmer of pure heat.

"Do you want to come up on the TBS, sir?" Thomas said.

The TBS was a low-powered radio designed for communication between the planes in the group. A dread sense of loneliness engulfed Grady. He knew there was only one explanation for his jammed radio and the "Go" order on his Fail-Safe box: The Russians had started an attack. He must follow his orders—no time now for doubts. He got on the TBS and began to give penetration orders to the group.

A sergeant standing at the door of the Pentagon War Room saluted General Black. "General, they've moved the briefing to the Big Board room," the sergeant said. "I don't know why, but I hear Secretary of Defense Swenson is going to be there."

Black turned and almost bumped into General Stark. The two men started for the elevator which would take them down into the concrete cube hundreds of feet below the Pentagon.

"I think Swenson wants to see Wilcox in action," Stark said. "I hear that he doesn't think Wilcox was the best choice for Secretary of the Army."

"Maybe," General Black said. "What's the briefing about?"

"Routine stuff, I guess," Stark said. "Professor Groteschele's the main speaker, and I think it's mostly for Wilcox's benefit, to give him the word on war theory."

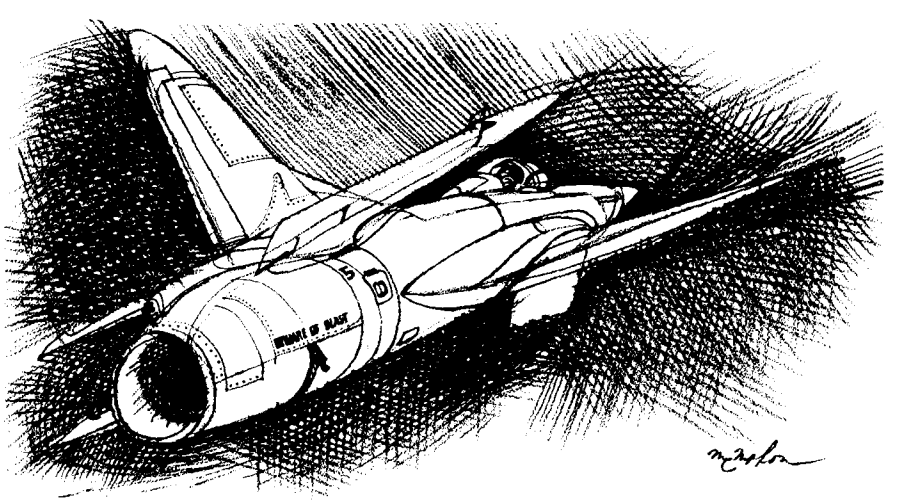
The War Room was dominated by a huge illuminated screen which occupied an entire wall. When Stark and Black entered, enlisted men were testing the Big Board, throwing various projections onto the screen. At the moment it was switched to a SAMOS III satellite in orbit. Words began to crawl across the bottom of the board.

"SAMOS III No. 15 is 300 miles above the earth and has just been instructed to transmit pictures. It is scanning a part of Russia which includes a Soviet ICBM site. Selective discrimination follows."

Now the screen showed a range of mountains under moonlight and the great twisting course of a river. In some parts of the screen there were banks of clouds. Black identified a storm front 200 miles long.

A new message crawled into view. "The picture will now come to maximum close-up."

General Black always enjoyed this process. It was marvelous, intricate, dizzying. What he saw was happening



The pursuing fighter launched futile missiles at the runaway bomber.

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Fail-Safe

halfway around the world. Now the picture grew as if SAMOS III were rushing toward the earth. Villages popped into view as small rectangles. An instant later individual houses could be made out. The picture focused on a moonlit clearing pocked with the unmistakable circles of rocket silos.

"What do you hear about Wilcox?" Black asked.

"The usual stuff." Stark laughed. "He's chewing out generals to show them he's boss."

Black smiled and glanced idly around the room. It was filling up. Of the 20 men already present, over half were in uniform. All were graying, middle-aged, ruddy and powerful-looking. Did men look this way because they were the power types, Black wondered, or were they chosen for power because they looked this way?

These briefings were becoming increasingly unpleasant to Black. The calculations of Soviet intention and capability had started as a straightforward exercise in logic, but at some point the logic had become exasperatingly intricate. We matched and surpassed their capability, then guessed at their intentions. They ran a series of tests, surpassed our capability and guessed at our intentions. Then we guessed what they guessed we were guessing—and meanwhile both sides had the capacity to destroy the other, even after suffering a surprise first strike.

Black often had the sensation that they had all lost contact with reality. It was not just SAC or the Pentagon, he thought. It was civilians, the White House, the Kremlin, 10 Downing Street, de Gaulle, Red China, marchers for peace, demonstrators for war—everyone. No one could talk complete sense, but everyone was quite sincere.

Black remembered when he had first noticed the trend toward unreality. In his role as Pentagon adviser, Professor Groteschele had brought up the Kahn example of what would happen if an American Polaris submarine accidentally discharged a missile at the United States. The submarine commander would have time to radio SAC a warning. Everyone at the briefing had nodded, thinking that ended the discussion.

But Groteschele had persisted. The Soviets would detect the missile in flight, would know it was *our* accident, and would detect the explosion. But they would worry about our reaction. How could they be sure that *we* knew it was our own missile? And if we did know, might we not, fearing a Soviet misreading of events, expect that they would attack us in the confusion? Wouldn't it be the best Soviet strategy to strike at once? Indeed, it might be the best strategy on both sides, even if both knew it was an accident, to strike at once.

They had slipped by that one cheaply by adopting General Black's suggestion: that all possible steps should be taken to prevent accidental discharge of a missile.

Maybe, Black thought, *I should resign my commission*. But his role in SAC—the link he furnished between operations and the Strategy Analysis and Evaluation Section—made his private thoughts seem like heresy.

The door opened and there he was, Groteschele, confident and aggressive. With him came Secretary of the Army Wilcox, Carruthers, the Naval Chief of Staff, and Allen of the National Security Council.

Groteschele proceeded to the head of the long conference table. Everyone else began finding seats, assuming that Secretary of Defense Swenson would arrive late.

General Stark handled the opening remarks deftly. Then Groteschele began talking in his positive, slightly patronizing way. He announced the subject: accidental war.

"In the old days, six months ago," Groteschele said with a chuckle, "most of the talk about accidental war was what we now call the madman theory, the possibility of SAC squadron commanders going berserk."

It hadn't been a joke, as Black knew well. SAC crews were trained for destruction. They were "preprogrammed" to attack Russia.

"Automatons. That's what some of our critics call them," Groteschele said evenly. Dismissing the human factor, he proceeded to the possibilities of machine error—quite remote, he said.

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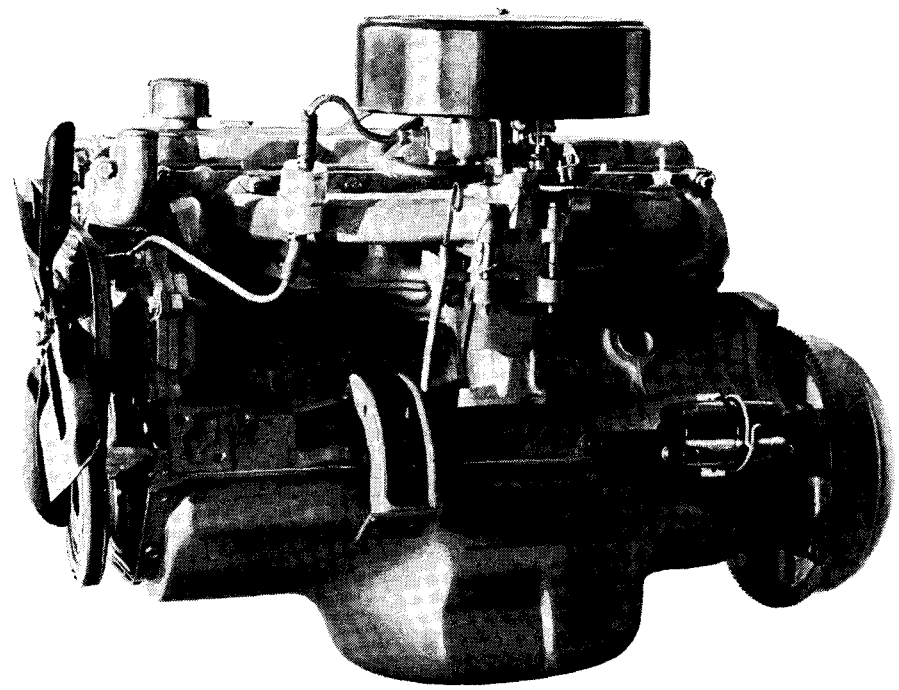

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"With the present rate of alerts and the present computerized equipment," he said, "the odds are that one accidental war might occur in fifty years."

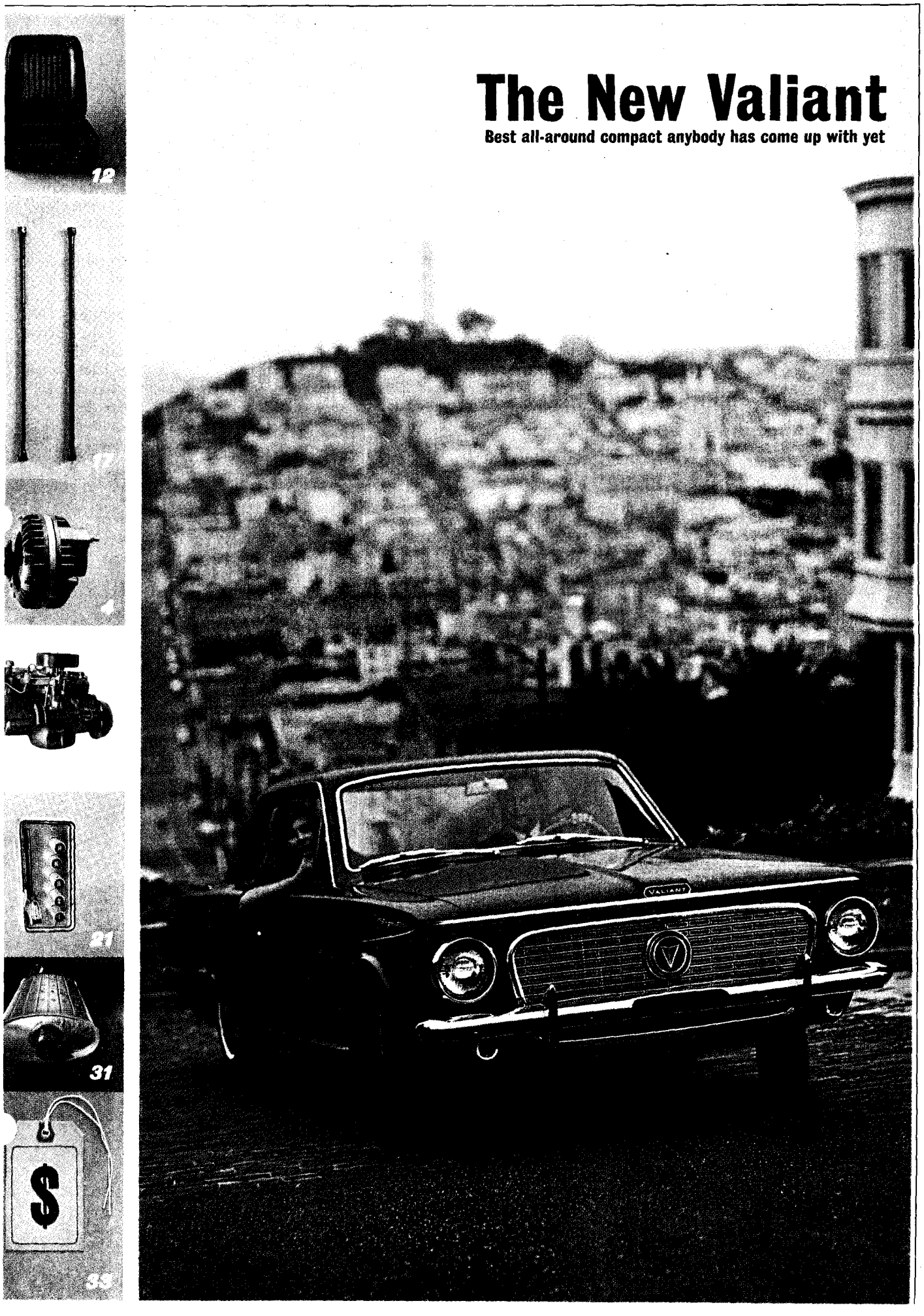
General Black interrupted. "Doesn't the increasing complexity of the electronic systems and the greater speed of missiles make that figure worse each year?"

Groteschele smiled tolerantly at Black. Secretary of the Army Wilcox leaned toward an aide and asked a question. The aide whispered in Wilcox's ear. Black knew what he was saying: *General Black is the professional heretic.*

"In theory, yes," Groteschele said. "But we completely pretest every component, and every system is checked by another. The chance of accidental war by mechanical failure is next to zero."

First it's fifty to one, Black thought, *then it's next to zero.* He swallowed his anger and looked at the Big Board. Blips appeared, grew bright, traveled short distances, vanished. No one took the Big Board very seriously until the light over it indicated some degree of alert.

Groteschele was classifying various types of machine errors that might cause accidental war. "But the Positive Control Fail-Safe system is the ultimate protection against mechanical failure," he said.



He had a nervous chuckle, and Black understood why. Nobody could be certain that the black boxes of the Positive Control system would work properly in a showdown, because there had never been a showdown. A showdown meant war.

General Black also knew that Groteschele was sliding past another important factor. Each machine had to be adjusted by men, and men suffered from fatigue. Many a time General Black had seen a tired mechanic turn a screwdriver a half turn too far, fail to make one last check, ignore a negative reading on a testing instrument. Bad enough on a plane; on a Fail-Safe box the slightest accident could trigger nuclear war.

"Suppose the Russians caused an accident," Groteschele went on. "Suppose it were a true accident, a 50-megaton missile aimed for New York or Washington. How could we really know it was an accident? How could they prove it? Even if we believed it to be an accident, should we not retaliate with everything we have?"

Good questions, Black thought, *but no answers were offered. It didn't seem to be a real discussion about real problems.*

But Groteschele had stopped talking. Everyone was looking at the Big Board. The alert signal had flashed on. The board showed six blip clusters representing six bomber groups at their Fail-Safe points.

Groteschele said, "Well, we're in luck. A nicely arranged alert for our discussion."

But the Big Board was proving more seductive than words. Groteschele had lost his audience. All eyes were on the Big Board, expecting the SAC groups to turn back. Yes, Black could see, it was beginning now. Cigarettes were lighted, and pencils returned to doodling as men tried to shed their nervousness. One by one, five SAC groups began to veer off. Only one group was left on the board. Then, as Black watched unbelievingly, it flew past its Fail-Safe point. He glanced at Wilcox, saw that he was unaware of what had happened. Most of the other officers had turned back to Groteschele. Stark caught Black's eye. He knew.

Then the whole board went black. Apparently the operator hadn't noticed the action of Group Delta. Groteschele was spinning out his lecture. Stark scribbled a note to Black: *Ever see a group go past Fail-Safe before?*

Black shook his head. Stark started to get up from his chair to check with tactical officers in another office. He froze halfway up.

A phone was ringing—the red phone, a direct link to the White House. An Army general ran across the room, picked up the receiver and listened for a moment. Turning back to the room, he spoke to Wilcox.

"Mr. Secretary, the President is calling from the White House bomb shelter. He wants to speak to the senior person present. That is you. I am directed to see that the Joint Chiefs, and the Secretaries convene here immediately." He put down the receiver

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and dashed from the room. Wilcox stumbled out of his chair and virtually fell toward the phone.

The Big Board had lighted up again. Now it projected just two items: The Fail-Safe point of Group Delta, a green cross and the blip cluster of Group Delta. They were already inches apart. The six Vindicator bombers of Group Delta were headed toward Russia.

The red phone at SAC's War Room in Omaha rang shrilly. General Bogan snatched up the receiver. "There is nothing further to report, Mr. President," he said. His deputy, Colonel Cascio, was staring at the Big Board. "Group Delta is about two hundred and sixty miles past Fail-Safe and continuing on what is apparently an attack course."

"Do you know what happened to them?" the President's voice asked.

"No, sir, we don't," General Bogan said. "There's an outside chance that they made a navigational error and will swing back."

"Have they ever made a navigational error that big before?" the President asked crisply.

"No, sir, but at their speed a little error could throw them a long distance off."

"Let's rule that one out," the President said. "Why can't you raise them by radio?"

"We don't know, Mr. President," General Bogan said. "It might be meteorological—there's a big electrical storm—or the Russians might be jamming our radio channels."

"Why the hell would they do that?" the President asked.

"I don't know," General Bogan spoke slowly, his voice unconvincing. "There is a remote possibility that their Fail-Safe boxes are giving the bombers a 'Go' signal, and that Russian jamming is preventing our oral Positive Control system from operating."

"Is that possible?" the President asked sharply.

"No, Mr. President, I think it's impossible," General Bogan said. He was aware that Colonel Cascio was staring at him. "*Almost* impossible."

"All right," the President said. "If we do regain radio contact will they obey an order from me to return?"

"They will answer, sir," General Bogan said, "if we can reach them within the next five minutes." He paused. "After that time, if their black boxes still tell them to 'Go,' they are under orders not to turn back—even if someone who sounds like you orders them back. You can see the reason for that. The enemy could abort a

As the President listened on the Moscow-Washington telephone, Buck wrote out for him the message of Khrushchev's wordless sigh.

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real attack just by having someone imitate your voice. Those people in the Vindicators have to obey the Fail-Safe mechanism. They can't rely on voice transmissions."

A sigh came over the wire. "Let me sum up," the President said. "For reasons which are unknown to us, Group Delta has flown past its Fail-Safe point and seems to be on an attack course toward Russia. We can't raise them by radio, but there's an outside chance that we may later. All right, what's their target?"

"Moscow."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," the President said in a low voice. "What's the next step?"

"Standard operating procedure would be to order the Skyscrapper fighter planes, which are standing by at the Fail-Safe point, to divert them," General Bogan said. "Failing that, the fighters would attack with air-to-air missiles."

There was silence on the line.

"Who gives that order, General?"

"You do, sir," General Bogan said.

"General, order the fighters to start their pursuit of Group Delta," the President said. "Tell them to hold fire until they get the direct order from me."

Secretary of Defense Swenson had come into the Pentagon's War Room, accompanied by two aides, tall men, who emphasized the Secretary's slightness. He stood at the door for a moment, looking at the big brass in the room. All had come to attention. Swenson made his count, and walked to the chair at the head of the table. As he did so he heard the bell of the red phone, which had been moved to his place. He picked up the receiver.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Mr. Secretary, General Bogan at Omaha recommends that we order our fighter planes accompanying Group Delta to shoot them down."

This was not precisely the truth, and the President knew it. But he wanted Swenson to face the problem boldly. "The decision is mine," he said, "but I would like the advice of you and your people."

"Mr. President, do you want me to discuss this with them right now, or shall we call you back?" Swenson said.

"I'll hold the line," the President said.

Swenson addressed the room. "General Bogan at Omaha has recommended to the President that our fighters be ready to shoot down Group Delta. The President wants our advice before giving that order. Gentlemen, what do you have to say?"

Of the men at the table, only Swenson and General Black knew that planners had made the shooting down of a "crazed" bomber standard operating procedure.

Wilcox was shocked. "Order Americans to shoot down other Americans?" he asked. "It's indecent! I'm against it."

Swenson's eyes were veiled. He looked around the table. Professor Groteschele's hand went up. "Mr. Secretary, I oppose it as premature," he said levelly. "After all, sir, our planes have not yet reached Soviet airspace."

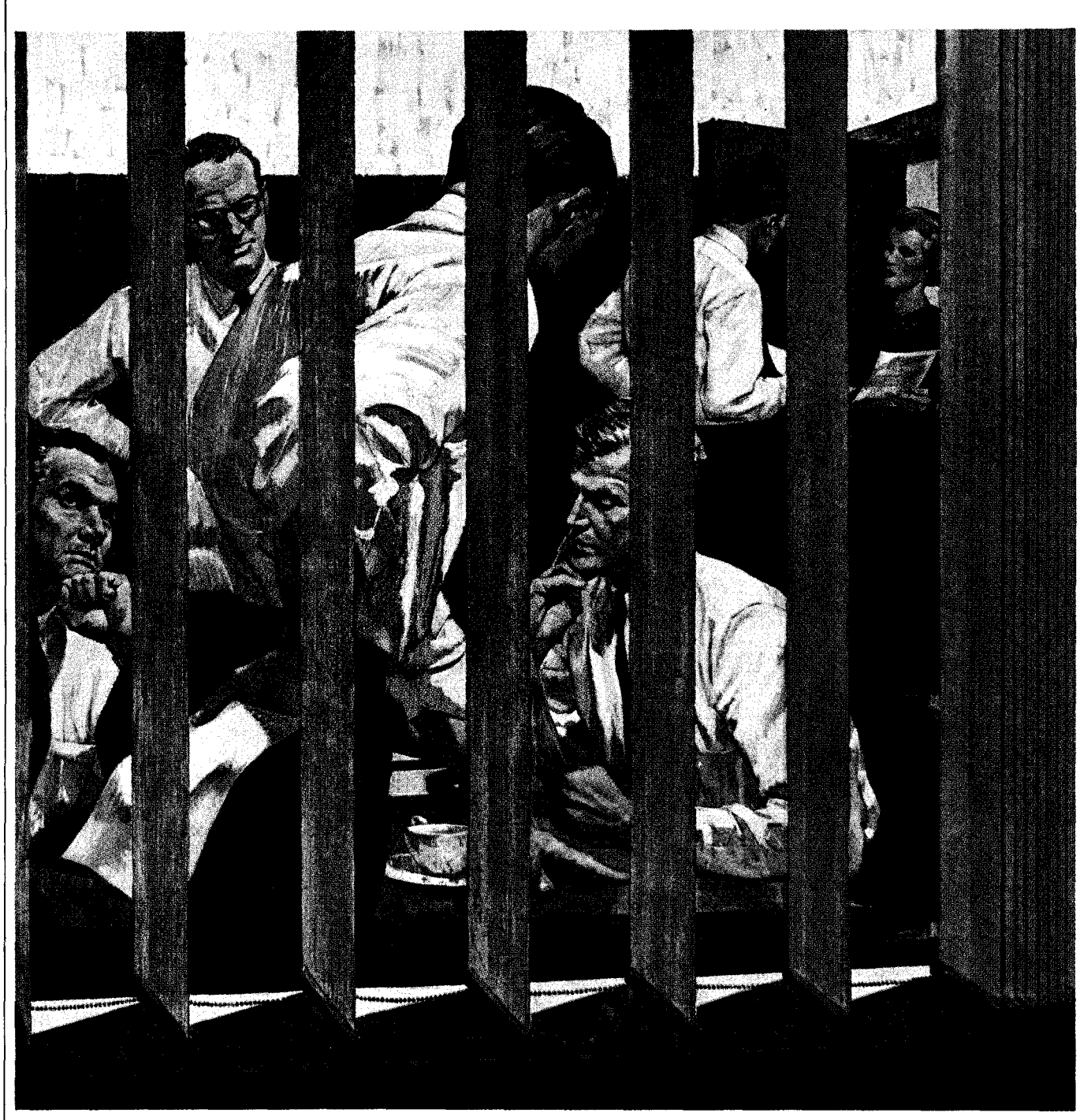
Swenson's face was impassive. "General Black?"

"We must shoot down the bombers at once," Black said flatly. "First, if we don't give the order now, the fighters may not be able to overtake the Vindicators. Second, if we delay the order, we lose any bargaining position that we might have later with the Russians. They are watching Group Delta and our fighters right now, trying to guess what we're doing. A lot may hinge on the Russians' believing what we tell them. The moment those planes penetrate Soviet airspace the President is going to be in a tough spot talking with the Russians—he'll need everything he can get to bargain with them."

Swenson glanced quickly around the table. There appeared to be nothing left to say. He spoke into the phone. "Mr. President, it is our view that the fighters should be ordered in."

The President lighted a cigar and smiled distantly at Peter Buck, his Russian-speaking translator. Buck, scared at finding himself alone with the President in this inner room of the bomb shelter, was trying not to tremble visibly.

The President spoke into the phone. "Get Omaha again."



Never enough time

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General Bogan was on the line almost instantly. "Yes, Mr. President."

"General, order the fighters in," the President said.

"Let me confirm that," a strange voice cut in. "This is Colonel Cascio, General Bogan's assistant. Do you want the fighters to press home the attack even if they have to go to afterburners? That will nearly triple their fuel consumption. None of them could make it back." The voice had overtones of arrogance. "Mr. President, those fighters are America's first line of defense against a Russian attack—and the Russians may attack at any moment."

Buck watched the President scribble words on his pad: *Sacrifice fighters convince Russians it is an accident? Will they believe?*

"General Bogan, I repeat the order," the President said coldly.

"Mr. President, the fighters swung away from the Vindicators when they got the all clear," General Bogan said. "They've been flying an opposite course for some minutes. I doubt they can overtake the Vindicators."

"I repeat, General Bogan, that the fighters are to overtake and shoot down the Vindicators," the President said. "Even if it means going to afterburners."

General Bogan cradled the phone. "Colonel Cascio, order the fighters to attack Group Delta."

Cascio came halfway out of his chair in a spasm of protest. "Does that mean you've decided our bombers are making an accidental strike on Moscow?"

"I have, and the whole damn system has," General Bogan said savagely. "The machines, the men, the diplomats, the President, all of us. Why the hell do you think we have fighter planes with the Vindicators? Just to protect them if they 'Go'? Don't be silly. We always knew that one of their tasks was to shoot down the bombers if there was a mistake. All right, there's been a mistake. Get on the horn to the fighters, colonel."

Colonel Cascio lifted his hand in a plea for time. "General, the fighters ——"

"Colonel, get on that horn and give the order," General Bogan said.

Colonel Cascio pressed the levers that would put him in voice communication with the fighters. A voice came up on the War Room intercom. It was the officer in charge of Fighter Direction.

"General Bogan, we have Tangle-Able-One. You can talk to them on Channel Seven. Single side band."

There was the blurred static-heavy sound of long-distance radio transmission. A strong, young voice came through.

"This is Tangle-Able-One. I read you five by five at last transmission."

Colonel Cascio spoke into a microphone, his voice slightly thin and weak. "Tangle-Able-One, this is Colonel Cascio on the Omaha staff." Sweat stood on his forehead. "Group Delta is on an attack course toward Russia. It's a mistake—I repeat, it's a mistake. Go to afterburners and overtake and attack Group Delta."

The young voice came back loud and clear. "Roger. Go to afterburners and overtake and attack Group Delta."

Swenson picked up the red phone.

"Mr. Secretary," the President said, "if our fighters shoot down the Vindicators, the big problem will be over. I'd like your people to be thinking about what we do if the fighters *don't* shoot down the bombers."

Swenson looked around the room. For a moment, he thought of turning the Big Board off, but decided to leave it on as a reminder of the urgency of the situation.

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"Gentlemen, Omaha is plugged in with us and General Bogan and Colonel Cascio are listening in at that end," Swenson said. "Congressman Raskob of New York City is also at Omaha, on a visit. I have given them permission to listen to our discussion and to comment." In Swenson's voice was the metallic ring of urgency.

"In a very short time the President will be back to us for answers to some questions," Swenson said. "First, what to do if the fighters can't overtake the Vindicators? Second, what are the Russians going to think of all this? Third, what will they do about it? The discussion will be only on these points."

He glanced around the table and pointed a finger at Black. "General, will you very quickly bring us up to date on what has happened?"

"Mr. Secretary, we're flying blind," Black said. "All we know for sure is that unless SAC Group Delta is stopped, it will attack Moscow. Either there's been a mechanical failure, or someone in Group Delta has gone berserk."

"Statistically, a mechanical failure is almost impossible," Groteschele growled.

Bogan's voice boomed over the loudspeaker. "I agree with General Black, but Colonel Cascio has a doubt. His argument is that the Russians have devised a way to mask the real position of Group Delta, which is probably flying back toward the States. What we read as Group Delta on the radar is actually a group of Soviet bombers up there for precisely one reason: to make us believe that we have accidentally launched a bomber group at Russia. I disagree with this analysis, but it should be considered."

Around the table there were signs of restlessness. Groteschele scratched on a pad of paper. Others reached for cigarettes. Black remained impassive, but he tensed for Swenson's reply.

"Thank you, General Bogan," Swenson said. "I agree with your evaluation of Colonel Cascio's argument. . . . General Black, will you continue?"

"Every surveillance device we have has been thrown on the Russians," Black said. "They have seven bomber groups in the air at this moment. None is flying an attack course. All are following cold patterns inside Soviet borders. But an abnormally large number of Russian fighters is in the air, in fact about half of their fighters."

"What do you make of it?" Swenson invited general comment.

"The Russians are worried about our Group Delta," Allen of the National Security Council said. "They don't know why it's there, or even if it's ours."

"Professor Groteschele, could you comment on what the Russians might be thinking?" Swenson said.

General Bogan's voice cut in from Omaha. "Who's this Groteschele, Mr. Secretary?" he asked. "Why is he sitting in?"

Swenson's reply was edged with ice. "Professor Groteschele is a recognized authority on many of the matters before us. He was invited here at the express wish of the President."

Groteschele spoke with practiced glibness. "The Russian leaders are Marxist idealogues," he said. "They believe that history is determined by nonhuman events which will assure the victory of Communism. Nuclear war would interrupt the course of this historical determinism. Therefore an American first attack would bring Russian surrender rather than retaliation."

"Why would they surrender?" Swenson asked.

"They are human calculating machines, not motivated by rage or hate," Groteschele said evenly. "If they are hit first, even by a few bombs, they

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know that retaliation would bring a devastating second strike. The important thing, for the Marxist, is to keep at least part of the Soviet Union intact. So they would surrender."

Groteschele was putting a whole career, an academic reputation, a school of thought nakedly on the line. Swenson looked around the table, his silence inviting comments.

Groteschele could not afford the silence. "What I'm arguing, Mr. Secretary," he said, "is that we should do nothing. Nothing! If I am correct, the Russians will surrender; and if our leaders are resourceful, the threat of Communism is over forever."

General Bogan's voice cut in harshly from Omaha. "Mr. Secretary, that's stupid. Don't kid yourself! Three or four Russian generals at key spots will say the best defense is a good offense. They'll attack, and the hell with Marxist logic."

"Any other comments?" Swenson asked.

On the Big Board the fighter blips were seemingly only inches away from the Vindicators. The lead blip ejected two phosphorescent dots that sped out ahead of it. Then the blip began a long downward curving arc. Black knew that the plane had fired its missiles, and flamed out. Now it was falling toward arctic waters.

The second and third fighters launched their futile missiles and went into long spirals toward icy death.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"After all, lots of people have a fondness for pets."

There was a murmur of voices from Omaha. Swenson cocked his head to one side. General Bogan's voice came out loud and clear. "You know we have a visitor here—Congressman Raskob. He wants to speak."

"Mr. Secretary, I don't know if you want a politician's guess," Congressman Raskob said, "but you're going to get it. No politician, not even a dictator, could survive if he sat still and let his capital city be destroyed. If Khrushchev lets Moscow get blown up without taking revenge, he won't live to explain it in his memoirs."

The red phone rang. Swenson picked it up, listened, and spoke to the table at large. "The President wants to know what the chances are of those six planes getting through to Moscow."

"One or two of the six may get through," Black said. "Maybe more."

"Two," Swenson said into the phone. He listened, looked up again. "We have moved into a genuine crisis. The President is going to talk to Khrushchev on the phone."

"All right, Buck," the President said. "Tell the operator to complete the Moscow connection."

The President showed no sign of strain, but responsibility had laid pouches under his eyes, etched lines around his mouth, given his powerful hands the slightest tremor.

The phone crackled with Russian speech. "Hello. Khrushchev is here."

"Premier Khrushchev, the President of the United States is calling," Buck said quickly.

"Who else?" Khrushchev said. Incredibly, his tone sounded almost jovial. "That is what the line was set up for."

The President spoke, Buck translating. "Premier Khrushchev, I am using the telephone line which we agreed should always be kept open. I am calling you on a matter of great urgency."

Another voice on the Moscow end began to translate. At once the President nodded to Buck and began to speak. Buck translated quickly, speaking over the voice of the Moscow translator.

"Premier Khrushchev, because of the urgency of the matter I hope that you will agree to the use of a single translator," the President said. "Your translator can listen to make sure that my translator is accurate, but time is very short. Two translators would only complicate matters."

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There was a long moment of tension. Buck felt squeezed between the wills of two men. Although they were separated by thousands of miles, it was almost as if their strength poured through the line. Khrushchev yielded.

"It is a little thing," he said. "I agree to using your translator."

"Premier Khrushchev, I'm calling you on what may turn out to be a small matter," the President said. "But it could be tragic if it's misunderstood."

"Does it have to do with the aircraft we have detected flying toward Russia from the Bering Sea?" Khrushchev asked bluntly.

The President's eyes widened a bit. "Yes," he said.

"I had a report fifteen minutes ago," Khrushchev said. "I presume you are calling to tell me this is another of those allegedly off-course reconnaissance flights. Mr. President, I have warned you in speeches, in diplomatic notes, through military channels, that your constant flying of armed planes around the Soviet Union's frontiers was a menace to peace. Have you ever wondered how long the patience of ——"

"This is a mistake, a serious mistake," the President cut in coldly. He nodded for Buck to translate. Buck talked over the voice of Khrushchev until he came to a halt.

Khrushchev laughed. "All right," he said in a tough voice. "Tell me the secret."

"It is not a secret," the President said. "A group of bombers has flown past its Fail-Safe point. I assume that you understand our Fail-Safe system?"

"Yes, I understand," Khrushchev said. "Has it turned out not always Fail-Safe?"

The President's mouth turned white at the corners. "That is correct," he said. "Six of our bombers are flying toward Russia. Five of them are loaded with two twenty-megaton bombs apiece."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fill 'er up!"

Khrushchev spoke in a musing, tolerant, shrewd voice. "We shall watch with great interest while you recall them.

"Only two weeks ago in a speech you gave to the young soldiers of your Air Force Academy in Colorado you said that the Air Force could never be a threat to peace, only a deterrent to war. I hope this little incident will change your mind."

The President rolled a pencil in his fingers, drew a hard circle on the yellow pad in front of him. "Premier Khrushchev, this is not the time for moralizing. We have been unable to recall the bombers."

The silence was ominous; when Khrushchev spoke, his words were edged with bitterness. "Are the planes from the Bering Sea being flown by madmen?"

"We're not sure, Premier Khrushchev," the President said. "It may have been a mechanical failure. Your radio jamming devices have made it impossible for us to establish contact. The bombers are apparently flying on orders which are normally received by mechanical transmissions. But we aren't sure. All I can tell you is that it was an accident. This isn't an attempt to provoke war; it isn't a part of a general attack."

"And how is an ignorant Russian like me supposed to know that?" Khrushchev asked. His voice was harsh, but condescending. "How do I know that you do not have hundreds of planes coming in so low that our radar can't pick them up?"

"Your detection apparatus will soon tell you that some of our fighter planes have been trying to overtake and shoot down our bombers," the President said. "They are doing that at my direct order. Three of them have already run out of fuel and have gone into the sea."

When Khrushchev spoke, Buck could tell he was startled. "You mean

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Fail-Safe you are ordering American fighter planes to shoot down American bombers?"

"I have already given that order," the President said.

There was the sound of background conversation on the Moscow end of the line. Buck quickly wrote a sentence on a pad and turned it to the President: *Someone arguing for strike-back in full power.*

Suddenly Khrushchev's voice came distinctly over the line. "*Nyet*," he said savagely. "I will make my own decisions." His voice went level. "Mr. President, some of my advisers are convinced that this 'accidental attack' and your phone call are tricks," Khrushchev said. "They want to strike back at once. I have forbidden it. Soviet airspace has not yet been invaded. But I must tell you this: If your fighters can't shoot down your bombers, we will shoot them down ourselves. Then we will prepare our ICBM's and other retaliatory devices. Your single group of bombers does not disturb me in the least. We can handle them. Your real intention I do not yet know. I will protect myself."

"Premier Khrushchev, let me urge you to take no steps which are irrevocable. I give you my word that this is a mistake. If you launch missiles, I cannot forbid our forces to do the same. If that happens there will be very little left of the world."

"I think we will be able to take care of our interests, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. His voice was tough. "Is there anything more you wish to say?"

"Yes," the President said. "I have arranged for a second conference line, to link our Air Force people in Omaha and your counterpart officials in the Soviet Union. If you will give permission, that conference line can be set up at once." He took a deep breath, like a tired runner. "Our people in Omaha will give every assistance to your forces in shooting down our bombers."

Khrushchev snapped out his answer in an angry tone. "Mr. President, the forces of the U.S.S.R. are perfectly capable of defending our country. We don't need your help."

"The choice is yours," the President said evenly. Then his voice went so low that Buck had to ask him to repeat the words. "Premier Khrushchev, I must tell you that two of those six planes will probably fight through to their target. We have new evasive devices and masking techniques which I don't think you know anything about. My experts tell me that two of the planes will probably hit the target."

"What is their target?"

"Moscow."

The silence that ensued lasted almost twenty seconds. It was broken by Khrushchev. "I will call you back, Mr. President." His voice was opaque, seamless, pitiless. "Keep that second conference line you mentioned ready for use."

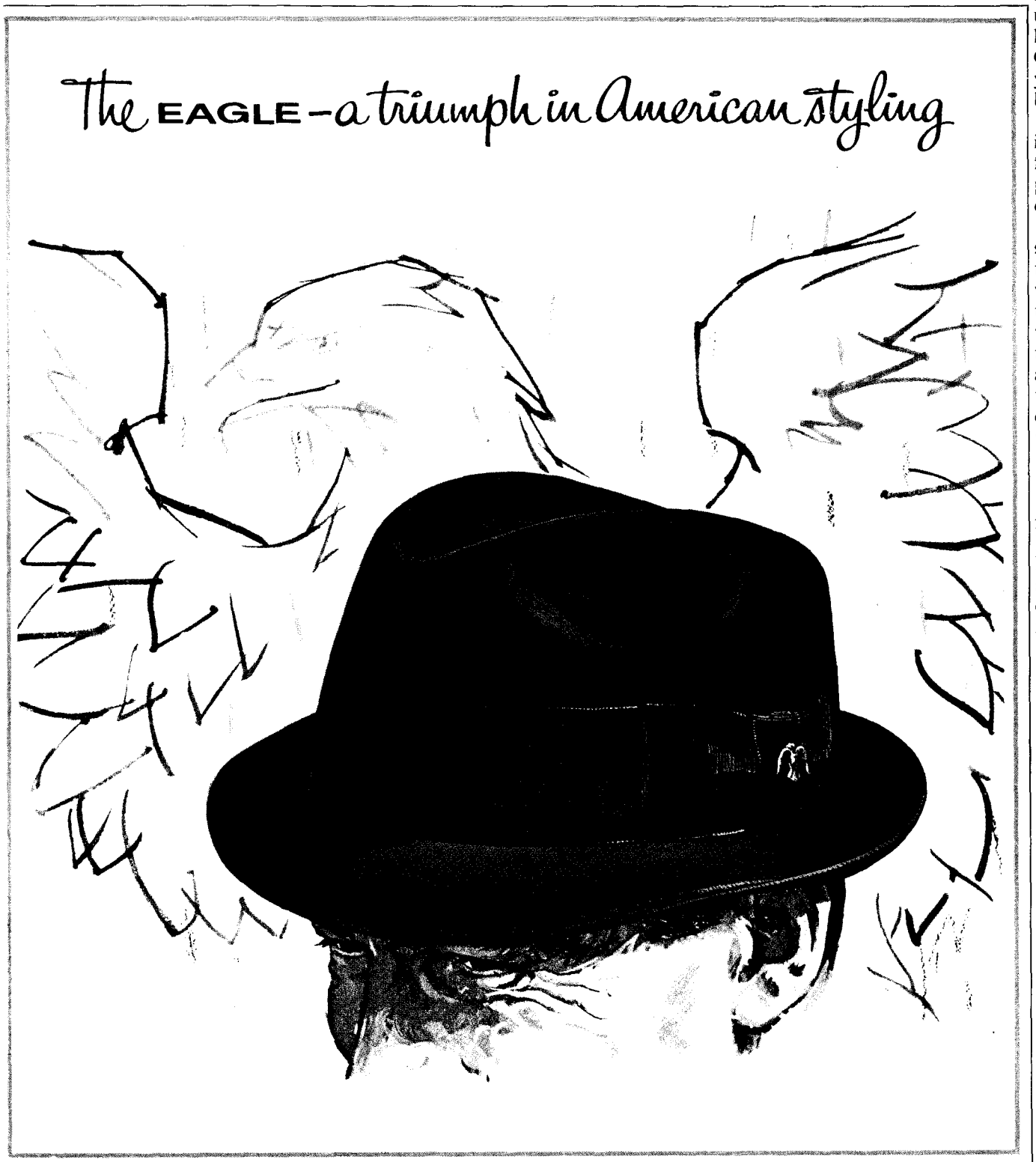
The President put down the phone. "Let's go out and look at the board," he said.

He led Buck into the next room, where his assistants were gathered before a miniature version of the big board in the Pentagon War Room. The last of the fighter planes shot its rockets in futile pursuit of the Vindicators and went off the screen. The bombers passed over the light green line which marked the Siberian border of the Soviet Union. The technical conditions of war now existed. An invasion had been made.

Now the world was living on two levels. There was a public level, where the world's business proceeded in normal fashion, and a secret level, where two war plans were brought to readiness.

Men waited. They waited in conference rooms, in war rooms, at rocket silos, on submarines lying at the bottom of the ocean, in fighter planes, in ready rooms, at computing consoles. Over Russia fighter planes rose in waves, flew toward the edge of Soviet air space—and waited. Rockets came up from deep pits—and waited. On two continents whole armies of men, fleets of planes, scores of bizarre weapons were brought to a hair trigger of preparation—and carefully restrained.

One such place was the War Room at Omaha. Every man and instrument in the War Room was at readiness. General Bogan sat at the desk in front of the Big Board. "Let's get a close-up on Group Delta," he said.



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Fail-Safe

The projection on the map changed at a dizzying speed, as if a camera were swooping down from some great height and centering on an area north of Gora Pobeda. General Bogan marveled at the ingenuity of the machine's design. Using radar housed in satellites, it could pick up an image of any locality in the world. This radar picture, linked to an actual map of the Soviet Union, could trace the progress of runaway Group Delta. And there they were, a few miles inside the Soviet border, spread out for the penetration.

"Put the Soviet fighter planes on the projection," General Bogan said. A fleck of small white blips appeared on the Soviet side of the line.

"This is Enemy Defense Performance Desk, General Bogan," a voice said. "Our Number Six plane, which carries only defense equipment and devices, has moved into the lead. Apparently it has already launched some masking devices, for, as you can see, the Soviet fighters are not gathering at the point where Group Delta crossed the border. On their radars the targets probably appear to be spread over several hundred miles, and they can't tell which blips are bombers and which are decoys."

General Bogan could not put down a sense of guilt. If the attack had been legitimately ordered, the Vindicators would be receiving help. Jamming and masking devices located around the borders of the Soviet Union would have gone into action. But these parts of the mechanism had been ordered to stand-down. The Vindicators were fighting alone.

"How much defensive armament have the Vindicators had to fire so far?" General Bogan asked.

"The Number Six plane has been firing air-to-air missiles at any missile or plane that is closing a real target," the Enemy Defense expert said. "She has run through fifty-five percent of her armament. All the other planes have full loads."

On the screen a Soviet fighter-bomber started to fly directly at the lead plane, No. 6. A tiny blip fell away from No. 6 and sped toward the Soviet fighter-bomber. It was a Bloodhound rocket, and General Bogan estimated that its speed was over 1500 miles an hour. The Soviet plane began to zigzag and dropped an air-to-air missile which turned toward the Blood hound. It was too late. In the next second there was a great mushrooming blotch on the screen. The warhead of the Bloodhound had gone off, wiping out the Soviet plane and its missile. The American bomber veered away.

"I'll bet the crew on that Vindicator got a shaking up," a voice said in the roar of the room.

Two Soviet fighters altered course and ran down their electronic tracks toward the nearest Vindicator. As No. 6 plane veered toward them, both fighters released air-to-air missiles. The attacked Vindicator and No. 6 simultaneously loosed six antimissiles. They sped toward the Soviet missiles, wavered and then went on toward the fighters.

"Oh, no!" Colonel Cascio whispered. "They went right by the missiles."

Two seconds later the Soviet fighters went up in a rolling green blip. But their four missiles continued to bore in. The attacked Vindicator began to jink, and shot off four more missiles. But the Soviet missiles closed the Vindicator and blew it up.

There was utter silence in the War Room. For some of the men it was the first time they had "seen" a plane destroyed. General Bogan turned on the intercom so that everyone in the room could hear him.

"Apparently the Soviets have a very slow missile which compensates by a long range," he said. "A longer range than we had calculated. The computing systems built into our missiles detected the four Soviet missiles, but 'calculated' that because they were moving so slowly they were drones. So they ignored them and continued toward the Soviet fighters. You can't win 'em all." Instantly he was aware of the unintended irony. All the Vindicators must be destroyed. He felt slightly sick, torn by crosscurrents of loyalty and of logic.

"General, it's going to get worse before it gets better," someone said. It was Congressman Raskob, a dead cigar in his mouth, staring at the board. "Khrushchev isn't going to sit around

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Fail-Safe forever and watch those planes move on Moscow," Raskob said. "If the President can't persuade Khrushchev it was an accident, we're going to have all out, slambang, hell-bent war. That's right, isn't it, general?"

"Yes, sir, that's right," Bogan said. It was the first time that Bogan had faced the fact that everything now rested with the President. If the Soviets did not believe the attack was a mistake, they would be forced to respond.

"No notion of how it happened, eh, general?" Raskob asked.

"No, sir, not the slightest," Bogan said. "They told us that the system was foolproof."

"*They* told you." Raskob's voice was bitter.

Colonel Cascio turned in his chair. He did not speak, but he stared at Raskob with hatred.

The remaining five Vindicators were now widely scattered in a calculated pattern. They could still protect one another, and be protected by the No. 6 plane, but they were so dispersed that no single shot could down two of them.

"How are the Soviet fighters doing?" General Bogan asked.

The Enemy Defense expert responded. "Apparently, general, they're confused by our masking," the voice said. "They're still chasing decoys."

Somewhere in the War Room a voice cheered and instantly was joined by a score of others.

"Let's knock that off," General Bogan said. "This is no football game." He saw the glint of resentment in a dozen eyes. The men were all well trained, but not for this sort of incredible game.

On the southern flank of the Vindicators a Soviet fighter began to firm up on an intercepting course. The nearest bomber turned away, but the Soviet blip also altered course.

"Fire! Fire!" said a voice close to General Bogan. It was Colonel Cascio, half out of his chair. "Fire before the bastard gets off one of those long slow ones."

The Soviet fighter was joined by three others, and they formed a long box formation as they ran down their intercept. The Vindicator jinked once more. So did the Soviet fighters. Instantly the Vindicator fired four missiles. Each Soviet plane fired a missile. At the same moment their detection gear told them they were fired upon, and they turned sharply away. It was too late. Five seconds later all of them were destroyed. But their four missiles ran with an agonizing slowness toward the Vindicator. Again there was the merging, again the slow exploding, engulfing blip.

General Bogan's hands shook. He felt as if he were being exposed to torture, some rupturing of his life.

Congressman Raskob muttered to himself. "Four more to go."

The phone on the President's desk rang. Buck picked up his extension. It was Moscow. The first voice was Khrushchev's, tinged with petulance.

"We have only one hour left, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. "How should we use it? You have launched an attack against our country. You say it is an accident. But meanwhile we lay defenseless before you."

"Not quite defenseless, Premier Khrushchev," the President said. "You have hundreds of fighter planes and countless defensive missiles. In fact, in your recent Warsaw speech you boasted of the invulnerability of the Soviet forces."

Khrushchev grunted and sighed.

Now Buck remembered: a recording at the Monterey Language School, made by a Russian peasant, in which the ultimate in resignation and despair was this sequence of petulance, a grunt and a sigh. Buck reached for a pad and wrote, *Khrushchev's mood is sorrow*. The President drew a large circle around the words to indicate he understood.

The silence on the line went past the point of tension. On his pad the President traced the head of an arrow. At last he spoke. "What luck have you had in your attacks on our bombers?"

"Luck? No luck at all," Khrushchev said. "But earned results, yes. We have gotten 860 of our fighters vectored in on the hundreds of targets which suddenly appeared on our radarscopes. That, Mr. President, was a tender moment. Some of our experts urged

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that we retaliate instantly with all of our ICBM's and our bombers."

"Why didn't you do that?" the President asked. He nodded at Buck to translate.

Khrushchev said, "I still had time to take the gamble that you were sincere. Also I knew that retaliation would be the end for both of our countries. My generals are not happy, but there is a time for common sense. . . ."

The President started to speak, and to his own surprise Buck found himself lifting his hand in restraint.

"Of the 860 planes we sent up, seventy were, by great valor and ingenuity, able to attack your bombers," Khrushchev went on. "Of these, around sixty-five were destroyed. Most of them simply exploded in midair. And for that we got two of your bombers."

"What of the four others?" the President asked.

"There is little to be optimistic about," Khrushchev said. "Mr. President, I agree to setting up the conference line between your people in Omaha and my people in Ziev," Khrushchev said. "Wait—while I make arrangements."

The President pressed a button on his desk. An aide appeared. Briefly the President instructed him about the line between Omaha and Ziev. When Khrushchev came back on the line, there was a note of calamity in his voice.

"I have arranged for myself and some of my staff to leave Moscow by helicopter," he said. "Moscow will not be evacuated. There is not time. It lies here defenseless. If it is destroyed, there will be little time to talk, Mr. President."

"I'm aware of that," the President said. "But I'll do anything to demonstrate our good will—anything. I only ask that you take no irrevocable step. Once you launch bombers and ICBM's, everything is finished. I won't be able to hold back our retaliatory forces, and then it would be utter devastation for both of us."

"I know, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. "But if Moscow is obliterated"—helpless rage shook his voice—"am I supposed to watch our biggest city destroyed and then come hat in hand to you and ask for peace talks? It would be absurd. I am not a man, we are not a people, who like to look absurd."

"I agree with much of what you say," the President said.

For the first time Buck saw physical tension in the President's face. There was a long hesitation. Then Khrushchev spoke again. "I will come up on the conference line when I am a safe distance from Moscow."

The line clicked dead.

"You have broken him, Mr. President," Buck said. "He is shaken."

The President looked up. His eyes glittered. "He is not broken, Mr. Buck," the President said. "He is suffering, but he is not broken. Unless we can show him that this is an accident he will launch an all-out attack on us."

Buck felt his stomach knot. In the rush of translation, in the thrill of the negotiation, he had forgotten the stakes. "What do we do now?"

"We do what we must," the President said slowly. "Get General Black at the Pentagon."

While Buck put the call through, the President leaned back in his chair. He put his hands over his eyes, his teeth clenched together, the muscles at the back of his jaw tightened into hard knots.

"General Black, Mr. President," Buck said.

The President took the phone. "Blackie, do you remember the Old Testament story of Abraham, and the terrible sacrifice he prepared? When we were boys at Groton, we used to hear it at least six times a year for chapel."

Oh, my God, he's cracking, Buck thought, *cracking wide open and the whole world with him.* He found himself actually looking around for means to escape, for a door to run through. But General Black's voice came back calm and reassuring.

"I remember, Mr. President," Black said. He stood awkwardly over Swenson, holding the red phone. Others around the table in the Pentagon War Room were arguing quietly and watching the board. Somehow this was a time for first names, but he could not use the President's.

"Blackie," the President said, "keep the story of Abraham in the front of your mind for the next few hours." He paused. "Are Betty and the family in New York City?"

"Yes," Black said. A dread premonition came over him.

"I need your help," the President said slowly. "Get out to Andrews Air Force Base immediately. Further instructions will be waiting for you there. Things are not good, Blackie. I will be asking a great deal of you."

"I'll do what you say," Blackie said. "I'll do what has to be done."

"Good luck, Blackie," the President said.

Immediately Black wanted to call Betty—to talk with her and with his two boys. But he knew it was out of the question. He felt a wave of apprehension, remembering that Betty was spending the day across town with a friend. She and the boys would not be together until late afternoon. The knowledge was unsettling. He shook the thought off and strode rapidly toward the door.

After hanging up, the President sat perfectly still, his eyes closed. Then he rose from his chair and looked down at Buck. "Tell the switchboard to get our ambassador to Moscow on this line, and also the Soviet delegate to the United Nations in New York," the President said. "Put them directly onto the conference line which connects us with Khrushchev. The moment that we can talk to Khrushchev, open the conference line again."

The President's face had undergone a strange transfiguration. A stranger could not have guessed his age or the meaning of his expression. Then Buck identified it: the doomed look of utter tragedy, a tragedy which is not a single person's but the world's, which relates not to one man's misfortunes, but to the human condition.

For the first time since he was a boy of 14, Peter Buck felt the need to weep.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Out of Character

By Garson Kanin

Hello, men."

"Hey, Pete! When'd you get back? I thought you were out for the season."

"So'd I, but we closed in Detroit last night. Damn road's dead."

"Get me a beer, will you, Tony?"

"You guys hear about Gracie?"

"No, what?"

"No."

"Died."

"Gracie! When?"

"About a half an hour ago. The maid came down and told Henry. He's up there now with the hospital people and the cops."

"Cops? What've they got to do with it?"

"Search me. Something. Tony? I'll have a whiskey on the rocks."

"Sure. You gentlemen hear the terrible thing about Mr. Gracie?"

"Yes."

"Yeah, we did, Tony."

"Terrible. He was the finest old gentleman in the whole club."

A. P. Grace woke slowly but not reluctantly. In these, his late years, he had come to resent sleep as a waste of valuable time. He found that he needed no more than four or five hours a night, provided he could find an hour or so for a nap after lunch or before dinner.

He left his bed and went to the window of his room to look out at the day. He examined the sky for signs of weather; he opened the window and thrust his arm out into the atmosphere to gauge the temperature; he studied the activity in 44th Street.

He had lived here at The Lambs for 16 years, since the death of his wife, and had become a fixture of the club. His gay vitality was an inspiration to the younger members, to say nothing of the fact that he was almost constantly employed.

"Almost" included the present. The long run of the play he had been in had ended nine weeks earlier, and nothing had turned up as yet. He had indignantly turned down a modeling job—"I am not a piece of meat, sir!"—and a television commercial: "The truth is, my lad, I could never learn these words—no, not possibly—and I feel certain that your superiors would not countenance paraphrase. No, that seems clear from the lapidary quality of this prose."

The young man to whom he had said this had nodded and smiled. A. P. Grace's memory was celebrated. At the age of 83 he was known as one of the quickest studies in show business. Like other of his accomplishments, this was not an automatic matter but, rather, the result of applied effort. He had kept his memory resilient and alive by continuing to use it daily.

This morning before breakfast he committed to memory a sonnet by Shakespeare—the one beginning: "Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep."

This done, he began to dress slowly, savoring the act. He chose a mohair suit, since the day was mild; suède shoes, a shirt of sheer batiste and the inevitable Cavalier collar. This last was his trademark, although he was unaware of it. To him it was simply the collar which he preferred and had worn for many years. It never occurred to him to wear any other.

The Cavalier collar was detachable, narrow, rounded, semistarched and minutely proportioned. "I am a small man, you see, and small things suit me best."

In recent years he had found it increasingly difficult to replenish his collar box. The original supplier, a haberdasher named Litwin, had long since gone out of business. Macy's carried the model for a time, then stopped. "No demand," explained the salesclerk. "Try Tripler's."

A. P. Grace did so, successfully, and for some years made periodic visits to F. R. Tripler's on Madison Avenue. He would linger about in the store each time, enjoying the unhurried, serious atmosphere. "Not like your damned bargain basements that sell you what you don't want and can't use at a low price. I'm an emporium man; I can never find what I'm looking for in a supermarket."

When Tripler's abandoned the Cavalier collar, A. P. Grace found a curious old shop (McArdle and Cohen) near Cooper Union which still had some.

As he dressed this morning, he noticed that the collar he had put on was badly frayed. He wet his forefinger on his tongue and attempted to treat the strands and ravelings into some sort of order. It did not work. He took off the collar and tried trimming it with scissors, making it worse. The only thing left to do was to turn it inside out. He disliked doing this, because the collar never looked right, but there was no choice, and he began to fold it. As he did so, it tore. He looked at it and realized that it was beyond salvaging. He dropped it into the wastebasket and got out a fresh collar. He observed that there were only two others left in the box, both as worn as the first. He would shop today, he thought. *The time has come.*

He went down to breakfast. No calls, and in the mail only a bill from his dentist and an announcement of a general-membership meeting of Actors Equity. He went to the reading room and looked through the *Times* and the *Tribune*, with special attention to theatrical news.

He proceeded to the writing room and wrote seven letters, offering his services to three producers, three directors, and one playwright.

He went downstairs.

"Hiya, Gracie?"

"Never better."

"Morning, Mr. Grace."

"Morning."

"You OK, Gracie?"

"Blooming."

He posted his letters and left the club.

He turned to the right and walked to Sixth Avenue. He stood for a moment, his attention upon the southeast corner. His mind's eye saw the Hippodrome and a line of stately elephants moving into the stage entrance like casual professionals.

He walked to the Algonquin and sat in the lobby for 10 minutes, drawing comfort from the unchanged setting.

He left and traveled by subway downtown to Cooper Square. He had not been down there for a year—more?—and 10 minutes after he emerged, he was lost. Cooper Union stood as always, but in new surroundings. Buildings, roadways and excavations had blurred his every landmark, and he could not find his way to McArdle and Cohen's. He asked a policeman. "Not around here, pop." He asked another. "Better look in the phone book, and listen—watch the lights."

The directory listed "McArdle and Cohen mns frnsh" on Henry Street. A. P. Grace felt triumphant as he left the cigar store. His confidence restored, he made his way in what he felt certain was the right direction until change appeared again.

He approached a hobbling old janitor who was sweeping the sidewalk, and asked for directions.

"Wait a second." The janitor looked about and pointed across the street. "That's it. Right there."

A. P. Grace looked across the street and saw a rubble-filled void. The building was gone.

"That's it," said the janitor.

"Thank you," said A. P. Grace as he moved off.

"Be great town they ever finish it, hey?" the janitor called after him.

He returned to the cigar store and phoned the listed number.

"What number are you calling, please?" asked the intercepting operator. He told her. A moment. "I am sorry, sir, but that number has been disconnected."

"It's rather important, miss; is there no way I can trace this party?"

"I am sorry, sir, but I do not have that information."

She sounds like a machine, he thought, and knew that further conversation would be useless.

"Thank you," he said, and rang off.

When he returned to The Lambs, he wrote a letter to McArdle and Cohen, but it was returned a few days later stamped UNKNOWN.

He would not have believed such obliteration possible. He looked up "McArdle" in the telephone directory. There were 38. He spent an afternoon writing 38 letters of inquiry. When none of these proved to be the one, he did the same with the Brooklyn directory, then the Queens, Bronx, Staten Island, Long Island. It became an

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The footlights dim on a long career...

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Out of Character

exciting game, a manhunt which he pursued with confident vigor. In the end it was fruitless. He never found the right McArdle. "Cohen," of course, was impossible to attempt. He gave up.

During the time of the search, one of his two remaining collars wore out.

He embarked upon a new plan of activity. Using the reference facilities of the New York Public Library, he found the address of the original manufacturer of the Cavalier collar: Ripley Mills, Richmond, Virginia. He wrote to this company and received a reply from another in Portland, Maine.

Dear Sir: With reference to your recent communication addressed to Ripley Mills, please be advised that this company and the manufacture of its products were absorbed by us in 1948.
The item you mention is no longer catalogued and a check of inventory shows no remaining stock.
Under separate cover, we are sending you our current catalogue in the hope that you will find in it similar items to carry in your merchandise.

"So I told them about Gracie—give you a rough idea the kind of bunch they were, they'd never heard of him! Anyway, he came over, and they liked him, but they insisted he had to audition—how *about* that? It was for the old servant—you know—what's his name?"

"Firs."

"That's it. Dies at the end. He's supposed to be—well, seventy-five or so. Now, Gracie gets the part and rehearses just great—this was two years ago, so he must've been eighty-one at the time."

"About that."

"Well, opening night, I go around to see him in his dressing room—if he's all right and all that—and, get this, he's sitting there, making up, and he's painting *wrinkles* onto his face!"

A. P. Grace was not as wealthy as club gossip claimed; neither was he in need. A long, prudent life had left him comfortably well off.

When he turned down the next offer he received, it was not because of the money, but because of the manner in which it had been offered. Had the part been outstanding, he would have played it for anything, but it was only another codger, with a single good scene in the first act. He had played it many times in one form or another.

Three persons interviewed him: the harassed, underweight casting director, the young director and Meta Farrow, the elegant, chain-smoking lady producer. All three smiled continuously throughout the interview. A. P. Grace sat quietly, accustomed to being studied.

"Is that all?" he asked at length.

"Yes," said the director. "Thanks for coming in."

"Not at all."

The old actor rose and shook hands—first, with Mrs. Farrow, adding a slight, courtly bow; next, with the director; last, with the casting director. It disturbed him a little that the men did not rise. At the door he turned and said, "I know it's lamentably old-fashioned to stop and turn and speak the exit line, but I would like to say something. Not my own. I wish it were. It's this: 'Courtesy is the lubricant of civilization.' "

He went out.

"What'd *that* mean?" asked the director.

"Nothing," said the casting director. "Just his way of thanking you for being so nice to him."

"I'm nice to everybody," said the director defensively.

"I didn't say you weren't."

"All right. Shut up."

"You're nervous today," said Mrs. Farrow.

"We waste so much time," said the director. "Well, what about this old gink? You want him?"

"What do *you* think?" asked Mrs. Farrow.

"He's on-the-nose casting—you know, obvious—but at least he's reliable."

"Surefire," said the casting director.

"That's the trouble," snapped the director.

"OK, we'll keep looking."

"No, no," said the director. "Let's have him."

"What does he get?" asked Mrs. Farrow.

The casting director looked at his filing card and said, "Well, he's got as high as six-fifty, but his last salary was three hundred."

"Offer him a hundred and a half," said Mrs. Farrow.

"I'll give you 200 trading stamps and let's forget the whole thing."

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"He'll never take it."

"Offer it. All right, one-seventy-five and go to two if you have to."

"You won't get him."

"Yes, we will. Did you see his collar?"

"His what?"

"His collar. All busted down. He puts up a good front, the old geezer, but he doesn't fool me. I know shabby genteel when I see it. You'll get him for two. But try one-seventy-five."

"You'll lose him."

"Bet a dollar?"

"Bet."

Mrs. Farrow lost a dollar, which did not matter, as she had many more.

A. P. Grace failed to make his customary rounds in the course of the next few days. Instead, he visited a number of theatrical costumers, still searching for a few Cavalier collars.

There were none at Chrisdie's. A pleasant young man at Eaves found one, but it was badly rusted. A. P. Grace took it nonetheless, hoping that it might be possible to treat it in some way. At another store the owner took him up to one of the stockrooms and said, "Help yourself." A. P. Grace took off his hat, his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and set to work. He searched through dozens of cartons without success—then, as he was about to abandon the room, he came upon three Cavalier collars in good condition, carefully tied together. He found the owner, insisted on paying for his find and made his way to The Lambs, whistling.

He went at once to the bar and ordered a drink, by way of celebration.

"Hello, Gracie."

"Good afternoon."

"What you got there in that bundle? Your lunch?"

"No, my reprieve."

Upstairs, he worked over the rusted collar, but could not repair it. It was too old, too far gone. He disposed of it sadly and took inventory again. He now owned four collars—one worn and three good—in addition to the one he was wearing, which was in fair condition.

He judged that with care these five would last him for the rest of the year—and then? Well, he could always continue to look.

He did so, systematically, whenever he had the opportunity. He considered having a few collars made to order, whatever the expense, and found a shirtmaker who undertook the job—with disastrous results.

"You got to have the machinery for this kind of collar," he explained. "For the stitching, shaping. I don't charge you for this. I see it's no good."

A. P. Grace nodded and left the shop.

He had a bad day a short time later when one of the newer collars was returned from the laundry, ruined. The man assured him that it had been handled as usual, but that underneath, it was old and dried out.

A. P. Grace decided to launder them himself in the future. He bought the necessary soaps and starches and an electric iron. When the time came, he worked carefully and slowly, but the collar fell apart.

Now he had only two. He recalled a college trick of cleaning collars with gum eraser and, for a few weeks, used this method effectively.

"Everybody used to talk during those poker games. It was mostly for laughs, anyhow. Penny ante. And this one night we somehow got onto the subject of the first time any of us ever propositioned a girl."

"Some subject."

"Well, Roy took off—and you can imagine the account of his first time. He claimed he was about nine years old."

"Wouldn't surprise *me*."

"And then the next—I think it was Horace—anyway, it was in rotation. Finally it was Gracie's turn, and he didn't say anything. And I said, 'Come on Gracie, get with it.'

"'What's *that?*' he said—you remember the way, blinking, sort of.

"I said, 'Tell us about *your* first time.'

"He kept right on dealing and he said, 'The first time? Hell, I can't even remember the *last* time!'"

A. P. Grace began making his calls again, going around to see producers and agents, but oddly no work was offered him. He began to feel, first, unwanted; later, unneeded, which was worse.

He sat through one whole night in the reading room, thinking it over. Had the parade passed him by? Was he an anachronism, a leftover relic?

Morning surprised him. He went into the dining room, breakfasted, made his way upstairs and memorized the longest speech in *Winterset* before going to sleep.

When he awoke, he began to dress. That was the day he tore his last remaining Cavalier collar. He considered its pieces in his hands, put them away and stood for a moment, trembling.

He went down to the bar and sat alone until Reggie Follansby came in and joined him. They had a drink together. When Reggie looked across the table at A. P. Grace's neck, he wondered if the old man was all right. He had never known him to be less than completely fastidious.

"Reggie," said A. P. Grace, "I want to tell you something not many people know."

"What's that?"

"There's not a single Cavalier collar to be had for love or money on the face of the earth. Can you believe it?"

"I'll find you some, Gracie."

"I know you would if you could, Reggie. But they are a thing of the past. Happens." He raised his glass, winked at Reggie and finished his drink.

He rose, went upstairs to his room, hung his clothes neatly in the closet and got into bed. He took one deep breath and emitted it as a sigh.

When the maid came in to prepare the room for the night, she sensed at once that something was wrong. A. P. Grace was never in his bed at this hour. She approached him and looked down. She began to cry as she made her way to the phone in the hallway.

"What's shakin', men?"

"You hear about Gracie?"

"No, what's he up to now, the ol' fruit?"

"He's dead, Howard."

"Oh, good Lord! I'm sorry. I mean —— I didn't ——"

"Sure."

"What happened?"

"Nobody knows. He had a drink with Follansby, and he was OK, except Reggie noticed he wasn't wearing any collar—but he was OK. Then he went up and that was it."

"Way to go, boy. Tony! Let me have a rum Collins, will you?"

"Hi, fellas. What's new?" **THE END**

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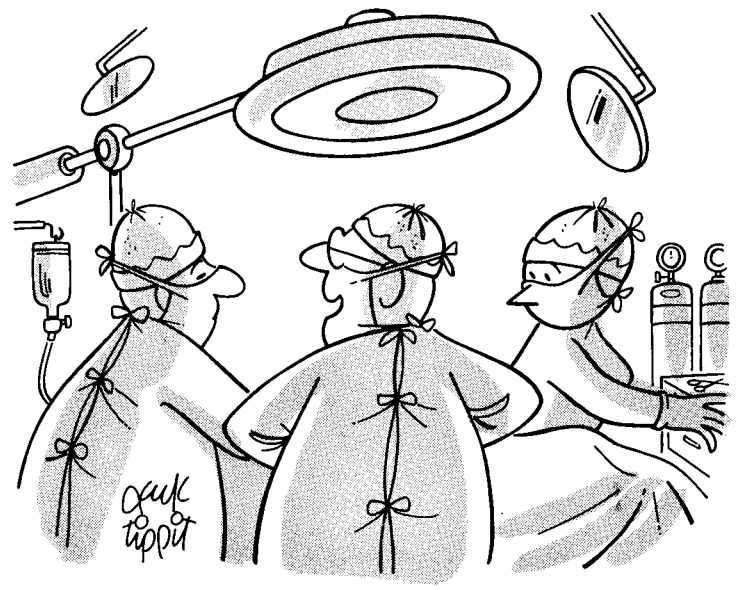
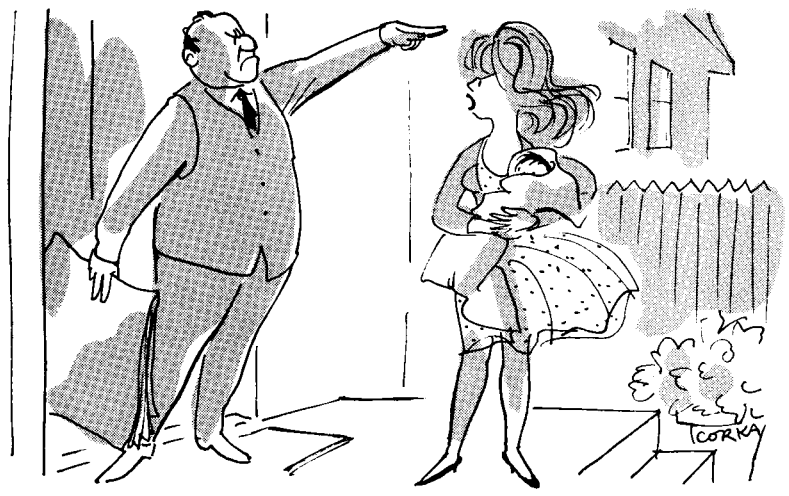
post scripts

"White man, go home!"



"How about that! A pool-shaped kidney!"



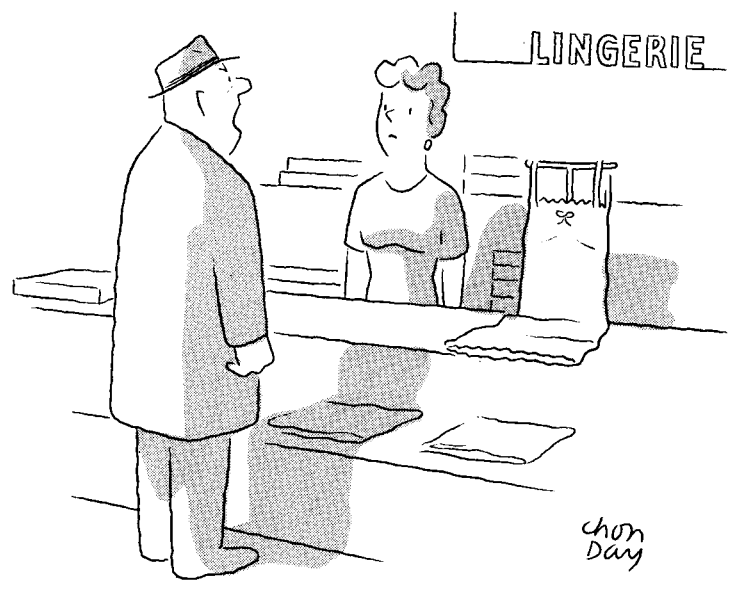
"Oh relax, pop. I'm just minding Mrs. Dibble's baby."

Ah, Sweet Bird of Youth, You Old Crow!

It's painful to see
  How old, how frail
Are friends of my youth,
  Grown stooped and pale.
Their hair is thin,
  Their midriffs thick;
They're not so spry,
  They're not so quick.
It's futile, I know,
  To repine and rage,
But what hurts is this:
  They're showing my age.

ETHEL JACOBSON

"Keep an eye on me. I walk in my sleep."



"She's a fat you "

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Taking you inside from the outset is a Post forte. Another reason why there's no other magazine quite like—

The Saturday Evening Post

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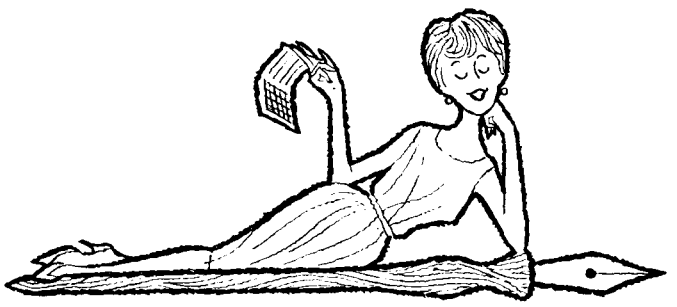

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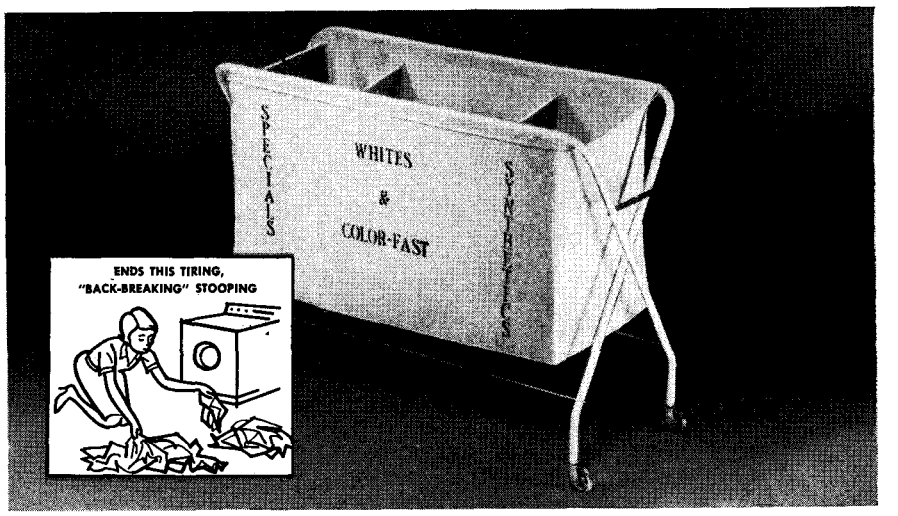
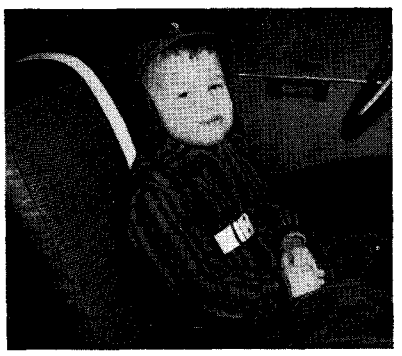


Separate sections...collect and sort wash at one time
Folding "Sorta-Cart" has laundry-hamper with its 3 separate sections labeled to save time and work...just-right height. Washable, heavy cotton hamper. Lightweight; vinyl-covered steel frame. Swivel casters. Opens to full 36x15x30". Folded: 36x33x3". With strong hinges.
84 Folding Laundry "Sorta-Cart" $9



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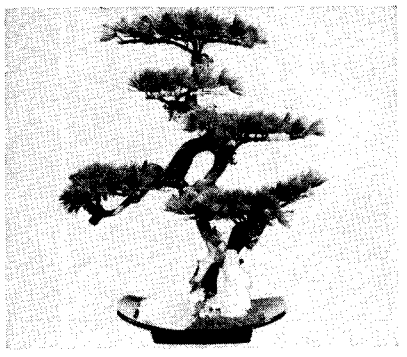
Restless, little front-seat riders are safely strapped in this cotton duck auto-seat belt. Goes completely across the back of front seat. For any car. 475-lb tensile-strength security.
28 Children's Auto-Seat Belt $1.98



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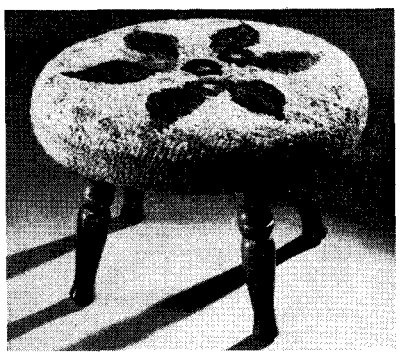
Famed "Ming Tree" piece represents happiness, longevity, prosperity. Green-branched tree shades Chinese figurine in the brown ceramic base. For table or buffet. Approx. 13½x10".
4 "Ming Tree" with Figurine $6.98



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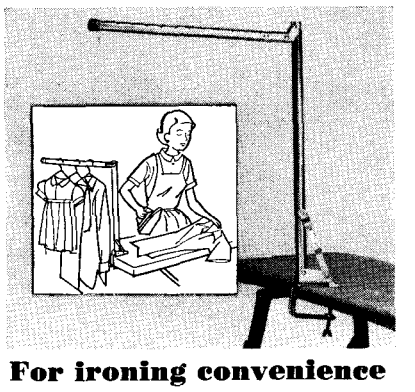
Charming cricket stool for chatty get-togethers or TV viewing...for stretch-out leg comfort. 13" seat has multi-color, hand-hooked type pad. 10" high. Maple-finish legs.
25 Decorative Cricket Stool $5.98



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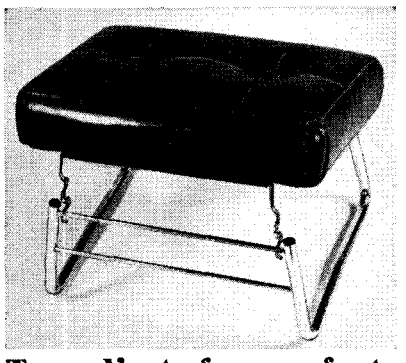
Jewel-glow bracelet...14 heirloom-type stickpin links with "old gold" look, variety of replica-gems: coral, diamond, emerald, lapis lazuli, garnet, turquoise, pearl, amethyst.
44 Bracelet (Fed. tax incl.) $5.50



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Add this leg-lounger to chair, adjust top to wanted angle for ottoman-comfort...or use as extra seat. Brown tufted vinyl. 19 x 14½ x 14" seat; washable. *West of Mississippi* $10.98
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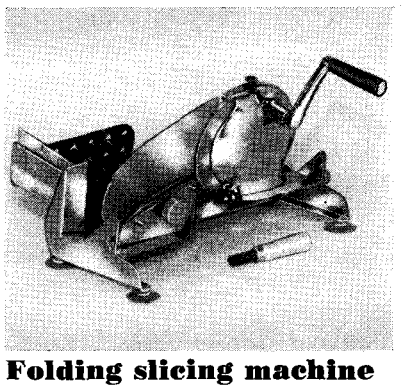
20 Rose-Bowl Candelabra Set $2.95



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Style King of Ready-to-Wear

By STANLEY FRANK

If designer Norman Norell has his way, women who can afford his clothes will look boyish by day, seductive at night.

According to a popular gag in the fashion industry, a woman faints twice when first shown a costume made by Norman Norell. She swoons when she looks at the label and sees that it is an original created by the designer American fashion critics elected as the First Immortal in the Fashion Hall of Fame in 1956. She swoons again when she looks at the price tag.

For although Norell's clothes are sold off ready-to-wear racks, they are as expensive as the custom-made creations of Parisian couturiers. His dresses range from $250, for a sleeveless number as austere as a schoolgirl's uniform, to $2500 for a sequined evening dress. Suits are from $650 to $950 and coats from $695 to $1295.

So few customers can afford these prices (about 10,000 pieces were sold in 1961) that Norell's annual retail volume is about $4,000,000—an insignificant fraction of the national total. Yet his designs are hailed by the country's leading fashion editors as the trend-setters in the American fashion industry.

People expecting to meet an aloof, fastidious aesthete are startled by Norell, a bouncy, 62-year-old Indiana native who has no patience with the precious nonsense that clutters up his profession.

A Monstrosity for Mother

"Arty talk about haute couture gives me a swift pain," he says. "It's nothing but phony pretension to cover up ignorance or bad taste. I went through that phase when I was a kid. I was so damn arty every tooth in your head ached when you looked at my monstrosities.

"The first outfit I ever made was for my mother for a train trip we took from Indianapolis to California in 1920. I tricked her out in a red chiffon dress down to the floor, a big straw hat with flowing black ribbons and a lace-trimmed parasol. We were on that train a full week and nobody spoke to us. They thought we were Bessarabian gypsies hustling customers to tell fortunes."

His blunt statements are made more dramatic by the fact that Norell is forced to deliver them in a hoarse whisper because of a recent operation for cancer of one vocal cord.

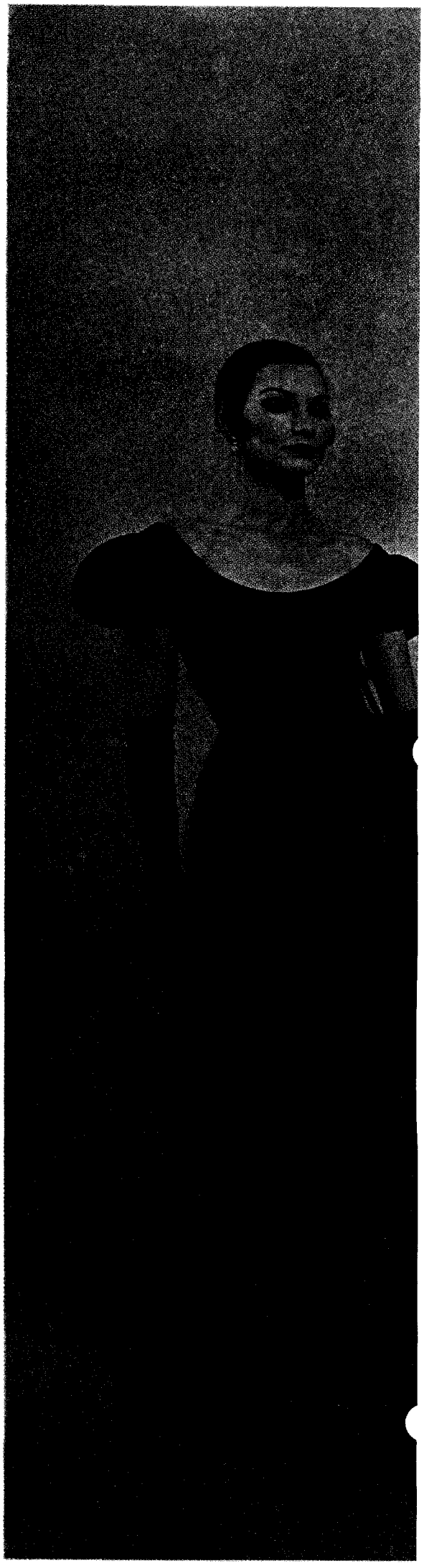
Onlookers at his fall showing—the first since the surgery—were anxious. Had the master lost his touch since his operation? Waiters circulated at the black-tie premiere serving canapés and champagne. The audience consisted of 150 carefully screened fashion reporters, store executives and buyers. Two sessions were held later for buyers whose volume of orders did not rate invitations for the opening night.

Models With Sideburns

"He always does something kookie with his models," a woman burbled. "I hope he doesn't disappoint us."

He didn't. His four models looked like resurrected corpses. Their makeup was dead-white. They had cropped, scalp-plastered haircuts given by a men's barber. "I purposely want my models to look as impersonal as mannequins in a window," Norell says. "Some buyers react very strongly to models. If they don't like a girl's personality they won't order anything she shows. If she resembles one of their customers, they're apt to identify an item with the woman, whether or not it's appropriate for her."

The dresses and suits had lavish fur trimming and an elongated silhouette with hip-length jackets. The skintight dress, on the way out for several years, was discarded for easier skirts. Coats featured exaggerated width at the shoulder line, wide sleeves with deep cuffs and giant pockets. The hats continued this man-tailored look: There were fedoras, berets, bowlers and sailors' hats. The audience seemed taken aback by the masculine-looking toppings. "The hats were a mistake," Norell admitted later. "They drew too much attention from the clothes. I design hats for Henri Bendel as a sideline,



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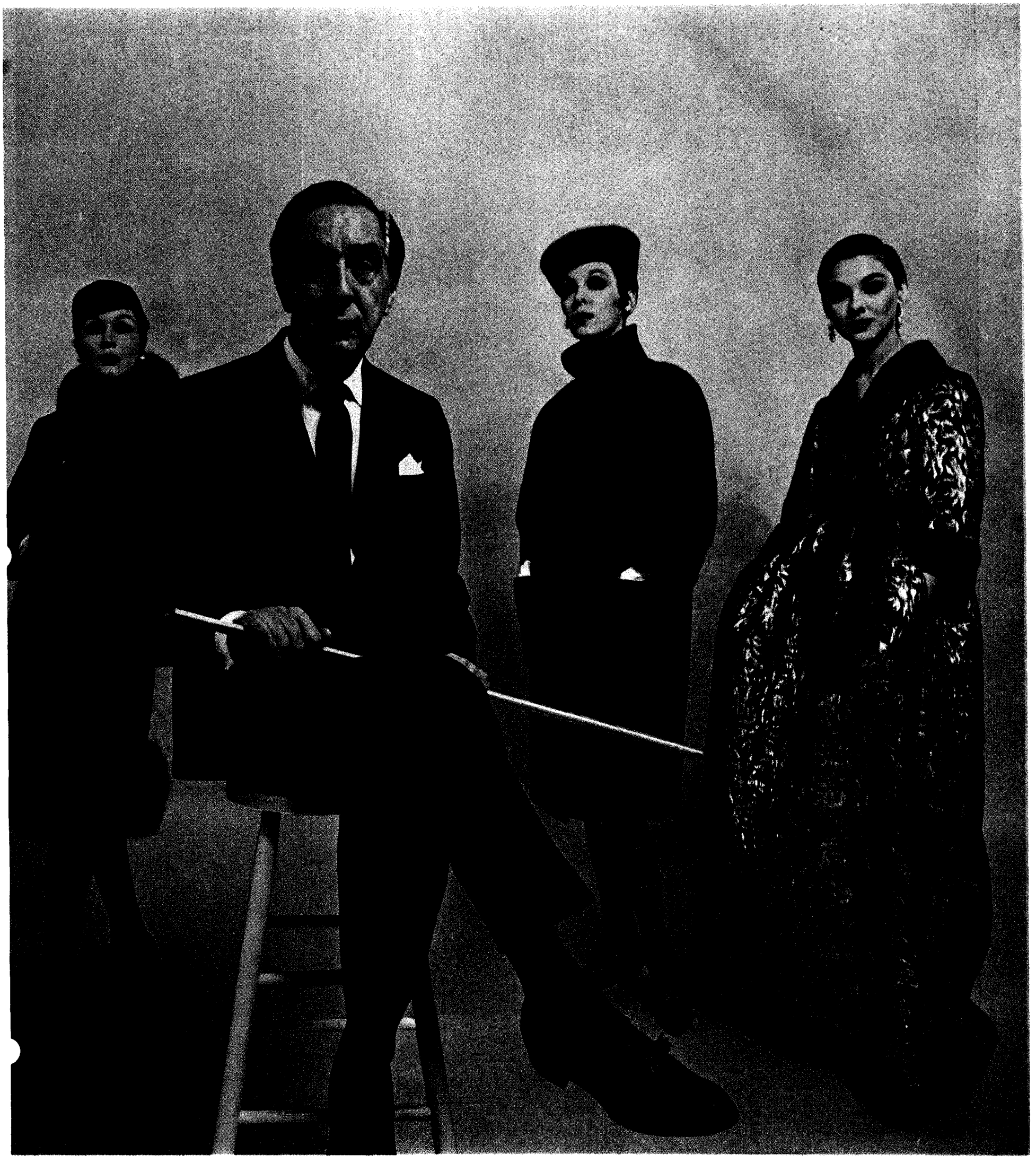

Pale-faced models, a Norell trademark, show off $5000 worth of his new designs: evening gown, town suit, coat, dressing gown.

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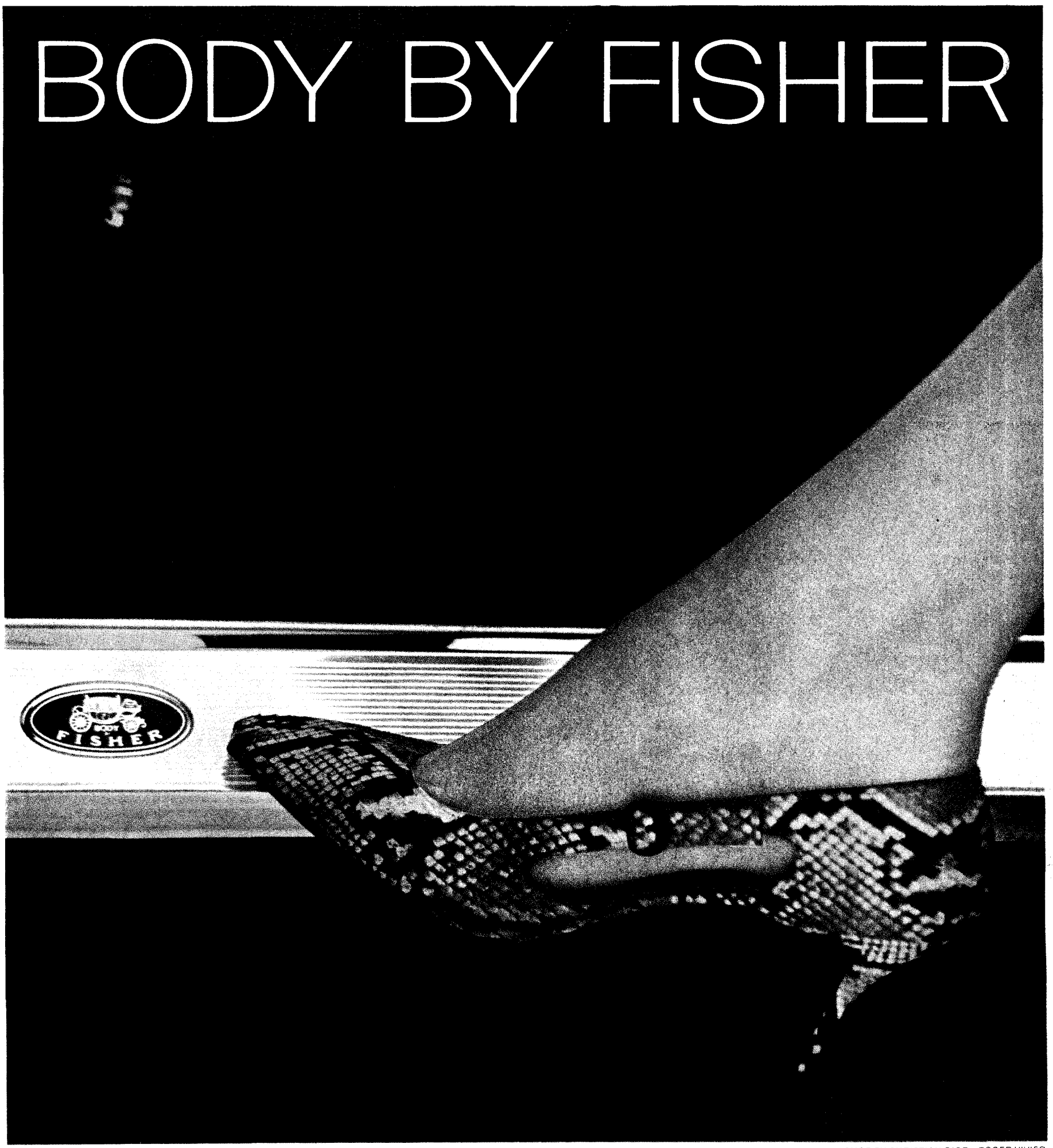

SHOE BY CHRISTIAN DIOR—ROGER VIVIER

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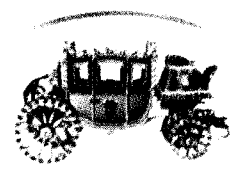

Body by Fisher

The exclusive extra in General Motors cars: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

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Norell but my taste must be lousy. They don't sell."

There were frequent bursts of applause, however, for many of the 140 pieces prepared at a total cost of $150,000. The first ovation was for an $850 suit with a quilt-lined jacket to be worn all winter without a coat. Another hit was a sequin evening gown with a flaring, ostrich-trimmed hem and ostrich stole. The cost: $2500. ("I'm tired of the poor, understated look. Let's look rich for a change," says Norell.)

Norell always cunningly includes in his collection what he considers gag numbers—conversation pieces. "I don't expect to sell them, but they make for an amusing change of pace," he says.

One such outfit, a floor-length black velvet coat topped by a plumed picture hat, was a replica of a Gainsborough portrait. Then there were feather pants under a twirling skirt and a red brocade dressing gown made exactly like a man's double-breasted robe. To Norell's astonishment a dozen robes were ordered, even though they were priced to retail for about $1500.

The show-stopper, a transparent black evening dress over a bra and flesh-colored tights, was a surprise seller at about $1200. "I hope the women who buy it wear it with a slip. The trouble with conversation pieces is that the wrong dames go for them. I hate to think of tarts wearing my clothes, but I guess they do," says Norell.

Some 100 stores carry Norell's clothes, and they are such prestige items that merchants accept stipulations imposed by no other firm. An outlet must buy at least 12 pieces from each semiannual collection to stay on the list. Norell's dresses, suits and coats come in sizes from 6 to 14 only, thereby ruling out women who weigh more than 135 pounds, the maximum weight for a 14. If a store wants a number in a 16, the order must be approved by Norell. More often than not, he refuses to fill it.

He suggests that fat women reduce: "It's good for their health. I could boost my volume by making larger sizes—most of the women who can afford my prices have mature figures—but I won't do it because my designs aren't right for them."

Doubting Women's Tastes

Norell feels he is protecting women from their own bad taste. "Most women lack a sense of security in their choice of clothes," he says. "That's why they're given to exaggeration. During the day they wear dumb-simple outfits; then at night they get over-fancy with extreme styles and too many accessories. Their clothes don't fit properly. They are generally a size too large. Customers walk out of a store looking as though they've been shopping in the maternity department."

His chief criticism of American women is that they are afraid to express their individuality in clothes.

"Take Balenciaga's semi-fitted suit, which has been called a 'passport to society' because everybody wears it. Don't get me wrong. Balenciaga has great taste and is such a meticulous tailor other clothes look frumpish compared to his. Even the best style, though, can be done to death. I designed the twirling skirt in last spring's collection to get away from the oversimplified Balenciaga effect. I'd like to see women look more dramatic instead of playing it safe all the time."

Obviously women who want to be dramatic, and can afford the prices, take to Norman Norell's clothes.

Dinah Shore buys them for her personal and television wardrobe. Doris Day has been a Norell convert since she wore two of his suits and a black evening dress in *That Touch of Mink*. "Cary Grant, who costars with her in the picture, selected the numbers right off the rack in my showroom," Norell confides.

"Norman's clothes are not just dramatic fads," says actress Lauren Bacall. "His marvelous cut and use of fabrics make his things the most comfortable I've ever worn. I've been buying them for 15 years—I couldn't afford them before that—and I'm still wearing one of the first splurges, his famous sequin dress. I'm sure it will outlive me."

Design by Special Dummy

The workmanship in Norell's line is a major factor in its durability—and the prices he charges. Every item is handmade. The labor cost is $750 for sewing thousands of spangles on a dress that sells at wholesale for $1350. All patterns are checked repeatedly on models while they are standing, sitting and walking. All shape is achieved by work inside the garment, unseen by the eye.

"The method of making samples on an ordinary dressmaker's dummy is completely cockeyed because it doesn't duplicate the collarbone, shoulder blades or sloping neck muscles of a woman's torso," Norell says. "I use a special dummy, and I'm planning to market it so that manufacturers can improve the fit of cheap clothes. It'll be the greatest thing since Zippers."

Where did Norell learn to design such dramatic clothes? The road of experience was a circuitous one. He started out in Indianapolis as Norman Levinson, the son of a hat-store owner. ("I changed my name when I went to art school in New York," he explains. "I was told I'd need a fancier handle to get theatrical work.")

He was ill for long periods and too frail to play with other kids. He spent a good deal of time in Indianapolis shopping with his mother.

"She was a nut about clothes," he recalls. "She subscribed to French fashion magazines and always was years ahead of styles before they hit town. Her clothes were extreme for a midwestern town in those days, but the stares of people on the street never fazed her."

In 1919, after an undistinguished record in high school, Norell studied at the Parsons School of Design in New York simply to avoid college. His art work was so mediocre he quit after a year, but for want of something better to do he

"Arty talk about haute couture gives me a swift pain. . . . It is nothing but phony pretension."

Lavishly trimmed with black fox fur, this $1200 plaid outfit is topped by a mannish cap to complete Norell's boyish daytime look.

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Norell takes a bow as his fall show finale presents a wedding gown (left), a lounging ensemble and a see-through sequin dress.

Norell took another crack at art at the Pratt Institute. The turning point in his life came when he won a $100 prize in a blouse contest.

In 1922 he went to work at Paramount Pictures' Astoria, N.Y., studio. Designers were so scarce that Norell, despite his inexperience, was assigned to movies starring Rudolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson. The job evaporated when the studio was closed, but he got what appeared to be great breaks as a free-lance with two Broadway musical productions. He didn't know he was working on a "provisional" basis, though, and he was not paid when both shows closed.

Renouncing Broadway, Norell joined a costume company to make outfits for burlesque strippers and vaudeville acts.

"The tone of the job was established by my first client," he relates. "I asked the man what he wanted. 'Anything that goes with a black patent-leather hat my partner wears,' he said. 'I hit the broad on the head with a mallet.'"

In 1928, after several years of turning out "the most vulgar junk you ever saw," he was given a two-week tryout at Hattie Carnegie. "I can't imagine why she hired me," he says. "My stuff was awfully garish for her clientele, but maybe she saw a spark of originality that could be effective if it was disciplined. I first learned the fundamentals of good designing at Carnegie studying the patterns and construction of French clothes."

During the thirteen years Norell was at Carnegie's New York salon, he built up a large theatrical following. Gertrude Lawrence selected him to do her wardrobe for *Lady in the Dark* and he designed a dress with a huge skirt for a dream sequence. Gertie Lawrence was delighted. Miss Carnegie was not. The fight that followed led to Norell's resignation. He joined Anthony Traina, who manufactured an expensive tailored line. Norell's reputation went into orbit with his initial collection for Traina in 1941.

Pirating Norell Designs

The classic elegance of his clothes brought him the first Coty fashion award in 1943. He scored again the following year when, with wartime restrictions on material stumping most designers, he devised the chemise dress—12 years before it was accepted by Paris designers, who were the dictators of high fashion. By 1960, with financial backing, Norell struck out on his own with designs the French now eagerly await.

Pirating Norell has become a regular habit here and abroad. Norell's culotte look, introduced two years ago, has just been copied by five Paris couturiers. Another Norell innovation, the headliner of his 1962 spring collection, was a $900 suit (three times the cost of the dignified, custom-made suits he wears himself) with an intricate twirling skirt that triggered the greatest wave of piracy in the buccaneering history of the garment industry.

Like most top designers, Norell tries to protect new designs by forbidding publication of sketches and photographs for two months after they are introduced. The twirling skirt was such a sensation, however, that manufacturers hearing descriptions of it from buyers were selling duplicates at from $17.95 to $300 weeks before Norell's own versions were available in stores.

The imitations did not hurt Norell's sales. The saturation of the market disturbed him for only one reason: "Even the copies for $300 were lousy, and they shouldn't have been at that price.

"American women are so crazy to latch onto new styles they don't pay enough attention to quality. My clothes are terribly expensive. Sometimes the prices scare the hell out of me, but I like to think my workmanship and material give a woman four times the wear she gets from other clothes."

Tips for Limited Bankroll

Norell, who surrounds himself with Chinese antiques in his East 81st Street apartment, offers this advice to women who don't lead the luxurious life of his customers:

"A woman with little money can't dress elegantly, but she can hold her head up in any society by following a few simple tips.

"First of all, she's got to watch for sales and drive clerks crazy examining fabrics and trying on things to make sure they fit. She should buy simple, classic clothes instead of new styles which may be dead next season. She can't go wrong with chemises and shirtwaist dresses or a three-button suit with hip-length jacket. These basic clothes are always in good taste. The party dress should be the reliable short, sleeveless black wool crepe with a straight skirt. Skirts will remain short, around the knees, for at least another year, but she should make sure they have deep hems that won't shrink when they're cleaned.

"She should stick to subdued colors—beige or blue suits and no loud print dresses. The coat should be a strong red or blue—anything but black. It looks drab in the evening over a black dress. She should avoid a fur-trimmed coat, since she can put the extra money to better use. The millinery people will kill me for this, but I'd advise her not to buy hats. If she must have one, a pillbox is the best bet.

"A good investment is a cashmere sweater and British-type skirt for country wear. A man's raincoat is a fine dual-purpose sports coat. A wonderful touch is elbow-length white gloves. Look what they did for Grace Kelly. Since real jewelry is out of the question, it's well worth buying a double strand of good cultured pearls, not too small, and pearl earrings.

"That's the basic wardrobe. A woman won't be a knockout, but she can enter a room anywhere in the world with the assurance that she looks like a lady. That's more than you can say for a lot of dames who spend a small fortune on clothes—including mine." **THE END**

Photographs by Ormond Gigli

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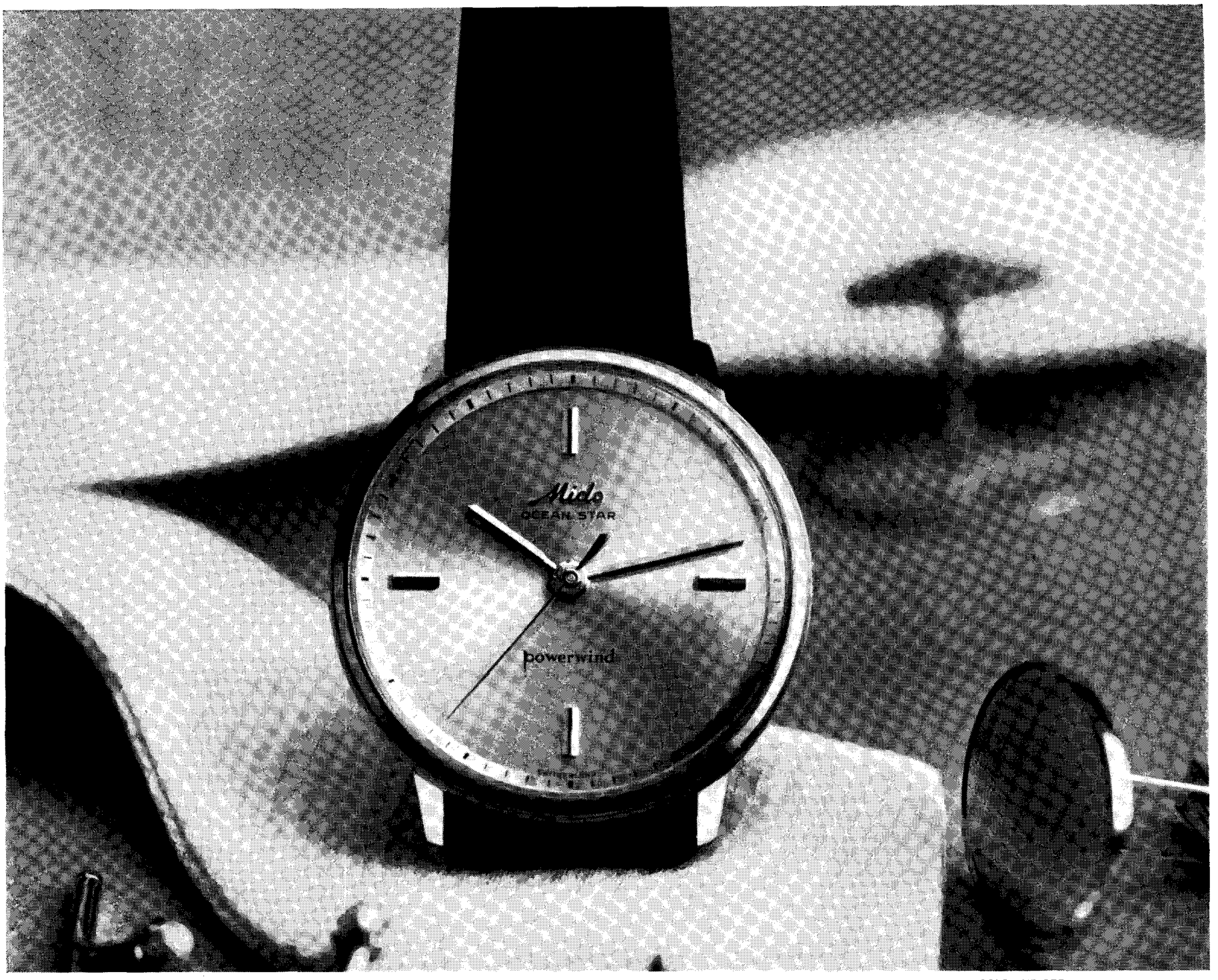

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Why Do We Read Fiction?

Why do we read fiction? The answer is simple. We read it because we like it. And we like it because fiction, as an image of life, stimulates and gratifies our interest in life. But whatever interests may be appealed to by fiction, the special and immediate interest that takes us to fiction is always our interest in a story.

A story is not merely an image of life, but of life in motion—specifically, the presentation of individual characters moving through their particular experiences to some end that we may accept as meaningful. And the experience that is characteristically presented in a story is that of facing a problem, a conflict. To put it bluntly: No conflict, no story.

Our Ambivalent Attitude

It is no wonder that conflict should be at the center of fiction, for conflict is at the center of life. But why should we, who have the constant and often painful experience of conflict in life and who yearn for inner peace and harmonious relation with the outer world, turn to fiction, which is the image of conflict? The fact is that our attitude toward conflict is ambivalent. If we do find a totally satisfactory adjustment in life, we tend to sink into the drowse of the accustomed. Only when our surroundings—or we ourselves—become problematic again do we wake up and feel that surge of energy which is life. And life more abundantly lived is what we seek.

So we, at the same time that we yearn for peace, yearn for the problematic. The adventurer, the sportsman, the gambler, the child playing hide-and-seek, the teenage boys choosing up sides for a game of sandlot baseball, the old grad cheering in the stadium—we all, in fact, seek out or create problematic situations of greater or lesser intensity. Such situations give us a sense of heightened energy, of life. And fiction, too, gives us that heightened awareness of life, with all the fresh, uninhibited opportunity to vent the rich emotional charge—tears, laughter, tenderness, sympathy, hate, love, and irony—that is stored up in us and short-circuited in the drowse of the accustomed. Furthermore, this heightened awareness can be more fully relished now, because what in actuality would be the threat of the problematic is here tamed to mere imagination, and because some kind of resolution of the problem is, owing to the very nature of fiction, promised.

The story promises us a resolution, and we wait in suspense to learn how things will come out. We are in suspense, not only about what will happen, but even more about what the event will mean. We are in suspense about the story in fiction because we are in suspense about another story far closer and more important to us—the story of our own life as we live it. We do not know how that story of our own life is going to come out. We do not know what it will mean. So, in that deepest suspense of life, which will be shadowed in the suspense we feel about the story in fiction, we turn to fiction for some slight hint about the story in the life we live. The relation of our life to the fictional life is what, in a fundamental sense, takes us to fiction.

Even when we read, as we say, to "escape," we seek to escape not from life but to life, to a life more satisfying than our own drab version. Fiction gives us an image of life—sometimes of a life we actually have and like to dwell on, but often and poignantly of one we have had but do not have now, or one we have never had and can never have. The ardent fisherman, when his rheumatism keeps him housebound, reads stories from *Field and Stream*. The baseball fan reads *You Know Me, Al*, by Ring Lardner. The little co-ed, worrying about her snub nose and her low mark in Sociology 2, dreams of being a debutante out of F. Scott Fitzgerald; and the thin-chested freshman, still troubled by acne, dreams of being a granite-jawed Neanderthal out of Mickey Spillane. When the Parthians in 53 B.C. beat Crassus, they found in the baggage of Roman officers some very juicy items called *Milesian Tales*, by a certain Aristides of Miletus; and I have a friend who, in A.D. 1944, supplemented his income as a GI by reading aloud *Forever Amber*, by a certain Kathleen Winsor, to buddies who found that the struggle over three-syllable words somewhat impaired their dedication to that improbable daydream.

And that is what, for all of us, fiction, in one sense, is—a daydream. It is, in other words, an imaginative enactment. In it we find, in imagination, not only the pleasure of recognizing the world we know and of reliving our past, but also the pleasure of entering worlds we do not know and of experimenting with experiences which we deeply crave but which the limitations of life, the fear of consequences, or the severity of our principles forbid to us. Fiction can give us this pleasure without any painful consequences, for there is no price tag on the magic world of imaginative enactment. But fiction does not give us only what we want; more importantly, it may give us things we hadn't even known we wanted.

Compensating for Reality

In this sense then, fiction painlessly makes up for the defects of reality. Long ago Francis Bacon said that poetry—which, in his meaning, would include our fiction—is "agreeable to the spirit of man" because it affords "a greater grandeur of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety" than can "anywhere be found in nature. . . ." More recently we find Freud putting it that the "meagre satisfactions" that man "can extract from reality leave him starving," and John Dewey saying that art "was born of need, lack, deprivation, incompleteness." But philosophers aside, we all know entirely too well how much we resemble poor Walter Mitty.

If fiction is—as it clearly is for some readers—merely a fantasy to redeem the liabilities of our private fate, it is flight from reality and therefore the enemy of growth, of the life process. But is it necessarily this? Let us look at the matter in another way.

The daydream which is fiction differs from the ordinary daydream in being publicly available. This fact leads to consequences. In the private daydream you remain yourself—though nobler, stronger, more fortunate, more beautiful than in life. But when the little freshman settles cozily with his thriller by Mickey Spillane, he finds that the granite-jawed hero is not named Slim Willett, after all—as poor Slim, with his thin chest, longs for it to be. And Slim's college instructor, settling down to *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, finds sadly that this other college instructor who is the hero of the famous tale of sleeping bags, bridge demolition, tragic love and lonely valor, is named Robert Jordan.

How Readers "Identify"

In other words, to enter into that publicly available daydream which fiction is, you have to accept the fact that the name of the hero will never be your own; you will have to surrender something of your own identity to him, have to let it be absorbed in him. But since that kind of daydream is not exquisitely custom-cut to the exact measure of your secret longings, the identification can never be complete. In fact, only a very naïve reader tries to make it thrillingly complete. The more sophisticated reader plays a deep double game with himself; one part of him is identified with a character—or with several in turn—while another part holds aloof to respond, interpret and judge. How often have we heard some sentimental old lady say of a book: "I just loved the heroine—I mean I just went through everything with her and I knew exactly how she felt. Then when she died I just cried." The sweet old lady, even if she isn't very sophisticated, is instinctively playing the double game too: She identifies herself with the heroine, but she survives the heroine's death to shed the delicious tears. So even the old lady knows how to make the most of what we shall call her role-taking. She knows that doubleness, in the very act of identification, is of the essence of role-taking: There is the taker of the role and there is the role taken. And fiction is, in imaginative enactment, a role-taking.

For some people—those who fancy themselves hardheaded and realistic—the business of role-taking is as reprehensible as indulgence in a daydream. But in trying to understand our appetite for fiction, we can see that the process of role-taking not only stems from but also affirms the life process. It is an essential part of growth.

Role-taking is, for instance, at the very center of children's play. This is the beginning of the child's long process of adaptation to others, for only by feeling himself into another person's skin can the child predict behavior; and the stakes in the game are high, for only thus does he learn whether to expect the kiss or the cuff. In this process of role-taking we find, too, the roots of many of the massive intellectual structures we later rear—most obviously psychology and ethics, for it is only by role-taking that the child comes to know, to know "inwardly" in the only way that finally counts, that other people really exist and are, in fact, persons with needs, hopes, fears and even rights. So the role-taking of fiction, at the same time that it gratifies our deep need to extend and enrich our own experience, continues this long discipline in human sympathy. And this discipline in sympathy, through the imaginative enactment of role-taking, gratifies another need deep in us: our yearning to enter and feel at ease in the human community.

Play when we are children, and fiction when we are grown up, lead us, through role-taking, to an awareness of others. But all along the way role-taking leads us, by the same token, to an awareness of ourselves; it leads us, in fact, to the creation of the self. For the individual is not born with a self. He is born as a mysterious bundle of possibilities which, bit by bit, in a long process of trial and error, he sorts out until he gets some sort of unifying self, the ringmaster self, the official self.

The official self emerges, but the soul, as Plato long ago put it, remains full of "ten thousand opposites occurring at the same time," and modern psychology has said nothing to contradict him. All our submerged selves, the old desires and possibilities, are lurking deep in us, sleepless and eager to have another go. There is knife-fighting in the inner dark. The fact that most of the time we are not aware of trouble does not mean that trouble is any the less present and significant; and fiction, most often in subtly disguised forms, liberatingly reenacts for us such inner conflict. We feel the pleasure of liberation even when we cannot specify the source of the pleasure.

Rousing Shadowy Selves

Fiction brings up from their dark, forgotten dungeons our shadowy, deprived selves and gives them an airing in, as it were, the prison yard. They get a chance to participate, each according to his nature, in the life which fiction presents. When in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* the girl Becky Sharp, leaving school for good, tosses her copy of Doctor Johnson's *Dictionary* out of the carriage, something in our own heart leaps gaily up, just as something rejoices at her later sexual and pecuniary adventures in Victorian society, and suffers, against all our sense of moral justice, when she comes a cropper. When Holden Caulfield, of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, undertakes his gallant and absurd little crusade against the "phony" in our world, our own nigh-doused idealism flares up again, for the moment without embarrassment. When in Faulkner's *Light*

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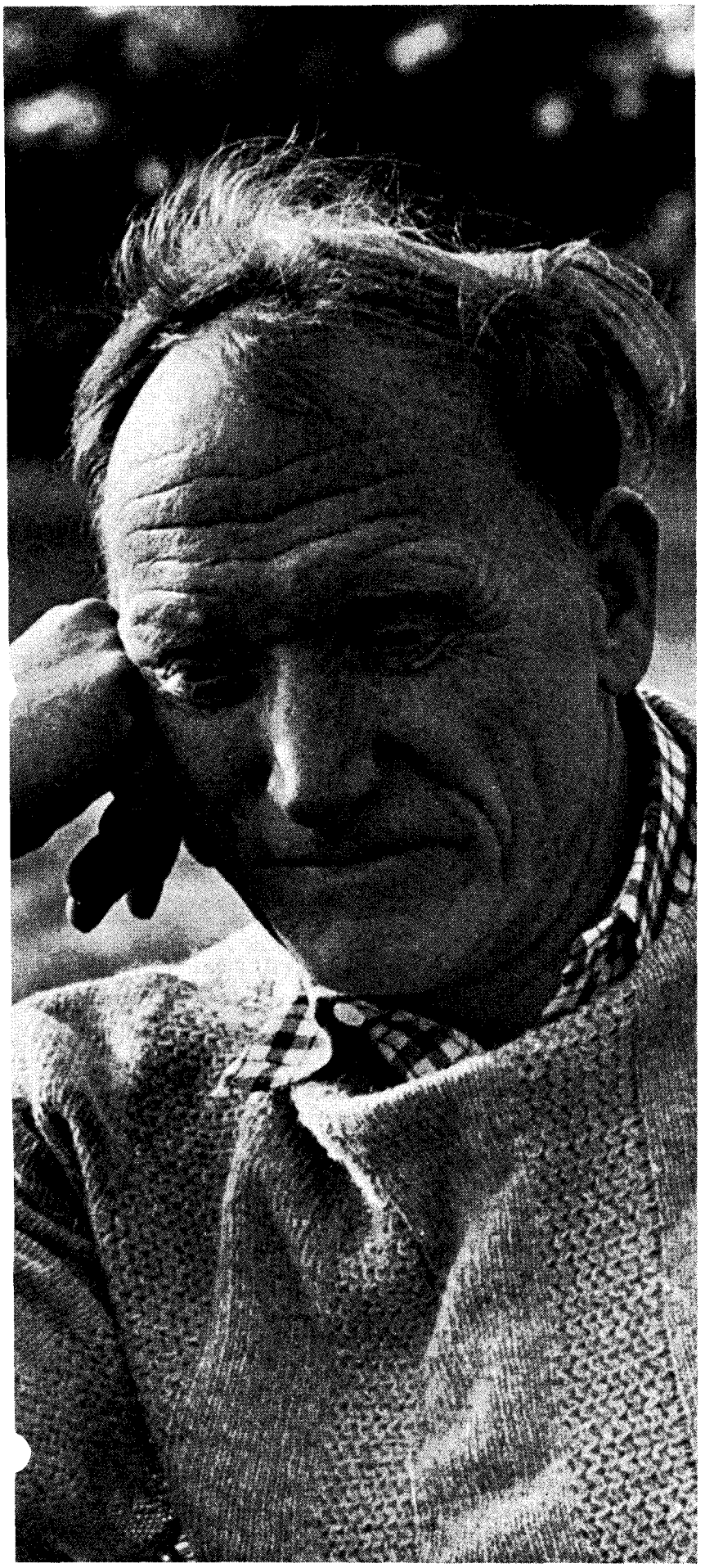
A renowned American novelist examines the human impulses behind the mysterious attraction of fiction. • By ROBERT PENN WARREN



Robert Penn Warren, a writer of many talents, is the winner of two Pulitzer Prizes—one for fiction ("All The King's Men"), the other for poetry. He is also a highly respected literary critic.

in August Percy Grimm pulls the trigger of the black, blunt-nosed automatic and puts that tight, pretty little pattern of slugs in the top of the overturned table behind which Joe Christmas cowers, our trigger finger tenses, even while, at the same time, with a strange joy of release and justice satisfied, we feel those same slugs in our heart. When we read Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, something in our nature participates in the bloody deed, and later, something else in us experiences, with the murderer Raskolnikov, the bliss of repentance and reconciliation.

Awesome Confrontations

For among our deprived selves we must confront the redeemed as well as the damned, the saintly as well as the wicked; and strangely enough, either confrontation may be both humbling and strengthening. In having some awareness of the complexity of self we are better-prepared to deal with that self. As a matter of fact, our entering into the fictional process helps to redefine this dominant self—even, as it were, to recreate, on a sounder basis—sounder because better understood—that dominant self, the official "I." As Henri Bergson says, fiction "brings us back into our own presence"—the presence in which we must make our final terms with life and death.

The knowledge in such confrontations does not come to us with intellectual labels. We don't say, "Gosh, I've got 15 percent of sadism in me"—or 13 percent of unsuspected human charity. No, the knowledge comes as enactment; and as imaginative enactment, to use our old phrase, it comes as knowledge. It comes, rather, as a heightened sense of being, as the conflict in the story evokes the conflict in ourselves, evokes it with some hopeful sense of meaningful resolution, and with, therefore, an exhilarating sense of freedom.

Part of this sense of freedom derives, to repeat ourselves, from the mere fact that in imagination we are getting off scot-free with something which we, or society, would never permit in real life; from the fact that our paradoxical relation to experience presented in fiction—our involvement and noninvolvement at the same time—gives a glorious feeling of mastery over the game of life. But there is something more important that contributes to this sense of freedom, the expansion and release that knowledge always brings; and in fiction we are permitted to know in the deepest way, by imaginative participation, things we would otherwise never know—including ourselves. We are free from the Garden curse: We may eat of the Tree of Knowledge, and no angel with flaming sword will appear.

But in the process of imaginative enactment we have, in another way, that sense of freedom that comes from knowledge. The image that fiction presents is purged of the distractions, confusions and accidents of ordinary life. We can now gaze at the inner logic of things—of a personality, of the consequences of an act or a thought, of a social or historical situation, of a lived life. One of our deepest cravings is to find logic in experience, but in real life how little of our experience comes to us in such a manageable form!

We have all observed how a person who has had a profound shock needs to tell the story of the event over and over again, every detail. By telling it he objectifies it, disentangling himself, as it were, from the more intolerable effects. This objectifying depends, partly at least, on the fact that the telling is a way of groping for the logic of the event, an attempt to make the experience intellectually manageable. If a child—or a man—who is in a state of blind outrage at his fate can come to understand that the fate which had seemed random and gratuitous is really the result of his own previous behavior or is part of the general pattern of life, his emotional response is modified by that intellectual comprehension. What is intellectually manageable is, then, more likely to be emotionally manageable.

This fiction is a "telling" in which we as readers participate and is, therefore, an image of the process by which experience is made manageable. In this process experience is foreshortened, is taken out of the ruck of time, is put into an ideal time where we can scrutinize it, is given an interpretation. In other words, fiction shows, as we have said, a logical structure which implies a meaning. By showing a logical structure, it relieves us, for the moment at least, of what we sometimes feel as the greatest and most mysterious threat of life—the threat of the imminent but "unknowable," of the urgent but "unsayable." Insofar as a piece of fiction is original and not merely a conventional repetition of the known and predictable, it is a movement through the "unknowable" toward the "knowable"—the imaginatively knowable. It says the "unsayable."

The Writer as Prophet

This leads us, as a sort of aside, to the notion that fiction sometimes seems to be, for the individual or for society, prophetic. Now looking back we can clearly see how Melville, Dostoevski, James, Proust, Conrad and Kafka tried to deal with some of the tensions and problems which have become characteristic of our time. In this sense they foretold our world—and even more importantly, forefelt it. They even forefelt us.

Or let us remember that F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway did not merely report a period, they predicted it in that they sensed a new mode of behavior and feeling. Fiction, by seizing on certain elements in its time and imaginatively pursuing them with the unswerving logic of projected enactment, may prophesy the next age. We know this from looking back on fiction of the past. More urgently we turn to fiction of our own time to help us envisage the time to come and our relation to it.

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NOTE—Foot Specialists: Write for summary of laboratory research on effectiveness against embedded fungi. Address: Medical Director, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Fiction But let us turn to more specific instances of that inner logic which fiction may reveal. In *An American Tragedy* Dreiser shows us in what subtle and pitiful ways the materialism of America and the worship of what William James called the "bitch-goddess Success" can corrupt an ordinary young man and bring him to the death cell. In *Madame Bovary* Flaubert shows us the logic by which Emma's yearning for color and meaning in life leads to the moment when she gulps the poison. In both novels we sense this logic most deeply because we, as we have seen, are involved, are accomplices. We, too, worship the bitch-goddess—as did Dreiser. We, too, have yearnings like Emma's, and we remember that Flaubert said that he himself was Emma Bovary.

We see the logic of the enacted process, and we also see the logic of the end. Not only do we have now, as readers, the freedom that leads to a knowledge of the springs of action; we have also the more difficult freedom that permits us to contemplate the consequences of action and the judgment that may be passed on it. For judgment, even punishment, is the end of the logic we perceive. In our own personal lives, as we well know from our endless secret monologues of extenuation and alibi, we long to escape from judgment; but here, where the price tag is only that of imaginative involvement, we can accept judgment. We are reconciled to the terrible necessity of judgment—upon our surrogate self in the story, our whipping boy and scapegoat. We find a moral freedom in this fact that we recognize a principle of justice, with also perhaps some gratification of the paradoxical desire to suffer.

It may be objected here that we speak as though all stories were stories of crime and punishment. No, but all stories, from the gayest farce to the grimmest tragedy, are stories of action and consequence—which amounts to the same thing. All stories, as we have said, are based on conflict; and the resolution of the fictional conflict is, in its implications, a judgment too, a judgment of values. In the end some shift of values has taken place. Some new awareness has dawned, some new possibility of attitude has been envisaged.

Sensing Reconciliation

Not that the new value is necessarily "new" in a literal sense. The point, to come back to an old point, is that the reader has, by imaginative enactment, lived through the process by which the values become valuable. What might have been merely an abstraction has become vital, has been lived, and is, therefore, "new"—new because newly experienced. We can now rest in the value as experienced; we are reconciled in it, and that is what counts.

It is what counts, for in the successful piece of fiction, a comic novel by Peter de Vries or a gut-tearing work like Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, we feel, in the end, some sense of reconciliation with the world and with ourselves. And this process of moving through conflict to reconciliation is an echo of our own life process. The life process, as we know it from babyhood on, from our early relations with our parents on to our adult relation with the world, is a long process of conflict and reconciliation. This process of enriching and deepening experience is a pattern of oscillation—a pattern resembling that of the lovers' quarrel: When lovers quarrel, each asserts his special ego against that of the beloved and then in the moment of making up finds more keenly than before the joy of losing the self in the love of another. So in fiction we enter imaginatively a situation of difficulty and estrangement—a problematic situation that, as we said earlier, sharpens our awareness of life—and move through it to a reconciliation which seems fresh and sweet.

Reconciliation—that is what we all, in some depth of being, want. All religion, all philosophy, all psychiatry, all ethics involve this human fact. And so does fiction. If fiction begins in daydream, if it springs from the cramp of the world, if it relieves us from the burden of being ourselves, it ends, if it is good fiction and we are good readers, by returning us to the world and to ourselves. It reconciles us with reality.

Let us pause to take stock. Thus far what we have said sounds as though fiction were a combination of opium addiction, religious conversion without tears, a home course in philosophy and the poor man's psychoanalysis. But it is not; it is fiction.

An Image of Experience

It is only itself, and that *itself* is not, in the end, a mere substitute for anything else. It is an art—an image of experience formed in accordance with its own laws of imaginative enactment, laws which, as we have seen, conform to our deep needs. It is an "illusion of life" projected through language, and the language is that of some individual man projecting his own feeling of life.

The story, in the fictional sense, is not something that exists of and by itself, out in the world like a stone or a tree. The materials of stories—certain events or characters, for example—may exist out in the world, but they are not fictionally meaningful to us until a human mind has shaped them. We are, in other words, like the princess in one of Hans Christian Andersen's tales; she refuses her suitor when she discovers that the bird with a ravishing song which he has offered as a token of love is only a real bird after all. We, like the princess, want an artificial bird—an artificial bird with a real song. So we go to fiction because it is a *created* thing.

Because it is created by a man, it draws us, as human beings, by its human significance. To begin with, it is an utterance, in words. No words, no story. This seems a fact so obvious, and so trivial, as not to be worth the saying, but it is of fundamental importance in the appeal fiction has for us. We are creatures of words, and if we did not have words we would have no inner life. Only because we have words can we envisage and think about experience. We find our human nature through words. So in one sense we may say that insofar as the language of the story enters into the expressive whole of the story we find the deep satisfaction, conscious or unconscious, of a fulfillment of our very nature.

As an example of the relation of words, of style, to the expressive whole which is fiction, let us take Hemingway. We readily see how the stripped, laconic, monosyllabic style relates to the tight-lipped, stoical ethic, the cult of self-discipline, the physicality and the anti-intellectualism and the other such elements that enter into his characteristic view of the world. Imagine Henry James writing Hemingway's story *The Killers*. The complicated sentence structure of James, the deliberate and subtle rhythms, the careful parentheses—all these things express the delicate intellectual, social and aesthetic discriminations with which James concerned himself. But what in the Lord's name would they have to do with the shocking blankness of the moment when the gangsters enter the lunchroom, in their tight-buttoned identical blue overcoats, with gloves on their hands so as to leave no fingerprints when they kill the Swede?

The style of a writer represents his stance toward experience, toward the subject of his story; and it is also the very flesh of our experience of the story, for it is the flesh of our experience as we read. Only through his use of words does the story come to us. And with language, so with the other aspects of a work of fiction. Everything there—the proportioning of plot, the relations among the characters, the logic of motivation, the speed or retardation of the movement—is formed by a human mind into what it is, into what, if the fiction is successful, is an expressive whole, a speaking pattern, a form. And in recognizing and participating in this form, we find a gratification, though often an unconscious one, as fundamental as any we have mentioned.

We get a hint of the fundamental nature of this gratification in the fact that among primitive peoples decorative patterns are developed long before the first attempts to portray the objects of nature, even those things on which the life of the tribe depended. The pattern images a rhythm of life and intensifies the tribesman's sense of life.

Or we find a similar piece of evidence in psychological studies made of the response of children to comic books. "It is not the details of development," the researchers tell us, "but rather the general aura which the child finds fascinating." What the child wants is the formula of the accelerating buildup of tension followed by the glorious release when the righteous Superman appears just in the nick of time. What the child wants, then, is a certain "shape" of experience. Is his want, at base, different from our own?

Adding to Life's Rhythm

At base, no. But if the child is satisfied by a nearly abstract pattern for the feelings of tension and release, we demand much more. We, too, in the build and shape of experience, catch the echo of the basic rhythm of our life. But we know that the world is infinitely more complicated than the child thinks. We, unlike the child, must scrutinize the details of development, the contents of life and of fiction. So the shaping of experience to satisfy us must add to the simplicity that satisfies the child something of the variety, roughness, difficulty, subtlety and delight which belongs to the actual business of life and our response to it. We want the factual richness of life absorbed into the pattern so that content and form are indistinguishable in one expressive flowering in the process that John Dewey says takes "life and experience in all its uncertainties, mystery, doubt and half-knowledge and turns that experience upon itself to deepen and intensify its own qualities." Only then will it satisfy our deepest need—the need of feeling our life to be, in itself, significant. **THE END**

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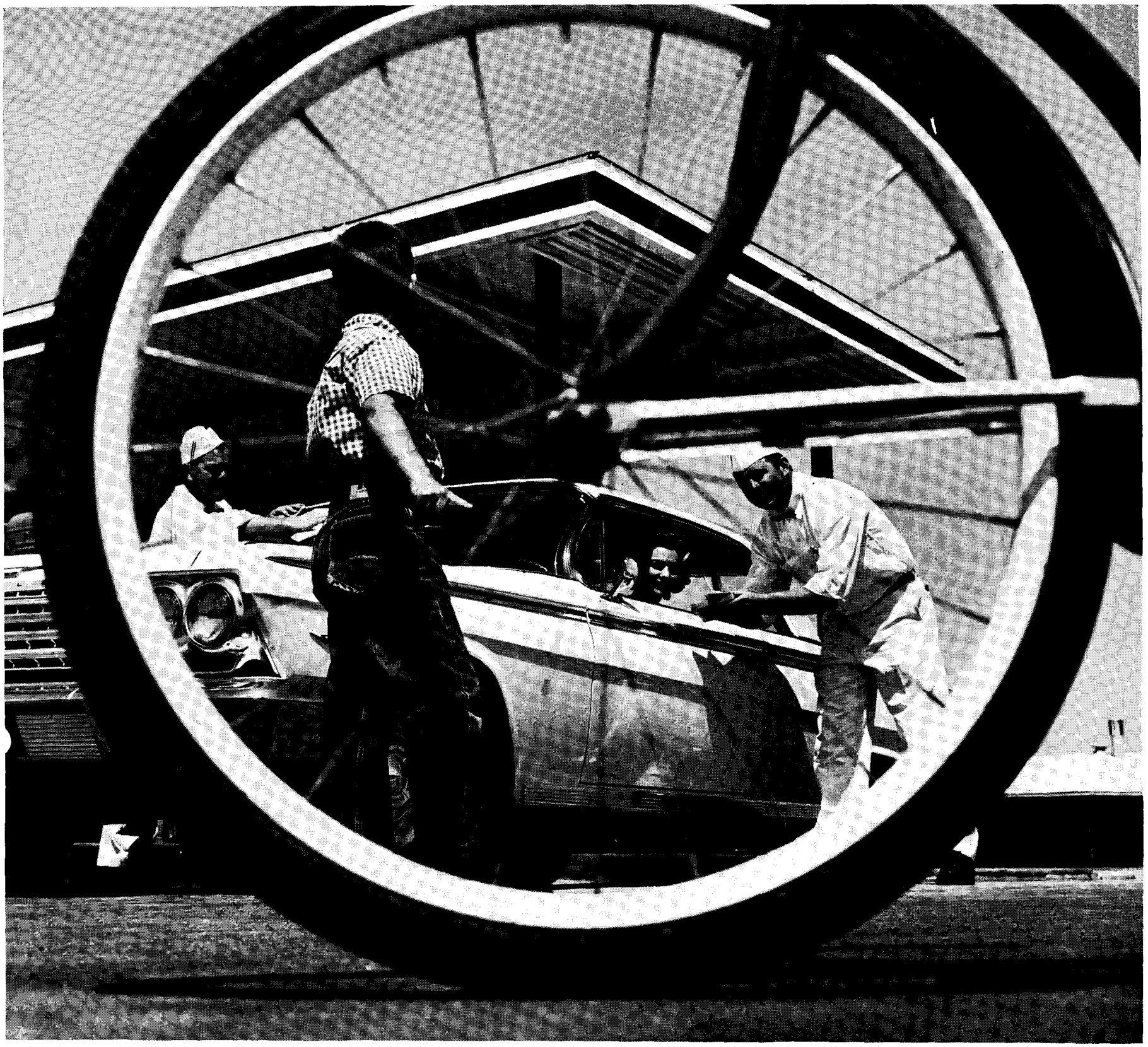

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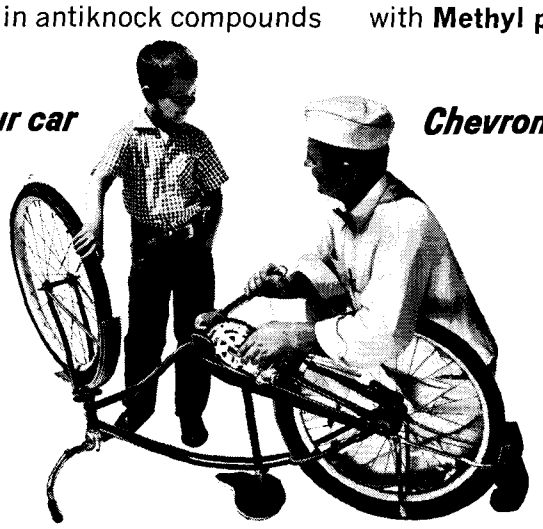

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Shoestring Television

Dollar-poor KQED manages to deliver lively shows into San Francisco's homes and classrooms. • By FRANK J. TAYLOR

The folk singing of Laura Weber (above) helps the station divert youngsters to its offbeat mixture of fun and learning.

Jim Day, a balding, scholarly-looking 42-year-old San Franciscan, was enjoying a quiet smoke in a theater foyer recently when he realized that a man and a woman across the lobby were arguing about him. Suddenly the man rushed over and asked, "Are you James Day?"

When Day admitted his identity, the stranger said, "Here's seven dollars, all I've got on me. We've owed it a long time."

To Day, handouts from strangers are almost routine. He turns the dollars over to the treasurer of the Bay Area Educational Television Association, a nonprofit community enterprise that owns TV station KQED. Day is general manager of this station, which he built from scratch into one of the most talked-about television outlets in the country.

KQED thrives on public disagreement. It features offbeat programs that commercial TV stations wouldn't touch with a 10-foot antenna. It struggles along without commercials and is always broke. KQED viewers feel they own the station—and a lot of them do. Anyone who contributes 10 dollars a year to BAETA is a full-fledged member. He can attend the annual meeting in the ramshackle studio just off San Francisco's skid row and help elect the 23 directors who are Jim Day's bosses.

Once a week Day moderates an interview program titled *Kaleidoscope*. During the half hour, Day slips in a pitch for contributions to help pay KQED's bills. "This is honor-system pay TV," he explains. "We need dollars to keep going and to bring you these programs."

KQED is one of 65 noncommercial TV stations in the country. They form what is sometimes called "the fourth network"—NET, the National Educational Television and Radio Center, with headquarters in New York City. NET supplies the "network" with an improving number of quality programs. *An Age of Kings*, a 15-part series which presents Shakespeare's plays on England's kings in chronology, was bought by NET from the British Broadcasting Corporation two years ago and distributed among the stations. The series won a Peabody Award for NET, BBC and the Humble Oil Company, which paid the bills.

About half of the educational television stations are backed by universities and school districts. The rest, such as Boston's WGBH, Chicago's WTTW, Pittsburgh's WQED and New York's WNDT, are community stations that scratch hard for a livelihood. San Francisco's KQED, which has more money-contributing listeners than any other station, has been the most resourceful.

The earliest scratchers were a group of educators headed by Dr. Vaughn D. Seidel, former superintendent of schools in Alameda County, who organized the Bay Area Educational Television Association in 1953 to apply for one of the

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Evaluation of KQED's 350,000 viewers: "They are very selective. They don't let television run like a faucet."

Shoestring channels set aside by the Federal Communications Commission for educational use. The FCC assigned Channel 9 to BAETA.

Lining up grants totaling almost $200,000, Doctor Seidel bought a transmission station and tower atop the Mark Hopkins Hotel. He then employed Jim Day and a colleague, Jonathan Rice, and was all set, so he thought, to launch a great experiment in education.

Too late the educators discovered that the word "television" had been omitted from the state school code specifying media by which supplemental education could be fed into public school classrooms. Not until 1958, after the state legislature revised the code, was KQED able to pick up its original mission—beaming instruction in mathematics, languages, science, history, current events and music into classrooms of the nine Bay Area counties. Such programming runs from 9:30 A.M. to four P.M. five days a week and reaches 150,000 pupils.

Ironically, the fluke in the school code proved to be the making of the station. The BAETA directors challenged Day and Rice, the young egghead managers they had hired, to keep the station alive. Manager Day, a University of California graduate, had worked for radio station KNBC in San Francisco and had been drafted to serve on General MacArthur's staff, "democratizing" Japanese radio stations, after which he helped organize and operate Radio Free Asia.

Program director Rice, a Stanford graduate and Marine veteran, had served as an overseas correspondent before coming home to join Los Angeles television station KTLA as news director.

Spectaculars in a Garage

KQED started broadcasting in May, 1954, with $30,000 working capital contributed by well-wishers, but with no other income in sight to replace the 60 cents per student that the school districts would have paid annually for classroom broadcasts.

The fledgling station was in desperate need of a studio with adequate space to dramatize the spectaculars Day and Rice were conjuring up. Day solved the problem by renting an old truck garage for $500 per month. The KQED staff, men and women alike, spent weekends converting the place into a television studio. Day and several other executives made their own office furniture.

Day talked before nearly every civic, service and woman's club in the San Francisco area, pitching for support; yet by May of 1955, BAETA was several thousand dollars in debt.

Then two friends of Day contributed an idea. Why not hold a television auction and raffle off merchandise donated by merchants? The junior leaguers and junior chamber men offered to round up gift merchandise. TV columnists plugged the event. The city's commercial TV and radio stations signed off early on auction night and urged their audiences to tune in Channel 9. Entertainers flocked to KQED's studio where they launched a talkathon that continued past sunrise. The stunt brought in $7000. This, with money Day was able to round up from other sources saved KQED from sudden death.

Now the auction is an annual event. For an entire week in June, Day cancels all but the school programs. More than 1000 volunteers comb business houses for auctionable donations—two round-trip tickets to Tahiti, a year's diaper service, a pure-bred heifer, Oriental art. The hectic 1962 auction fattened the KQED treasury by more than $100,000.

"Quiet!"

To provide provocative TV programs free of commercials, Day figured he needed 10,000 angels willing to ante up 10 dollars a year apiece. A young musician-writer-publicist named Gordon Claycombe has been the station's No. 1 angel chaser. Fairly soon KQED had 13,000 backers, good for $130,000 annually.

Claycombe also has been successful in bringing to KQED—free—some programs which the station couldn't afford to buy. Last year KQED was offered David Susskind's *Open End*, now a fixed two-hour interview program on New York's WNEW-TV, but at that time a marathon interview that ended only when Susskind ran out of questions and his victims ran out of breath. Susskind once interviewed former Vice President Nixon for four hours and Nikita Khrushchev for more than two hours. Day was drooling for the program but didn't have the $300 per week to buy it.

Claycombe learned that Henry E. Picard, president of the Burgermeister Brewing Corporation, was a KQED fan and was willing to buy *Open End* for KQED without any plugging for his beer. And Claycombe found the Bank of America willing to underwrite *The Robert Herridge Theater*, dramatizing famous short stories.

Program Director Rice has a talent for transforming astronomers, coaches, politicos, zoo keepers and savants into educational showmen by providing explosive programs for them. *The Red Myth*, a 13-part dramatization of the rise of Communism from Marx to Stalin, was a typical Rice brainchild. Rice found first-hand material in the Hoover Institution library at Stanford University. Local talent played the roles of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky and other Bolshevik leaders.

Another Rice idea was *The Rejected*, a daring program dealing candidly with the problem of homosexuality. And Rice scored a beat by lining up the first television interview with Red China's Premier Chou En-lai, taped in Peking by former BBC commentator Felix Greene, who was living in Palo Alto.

For the small-fry viewers, Rice wraps up a mixture of entertainment and education that has enabled mothers to divert their offspring from Western gun battles and other dramatized mayhem. The programs feature adventure, science, dancing, drawing, animals, backyard nature exploration, pantomime and music. After seven, the station swings into adult entertainment-education programs. KQED's adult viewers can take easy refreshers in bridge, chess, dancing, music, painting, photography, languages or astronomy.

Recently Professor Wilbur Schramm, head of the Institute for Communication Research at Stanford, assigned his interviewers to call 4000 homes in the San Francisco Bay area, to measure the Channel 9 audience. Schramm estimated that KQED has about 350,000 viewers, not counting the 150,000 pupils who see Channel 9 broadcasts in classrooms.

"These viewers are extremely selective," Schramm concluded. "They don't let television run like a faucet. They're people who belong to discussion groups, who go to concerts and lectures. It's the audience you'd like to broadcast to, if you could."

Talking About Toupees

A program in Japanese brush painting attracted one of the station's most enthusiastic audiences. When Winifred Schmale, one of the station's producers, proposed the show, Rice protested that the shy little artist, Takahito Mikami, spoke English too poorly for TV. But Rice agreed to give it a try, and advised her to buy 50 brush-painting kits, which the studio would offer at three dollars apiece. The first morning's mail after the show brought 400 orders. Scouring the city, Miss Schmale located 250 kits, then arranged for an airline to fly in more from Japan. The show ran 15 weeks and was taped for national use. At last count KQED had sold 14,000 brush-painting sets.

Another time, Miss Schmale heard about a nearby toupee factory run by Glen Taylor, former United States Senator from Idaho. She thought Day should interview Taylor on *Kaleidoscope* about who wears toupees and why.

Taylor agreed to the interview if Day would cover his bald pate with a toupee Taylor would make for the occasion. Day wore it without comment. The next day he was accosted by several of his friends. One said, "You've got some new glasses, haven't you?" Another remarked that Day was looking 10 years younger, but failed to mention the toupee. Day wore it for several more *Kaleidoscope* appearances.

Fans finally caught on and wrote letters. Some approved the toupee; others said he looked ghastly. When his wife, daughter and three sons objected, Day filed his topper in a vacant shoebox.

Which may explain why strangers argue about his identity, before rushing up to press dollars into his palm. **THE END**

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Berlin Returns to Broadway

By WILLIAM EWALD

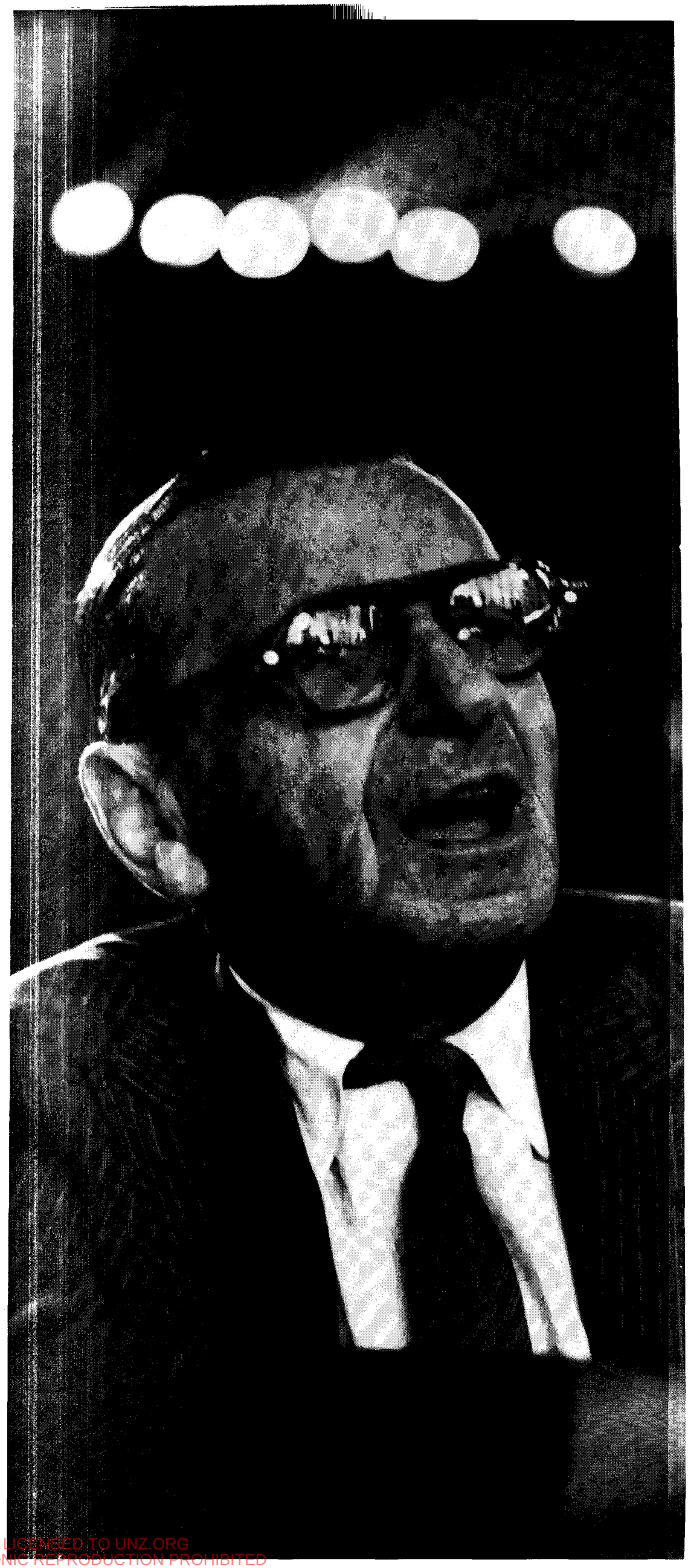
America's No. 1 songsmith, Irving Berlin, is back on the Main Stem with a musical set at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

There is a story that Irving Berlin, an insomniac of monumental repute, once was asked how he had slept the night before. "Not too well," replied Berlin mournfully. "I kept dreaming that I couldn't sleep."

For the past three months Berlin, composer of 100 hits and a fixture on the American musical scene for 55 years, has been slumbering less well than ever. "I get into bed," he said recently, "and I can't seem to sleep at all. I toss and turn. I'm just too wound up."

What has cranked up Berlin, a 74-year-old with the bounce of a springbok, is his first Broadway effort in 12 years, a musical called *Mr. President*, which docks this week. Conceived a year and a half ago, whomped alive during rehearsals that started in New York last July, and subsequently nurtured, coddled and occasionally spanked during tryouts in Boston and Washington, *Mr. President* arrives with an advance sale of $2,500,000, one of the largest in history. Whatever the professional critics' assay of the show—and it is almost certain that potshots will be taken at its creaky book and old-fashioned score—*Mr. President* will tenant Broadway for at least two years. More than 150 theater parties have already bought in, and audiences during its tryout period greeted it with the approximate enthusiasm accorded Roger Maris's 61st home run.

"The response is very flattering, but it's crazy," noted Berlin, one of the oldest composers ever to write the score for a musical comedy. "Imagine people shelling out nineteen dollars and twenty cents for a pair of orchestra seats in New York without knowing whether they'll see a hit or a flop. If you ask me, there's too much fuss about



Sounding off during final rehearsals of his new musical, Irving Berlin savors the spotlight after a 12-year absence from the Broadway theater.

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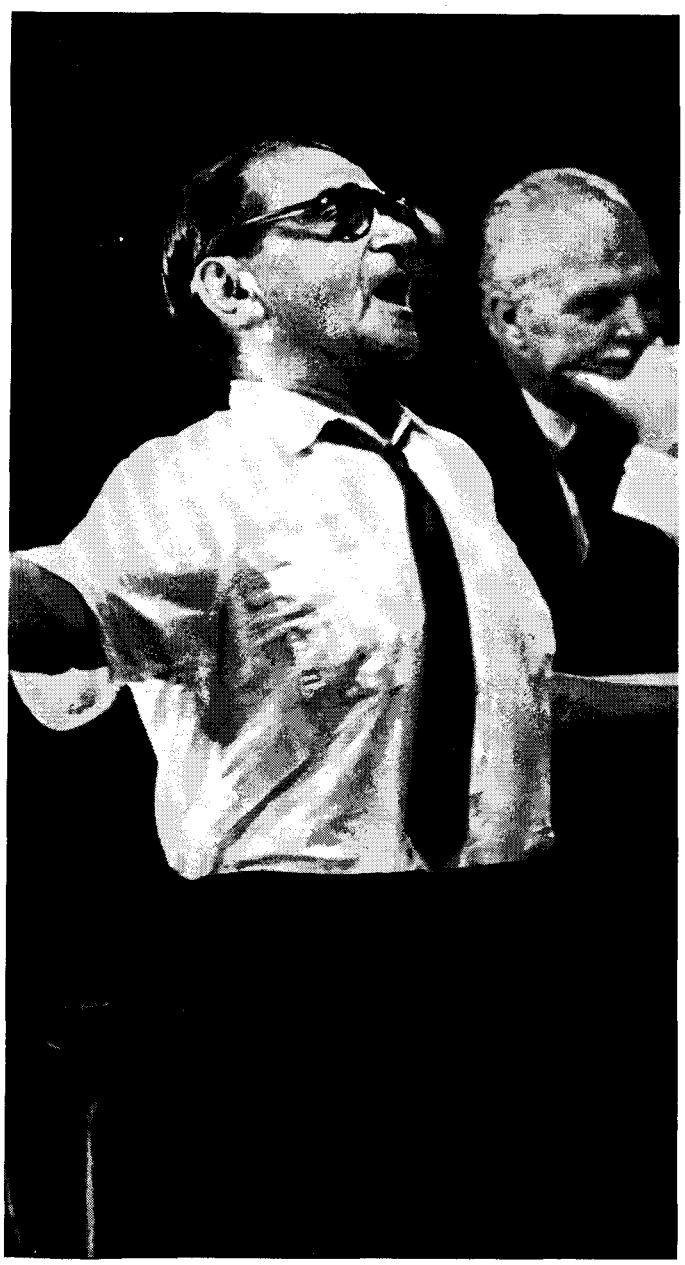
"I was using age as an excuse; I almost talked myself right into a wheelchair."



An ebullient Berlin belts out his score for a bemused Josh Logan during rehearsals.

my age. Why should I get credit for reaching 74 just because I've been lucky enough to avoid getting knocked off by a car or a disease? Age is no mark of merit unless you do something constructive with it.

"If the show is a hit, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I can still turn out bright, fresh stuff. If it's a dog, the critics will be justified in saying I should've stayed retired."

It was the windup of a brutal day. Berlin had come from a rehearsal that started at 10 A.M., and now he bustled around the office of his music-publishing company. He sat down only when he went to the piano to explain a point.

He played badly, but he gave it the full virtuoso treatment, hunching over the keyboard when he struck climactic chords, throwing his head back rapturously for melodic passages, piping his lyrics in a quavering falsetto that rarely hit the notes on the nose.

"Gee, I wish I could play halfway decently," he said impatiently after fumbling through a chorus of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*

"Alexander Woollcott called me a musical ignoramus, and he was right. I don't want to break your heart with the sad story of my life, but I never had any formal musical training." He paused reflectively. "I didn't have much of an education in anything. I had to leave school after the second grade.

"I really can't read music. Oh, I can pick out the melody of a song with one finger, but I can't read the harmony. When I want a song put on paper an arranger takes down the notes as I play them by ear. I write all my songs in F sharp. It's the only key I can play. This special piano transposes a number into any key in the scale." He manipulated a lever under the keyboard and illustrated the progressions of a chord.

A Shame for the Neighbors

He got up abruptly and ran a hand through his thick, black hair. "I feel like an awful dope that I know so little about the mechanics of my trade. As we used to say on the East Side when I was a kid, it's a shame for the neighbors. I was embarrassed to death back in 1916 when Ziegfeld signed Victor Herbert and me to do the score for *The Century Girl.* Herbert was a great musician, the only composer I've ever known who could orchestrate his own material. A lot of the other top songwriters needed arrangers to work out the harmony and the parts for the various instruments, but Herbert could do the job himself.

"I was so self-conscious about my shortcomings I asked Herbert whether I should quit for a few years and study composition. 'You have a natural gift for words and music,' he told me. 'Learning theory might help you a little, but it could cramp your style.' Every expert I ever asked said the same thing. I sometimes wonder whether they were telling me, in a nice way, I had so far to go it was hopeless for me to begin."

Then, as now, money was not the sole spur to Berlin's ambition, although his income from songwriting has made him a millionaire many times over. Someone, in fact, once observed that he has been a millionaire longer than any self-made man in America except Bernard Baruch. Berlin has written about 900 songs, ranging chronologically from *Marie From Sunny Italy* (1907) to *The Washington Twist* (1962); temperamentally, from *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning* to *Isn't This a Lovely Day?;* anatomically from *Cheek to Cheek* to *Be Careful! It's My Heart;* geographically, from *Russian Lullaby* to *When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam';* and vertically, from *How Deep Is the Ocean?* to *Blue Skies.* One of Berlin's hits, *White Christmas,* tops the all-time best-seller list, with 23,000,000 records. Another click, *God Bless America*—the melody originally a reject from his 1918 Army show *Yip, Yip, Yaphank*—was rejuvenated by radio's Kate Smith on Armistice Day, 1938, and has earned $350,000 in donated royalties for the Boy and Girl Scouts.

"No Business Like Show Business"

If Berlin never wrote another song, he would be assured of an annual income exceeding $100,000 from ASCAP. Fees paid to the organization by TV, radio, movies and other outlets for using the music of its 6500 members are allocated on the basis of the frequency with which their works are performed. Berlin, who consistently leads the list with about 2,000,000 plays a year, receives the biggest individual share from the fund.

Discussing the motives that brought him back to Broadway, Berlin, who has not been represented on Broadway since 1950's *Call Me Madam,* noted, "I wasn't happy living off past performances. Professional pride—or the ham in me—made me itchy to do another show. People seem to think I retired after *Call Me Madam,* but I kept busy on two movies—*There's No Business Like Show Business* and *White Christmas*—and running my publishing company. Four years ago, though, I began to fall into fits of depression.

"Retirement is all right if you like doing something else—gardening, fishing, working with tools down in the basement, painting. But I don't do any of those things. I tried painting and was terrible at it. Other people may be able to retire gracefully, but not me."

He grinned sheepishly. "If you'll pardon me for quoting my own line, there's no business like show business—Broadway show business. Writing movie musicals is for the birds. They're just rehashes of old tripe cut to a formula. I needed the stimulation of doing something new for the theater, but I was scared to death to tackle it.

"Several scripts that turned out to be big hits were submitted to me, but I told producers I was too old to commit myself to a project. I was using age as an excuse for my fear of failure, and you know what? I practically talked myself into a wheelchair. But finally the need to feel vital again overcame my fear. I went to Leland Hayward, who produced *Call Me Madam,* and told him I wanted to do another show with Howard Lindsay

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"I've got to sweat over lyrics—that's where my lack of education catches up with me."

and Russel Crouse, the great old pros who had written *Madam*."

Crouse described the first session with Berlin. "Lindsay and I were working on a play, so we just told Irving the germ of an idea for a musical we'd been kicking around a few years. It dealt with the personal problems facing a President ending his second term and his daughter's love affair with a Secret Service man assigned to guard her. The story was so vague in our minds we didn't know if it would add up to anything."

Three days later Berlin delivered two comedy songs. "I wrote them first because they're the toughest," he said. "Ballads are a cinch, but a number geared to the plot of a show has to express a definite viewpoint. Besides, I've got to sweat over the lyrics. That's where my lack of education catches up with me. I had no confidence in myself at that stage, and I wanted to find out fast whether I still had something."

Back to Crouse: "They were great songs, as good as anything he's ever done. They hooked Lindsay and me into shelving the play for the musical. Boy, what a dramatic scene when the cast heard the score at the first rehearsal! Irving was as nervous as a cat up a tree, but after he had sung a score or more of numbers in that high, cracked voice, everybody broke into spontaneous applause."

The events that led to that first rehearsal moved in spurts. Berlin, Lindsay, Crouse, producer Hayward and director Josh Logan ponied up the entire $400,000 needed to finance the show. To play the role of the President's wife, Nanette Fabray, a TV and movie veteran and star of such Broadway entries as *Bloomer Girl* and *High Button Shoes*, was wooed in January while en route by plane from Hollywood to Rome.

Age Is Not a Mark of Merit

"I had one hour to spare in New York," Miss Fabray recalls. "Lindsay and Crouse were present and began reading jokes and bits for the show off paper napkins, menus, envelopes, all sorts of things. And Irving hummed a couple of tunes—he doesn't hum very well. I was undecided, but signed two days before the first rehearsal."

For the title role of the President—not based on any real White House tenant—actor Robert Ryan was inked in after delivering Kurt Weill's *September Song* in Hayward's New York office in a clean but tremulous baritone. "Berlin listened and advised me not to take any singing lessons," remembers Ryan, who has never warbled professionally before. "He said, 'If you were any better, you'd be lousy.'"

Berlin had noted with approval a young singer-announcer on the NBC *Tonight* show named Jack Haskell, who was mustered on as the musical's lovesick Secret Service man. Perhaps the real sleeper in the show, however, will turn out to be an ebullient, round-faced 24-year-old Baltimorean, Anita Gillette, who, in the role of the President's coquettish daughter, stops the show with a comedy number, *Secret Service Man*.

Bumped on the road by lukewarm reviews, the brain trust of Mr. President—*Russel Crouse, (left) Leland Hayward, Berlin and Howard Lindsay—swap notions for bolstering the lyrics and jokes.*

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"Smart alecks may laugh at the patriotic song I've written—the hell with them."

The real Mr. President and his First Lady exit smiling after preview in Washington.

"I saw her earlier this year on Broadway in *All American*," said Berlin. "She was wonderful. But she's even better in this show."

In all, Berlin composed more than 30 songs for *Mr. President* and tossed out one-third of them, including a personal favorite, *Uncle Joe*, a tune about Joseph Stalin. "This is the biggest score I've ever written," Berlin pointed out. "*Annie Get Your Gun*, for example, had only 16 songs.

"I think the key song in this show is the final one, *This Is a Great Country*. It observes that patriotism seems to be going out of fashion and maybe it's time we all started taking more pride in this country. The last lines say it best:

Hats off to America,
The home of the free and the brave.
If this is flag waving, flag waving,
*Do you know of a better flag to wave?**

It was perhaps such unabashed schmaltz as this—a mood which pervades the innards of the show—that led to lukewarm reviews in Boston and moved one critic to announce, "*Mr. President* is in dreadful shape at the present time."

There was, nevertheless, little outward panic in the ranks. In his sixth-floor, $50-a-day corner suite at Boston's Ritz-Carlton, Berlin doodled on a light brown Baldwin Acrosonic piano and conferred with the dapper Josh Logan and craggy-faced Leland Hayward. On occasion, Lindsay and Crouse—who occupied an 11th-floor suite in the same hotel—would drop in on Berlin after taking a turn through the Boston Public Garden, a 40-acre park studded with elms, dirty pigeons, spotless swans and statues of such patriots as Wendell Phillips ("PROPHET OF LIBERTY, CHAMPION OF THE SLAVES").

Personal Epic Began in Russia

On one afternoon while Berlin posed for a photographer on the window ledge of his suite (Crouse: "Don't jump, Irving—not yet"), Logan noted, "There will be no radical changes made. Just the rejiggering that happens constantly with every show out of town. If it's only 90 percent as good as it can be, this will be a great show."

And as Berlin himself noted later before the Washington opening, "It's just a general bolstering-up that's going on. Lindsay and Crouse are putting in new jokes, bits of stage business are being changed, and I'm working on a couple of new tunes. What I'm trying to do generally is punch up the lyrics. And I still can't sleep—hot baths don't even help."

As Crouse put it of Berlin's energy, "If I didn't know the little guy, I'd suspect he went into retirement as a buildup for his comeback to give a wow finish to his life story in the movies."

That epic—which would start in 1888 in Tyumen, Russia, where Berlin was born, the youngest of a cantor's eight children—may never be made. Berlin, one of the few major songwriters still uncanonized by Hollywood, feels it would be impossibly mawkish if it stuck to the facts. Among them: an arrival by his family in the New York ghetto in 1892 after a pogrom sent them fleeing; Berlin's subsequent career as a newsboy, as a singing waiter in Chinatown dives and eventually as the boy wonder of Tin Pan Alley; his 20-year-old first wife dying five months after their marriage in 1912; his 1926 marriage to Ellin Mackay, whose father, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, refused to attend the wedding on social and religious grounds; the musical milestones that would include such shows as *This Is the Army*, which raised $10,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief, and *Annie Get Your Gun*, which ran for three years.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of Berlin's career, however, is his talent for capturing the spirit of his adopted country better than any other songwriter. The late Jerome Kern called him "the nearest thing to a native folk singer since Stephen Foster." The accolade has been earned with songs that evoke reactions associated with particular moods or occasions—*God Bless America*, *Easter Parade*, *Always*, *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*, *There's No Business Like Show Business*, *They Say It's Wonderful.*

Lyricist With a Lyric Heart

"I let it come from here," Berlin explained, thumping his heart. "Most writers steer shy of sentiment because they're afraid intellectuals will call them corny. That's what they say about me, but they forget one thing."

His voice rose another decibel and he shook a finger. "There's an element of truth in every idea that lasts long enough to be called corny. I'm tired of smart alecks who knock honest emotion. They'll probably laugh at the patriotic song I've written for the finale of *Mr. President*. The hell with them. I feel very deeply about this country, and I want people to know it. As Harry Golden said, only in America could a guy like me have come so far."

What lies beyond the opening on October 20?

"Another show, I hope. I have a germ of an idea for Ethel Merman, but I won't make up my mind until after the reaction to *Mr. President*. It's going to be a rough weekend. The opening is on a Saturday night, so we'll have to wait an extra day for the reviews."

He shook his head and smiled. "Things haven't changed much in 55 years. I have a fancy apartment on Beekman Place, but it's only three miles north of our cold-water flat on Monroe Street, and I see the same scows on the East River. In the old days I used to go crazy over the weekends until I got reports on a new show. I'm still getting butterflies waiting for the verdict on this one.

"This is a big one for me. It means the difference between being a has-been and feeling as excited as a kid with a new red wagon. When that curtain goes up, all the shows and songs I've written before won't mean a thing. In this business you've got to make a hit every time you go to bat." **THE END**

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Robert Ryan, who plays the title role, romps with stage wife Nanette Fabray in White House sitting-room s

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EDITORIALS

Low Marks for U.S. Education

Again our educational system comes under attack. Former Senator William Benton, returning from his fourth visit to the Soviet Union in seven years, reports in a series of articles appearing in the New York *World-Telegram* that "Russian education at all levels is bursting with new energy, new initiative, new ingenuity. . . . Illiteracy is now a thing of the past. . . . Soviet students work much harder than do American youngsters."

Vice Admiral Hyman George Rickover, the perennial gadfly of U. S. education, comparing our educational system with various European school systems, finds us running far behind. In recently released testimony before the House Appropriations Committee, the admiral renews his indictment of U. S. education, charging, "Its scholastic achievements are mediocre. Its pace is so slow that our children fall behind young Europeans almost from their first day at school. It does not produce the educated people we must have. . . . American education moves at the snail's pace of the child of average ability, average motivation, average home background." In contrast, English schools "stream" their children, or group them by ability, even as early as the primary grades. The English school system concentrates on basic education, "leaving other aspects of education to home, church and community," the admiral says. He adds that English children receive more classroom instruction, and their teachers are better qualified. Admiral Rickover recommends the establishment in the U. S. of a committee to formulate national standards and institute "permissive national scholastic examinations" that will enable American parents "to discover how well or badly their children are being taught in the local school." He urges us to lengthen the school day and year and to discard the principle of identical education for all in favor of separate schools based upon ability. The admiral believes that the Federal Government "should expand its educational activities, confining them to assistance and service, but eschewing regulation."

Admiral Rickover, as James Koerner has said in *The Saturday Review*, has achieved the status of "the most unloved figure in the eyes of America's educational administrators." Educators take strong exception to his free-swinging attacks. Says Dr. William Carr, executive secretary of the National Education Association, "I think Admiral Rickover is entitled to his opinion of the schools. He should be listened to with a certain amount of respect. Our schools are his schools too, just as his submarines are our submarines. But the kind of slashing all-out attack he makes does more harm than good. Our schools are not that bad." The admiral, no doubt, could profit from a closer study of our better schools. Educators argue also that he makes the English schools seem better than they really are. (This is a familiar argument to *Post* readers: Is EUROPEAN EDUCATION BETTER THAN OURS? by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill appeared in *The Post* of December 24–31, 1960; Muriel Beadle, writing in the issue of September 12, 1959, compared U. S. and English schools, concluded that our schools were superior in some respects, the English in others.) The admiral speaks of "streams" and "ability groups" as though he had just discovered them, but ability grouping in one form or another is widespread in the U. S. Says Doctor Carr: "I taught school in Glendale (Calif.) in 1925, and we had 'streams' then. We didn't call them that. We called them 'groups.' They were homogeneous groups by ability."

Even so, as a burr under the broad saddle of U. S. education and a spur to public opinion, Admiral Rickover performs a valuable service. His insistence on higher intellectual standards and better-qualified teachers is admirable.

Congress and the people need to be jarred again and again to stir an awareness of our educational needs. The great gap between the "have" and "have not" schools in this country, as described by Dr. James B. Conant in *Slums and Suburbs*, is disgraceful. The chronic shortage of teachers and classrooms (127,000 this year; 600,000 by 1970), the need for higher teachers' salaries, and the necessity of pushing our bright students harder are but some of our educational problems.

Yet the question arises as to whether we are going to cope with these problems. The states and cities have demonstrated their incapacity to go it on their own, unaided. Federal aid to education is hopelessly entangled in the religious issue. The House last month even rejected a bill to aid higher education, although the principle of Federal aid to higher education was firmly established a long time ago. The bill would have aided public and private colleges through construction loans and grants, would have established grants for junior colleges and instituted a program of student loans.

Sooner or later Congress and the country must wake up to the realization that something far more critical than classrooms, teachers' salaries and local control of education is involved here. That something is our capacity to produce the men who will be qualified to lead the free world.

No Place for Television

When Billie Sol Estes first went on trial in Tyler, Texas, recently, eight TV cameras were stationed in the courtroom. A battery of microphones was positioned in front of the judge; cables and wires were strewn all about. Estes's attorney, John Cofer, protested that TV coverage would interfere with the conduct of the trial, but he was overruled by Judge Otis Dunagan. The judge said that TV was now "mature" and could take its place in the courtroom beside the press and radio. He declared he had derived much satisfaction while watching a televised service from the First Baptist Church in Dallas, which prompted him to conclude, "If television is a proper instrument in the House of the Lord, it's not out of place in a courtroom."

Nonsense, your honor. The televising of church services is a far different thing from the prejudicing of a defendant's rights—even if the defendant is Billie Sol. Under law the object of any trial is justice, not publicity. Every effort should be made to maintain a calm, judicious atmosphere in the courtroom. Photographic coverage intrudes upon and disrupts this atmosphere. In 1937 the American Bar Association wisely adopted Canon 35 of its Judicial Canons of Ethics, which says: "The taking of photographs in the courtroom during sessions of the court or recesses between sessions and the broadcasting or televising of court proceedings distract the witness in giving his testimony, degrade the court and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted." Only Texas and Colorado officially permit photography in the courts.

In recent years the television industry has brought powerful pressure upon the Bar Association to rescind or modify Canon 35. The Bar Association should resist this pressure.

At the same time TV moguls are now clamoring for permission to cover Congress freely. Richard Salant, president of CBS News, says, "The present discrimination against TV should cease." But there is no question of discrimination here. TV, with all its massive equipment, its cables and wires and its swarming technicians, takes over wherever it goes. It is too much of a temptation to politicians—including some judges—who are inclined to ham up the proceedings.

Television's partisans argue that TV exposed Joe McCarthy in his Senate hearings, but this possible triumph does not validate the circus aspect of TV or the injustice of requiring witnesses to appear on television, with the loss of dignity and decorum that this entertainment medium implies. The late Sam Rayburn, who had an estimable sense of congressional decorum, wouldn't allow TV coverage of hearings in the House. Let his fellow Texan take heed.

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